

Featuring America's Fighting Nemesis of Crime

10¢

The **BLACK** **TERROR** no. 21



WHILE THEY LAST

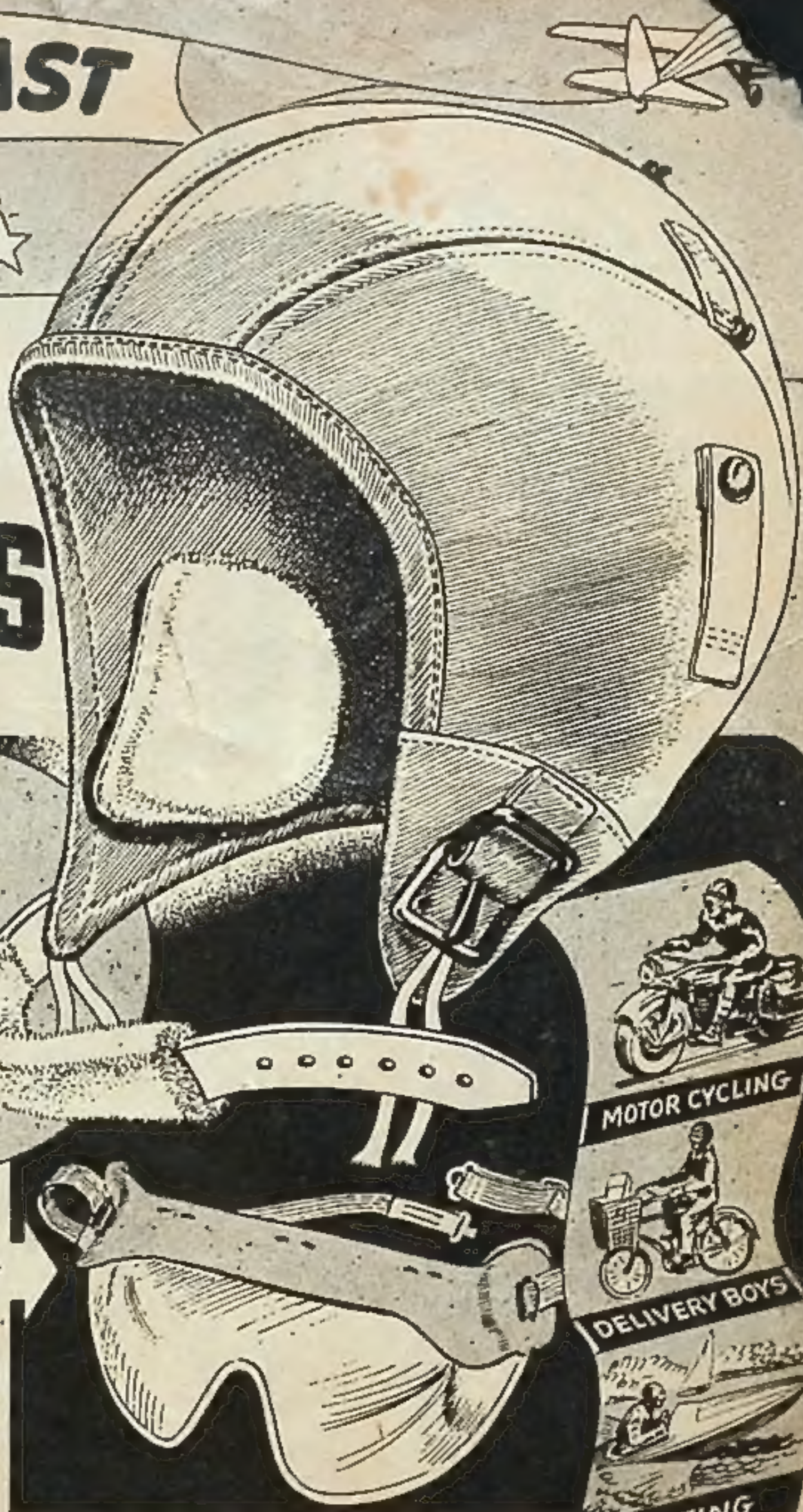
★ **ALL BRAND NEW** ★

Genuine U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES FLYING HELMETS

WAR SURPLUS CLOSE-OUT

Olive drab fabric . . . sheepskin ear-pads . . . leather chin strap adjustable with sheepskin no-chafe pad. Complete with original clips and straps designed for attachment flyers goggles, radio earphones and oxygen equipment. In original packing. You can't duplicate value for \$5 today! Mail coupon today.

Only
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Goggles included without Extra Cost

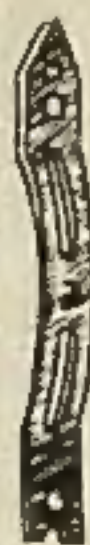
These dust-proof, wind-proof, no-glare goggles fit snugly around helmet. Wonderful for winter and summer wear. Felt padded across forehead. Complete with adjustable strap. Brand new war surplus, equal of goggles selling for 75c and more.

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FLYING HELMETS COST
GOVERNMENT \$2.00 TO MAKE



EXTRA FOR PROMPT ACTION
If you order now, we will include at no extra cost the amazing luminous Bar Compass that points north when suspended on a pin point.



**MAIL THIS
COUPON TODAY**

SEND NO MONEY

These are the official U. S. Army Air Forces Flying Helmets and they are just perfect for everyday play and school wear. Built for rough use. See for yourself on this trial and approval offer. Check size wanted and mail coupon. On arrival deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. Do it on the guarantee you must be thrilled and delighted with your U. S. Army Air Force Flyers Helmet, goggles and Bar Compass or you may return for full refund. But take this friendly warning . . . **DON'T WAIT.** They will go fast at this \$1.00 close-out price. So mail your order today!

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MOTHERS . . . These Helmets Today's Best Buy

For play, for school and even for Sunday, winter, fall and summer, these war surplus flyers helmets are ideal for boys from 6 to 14. Warm, serviceable. And the kids love them!



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Send the genuine war surplus U. S. ARMY AIR FORCE FLYERS HELMET, gift goggles and Bar Compass. On arrival I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage on guarantee I must be satisfied or I may return in 10 days for money back. (Send \$1.00 money order with this coupon and Miller pays postage.)

CHECK SIZE: ☐ Large ☐ Medium ☐ Small

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

The BLACK TERROR



If it was just an ordinary good luck piece...and not a charm stolen by two of the "little people"—why did "Two-sight" Gallagher run into his amazing luck streak? It took all the ingenuity of the TERROR TWINS—Bob Benton and Tim—to get to the bottom of the strange behavior of...
THE THIEVING LEPRECHAUNS

STRANGE
INDEED ARE
SOME OF
CASES THE
MILD
MANNERED
DRUGGIST,
BOB BENTON,
HAS RUN
INTO--AND
PERHAPS
THE MOST
ASTOUNDING
OF ALL
BEGAN
ON THE
CORNER
OF
AN
EVERY
DAY
STREET...

YOU'RE TOO
YELLER FOR
THIS MOB,
MUG! OUT
YA GO!

ARRR!

I'VE HALF
A MIND TO
PLUG HIM!

INTRODUCING "TWO-SIGHT"
GALLAGHER...A MOBSTER
SO SUPERSTITIOUS, HE
BELIEVES IN...

OH HHHH!

**THE WEE FOLK! ELVES...TROLLS...
GOBLINS AND...WHAT HAVE YOU?**

THEY KICKED
GALLAGHER OUT
OF THE MOB,
BEJABERS!
WILL YOU PLEASE
TELL ME WHAT
HAPPENED?

AW...HE WENT ALL TO
PIECES ON HIS LAST
JOB! A BLACK CAT
JUMPED IN FRONT O'
HIM AND...SCARED THE
LIVIN' DAYLIGHTS
OUTTA HIM!

**"TWO-SIGHT" THINKS HE CAN
SEE THEM TOO!**

WOW! WE'VE
GOT TO TAKE
IT ON THE LAM!
THAT ELFLAND COPPER
KNOWS WE SWIPED THE
KING'S AMULET...
HIS GOOD LUCK
CHARM!

H-HUH?

TWETTIT!

BEGORRA...WE CAN'T
RISK BEIN' JUGGED
WITH THE KING'S
AMULET ON US!
WE'VE GOT TO
GET RID OF IT
...AND FAST!

HEY...WHY NOT HIDE
IT ON "TWO-SIGHT"?
HE'LL NEVER KNOW...
HIS HEAD'S SRINNIN'
LIKE A TOP!

YEAH! THAT'S AN
IDEA! WE'LL JUST
DROP IT IN HIS
HANDKERCHIEF
POCKET! HE'LL
NEVER KNOW HE
HAS IT ON HIM!

OKAY... BUT
HURRY! WE'VE
GOT TO SCRAM
OUT OF HERE!

WHEN THE HEAT GOES OFF---WE'LL COME BACK AND GET IT! IF HE KNEW IT WAS A MAGICAL AMULET---WOW!

YEAH---HE'D HAVE **NOTHIN'** BUT GOOD LUCK! IF HE MADE A WISH---HE'D GET HIS **HEART'S DESIRE!**

THERE ARE LOTS OF WAYS A GOOD LUCK CHARM COULD GET IN A MAN'S POCKET! SHUCKS---CHANCES ARE **TWO-SIGHT** PICKED IT UP IN A JEWELRY STORE, AND FORGOT HE HAD IT! HE'S **ABSENT-MINDED** AT TIMES!

HOLY SMOKE! A LUCKY WISHIN' AMULET! BOY---WHAT A BREAK! I'LL MAKE A WISH **RIGHT NOW!**

Five minutes later...

HUH? HOW DID I GET HERE? THIS IS GARGON'S APARTMENT--ALL RIGHT! BUT I DON'T REMEMBER COMING HERE! THAT TUMBLE I TOOK---I MUST HAVE A LAPSE OF MEMORY!

I WISH---WAXIE GARGON GETS WHAT'S COMING TO HIM! HE KICKED ME OUT OF THE MOB! I WISH---I WAS IN GARGON'S SHOES AND COULD KICK **HIM** OUT! NAW! I MEAN---I WANT HIM **TO DIE!**

THE NEXT INSTANT...

THIS IS THE PAYOFF, WAXIE! I'M GOING TO **KILL YOU!**

W-WHAT?

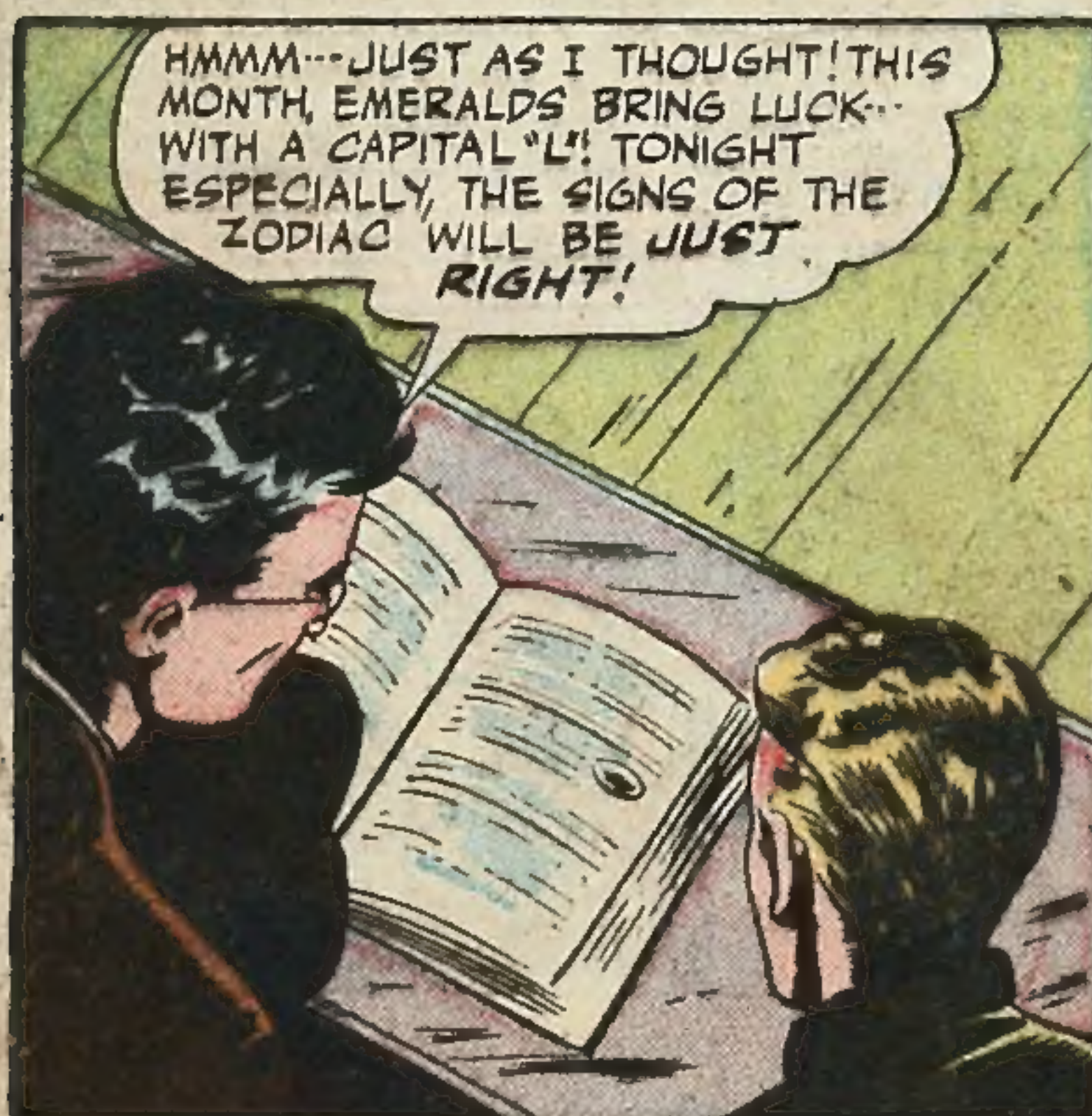
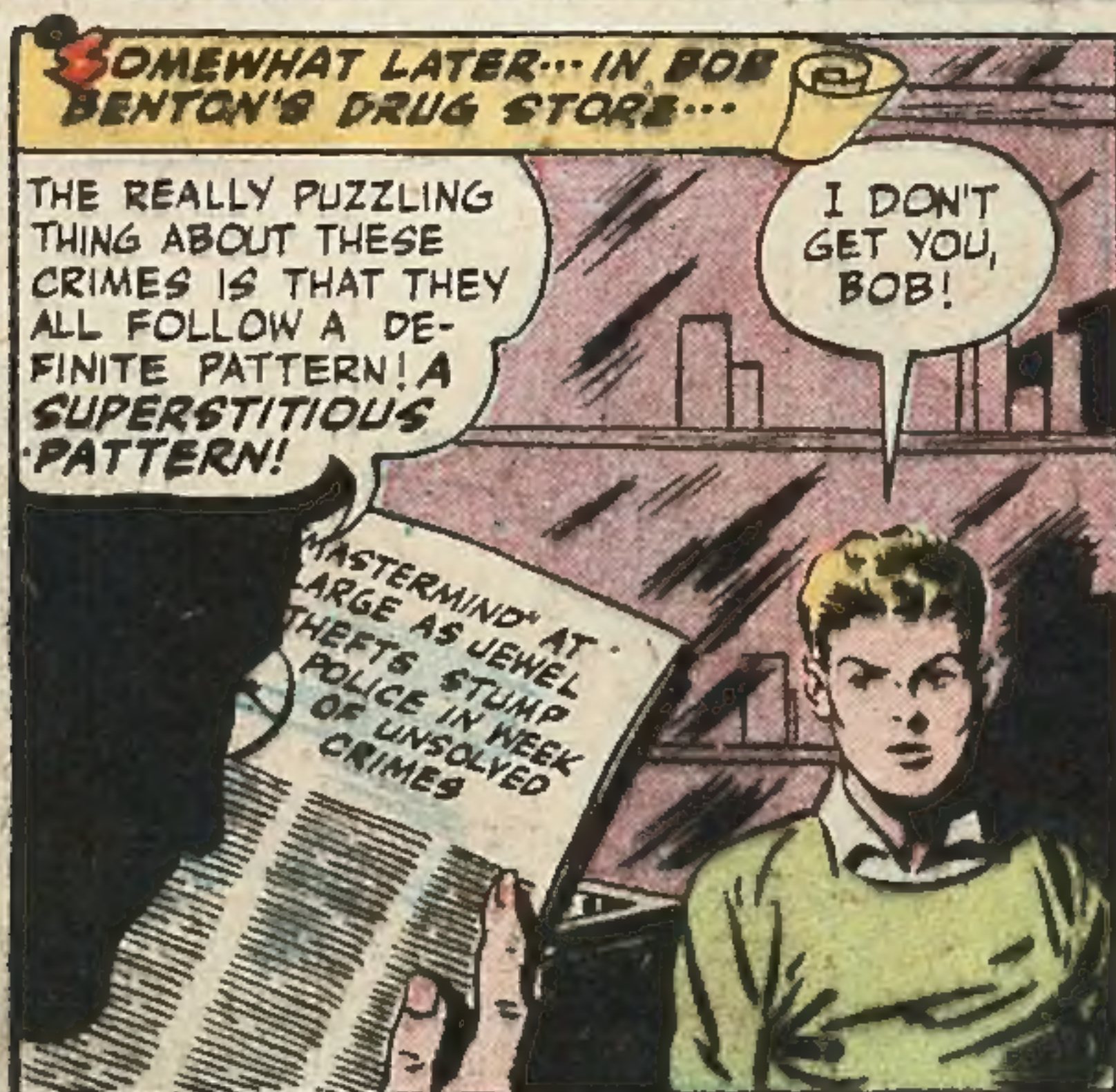
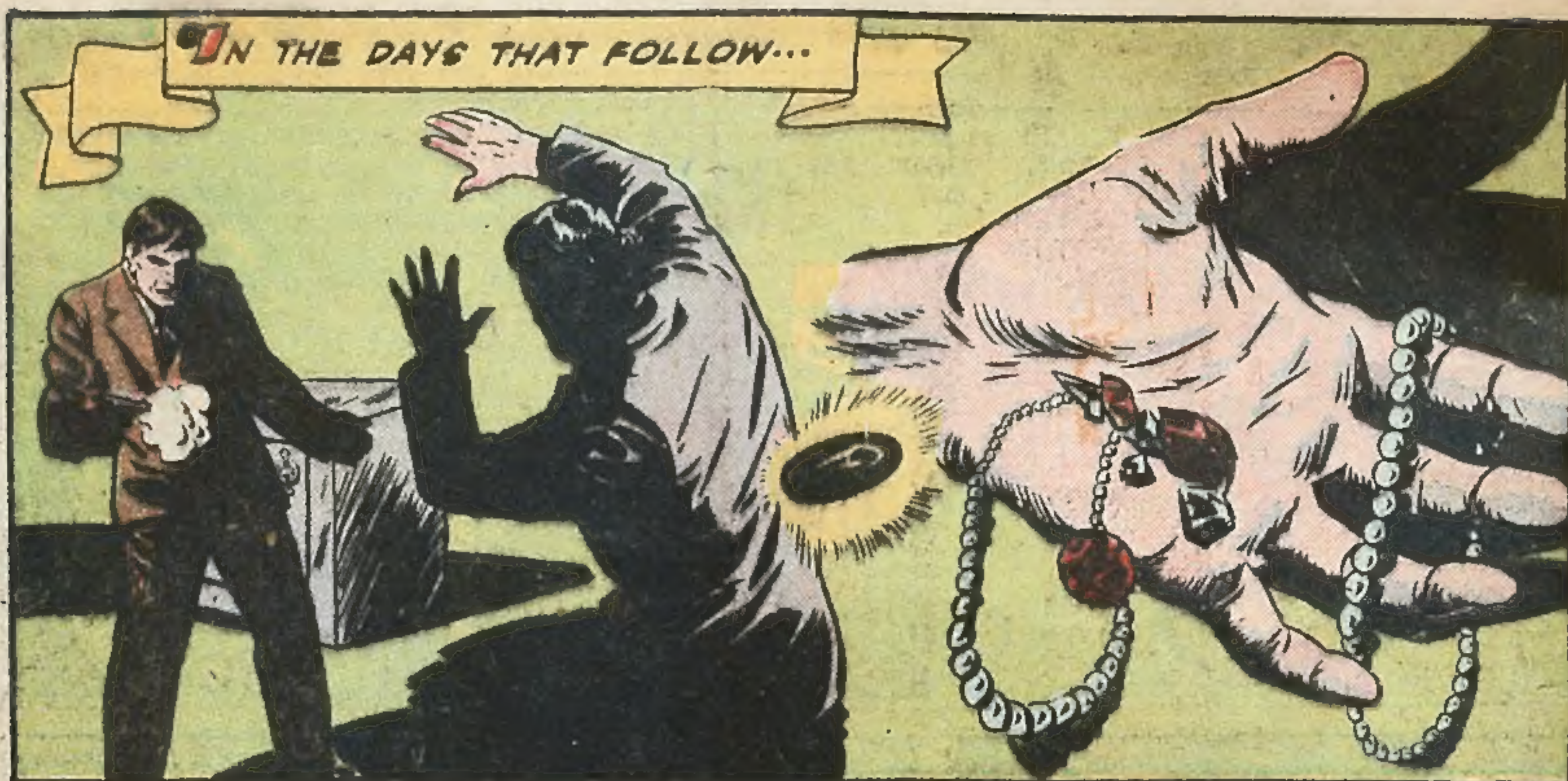
LOOK OUT, BOSS! HE'S REACHIN' FER A **ROD!**

YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING FOR A LONG TIME! I'M STEPPING INTO **YOUR** SHOES, SEE!

AH-H-H!

OKAY! FROM NOW ON, I'M GIVING THE ORDERS---SEE? IF YOU THINK I'M KIDDING---JUST SAY **SO!** GO ON! SAY **SO!**

W-WHO SAID YA WUZ KIDDIN', CHIEF? NOT ME!



AT THE COSMOPOLITAN MUSEUM...AS DARKNESS SHROUDS THE CITY...

THERE'S NOTHING QUITE AS DISMAL AS A MUSEUM AFTER CLOSING HOURS! KEEP IN THE SHADOWS, TIM! WE DON'T WANT TO SCARE THEM OFF!

GOLLY! I HOPE THEY REALLY DO SHOW UP, TERROR!



A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

GREAT SCOTT! THE DOOR'S AJAR! NO GUARD WOULD BE THAT CARELESS! THEY MUST HAVE GOT HERE AHEAD OF US AND...PICKED THE LOCK!

GOSH, TERROR! IT'S DIMES TO DOUGH-NUTS THEY'RE INSIDE RIGHT NOW!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT... IN THE HALL OF GEMS...

JIGGERS, CHIEF! WE'RE MAKIN' TOO MUCH NOISE! WE SHOULD BE USIN' A GLASS-CUTTER INSTEAD O' THIS JIMMY!

HAH...WE COULD SMASH THE GLASS AND NOBODY WOULD BOTHER US! AS LONG AS I'M HOLDING THIS AMULET...WE CAN'T GET A BAD BREAK!

C-CRAKKK!



But the next instant...

THE BLACK TERROR!

NOTHING CAN STOP US, SEE? NOTHING...W-WHA...!

YOU COULD BE MISTAKEN, MUG!



SO YOU'RE THE "MASTERMIND" THE PAPERS HAVE BEEN RANTING ABOUT! AREN'T YOU KIND OF FIDGETY...FOR A BIG SHOT?

POW!



TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THAT EMERALD, PAL! THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE ONE...YOU'LL BE FIVE YEARS OLDER!

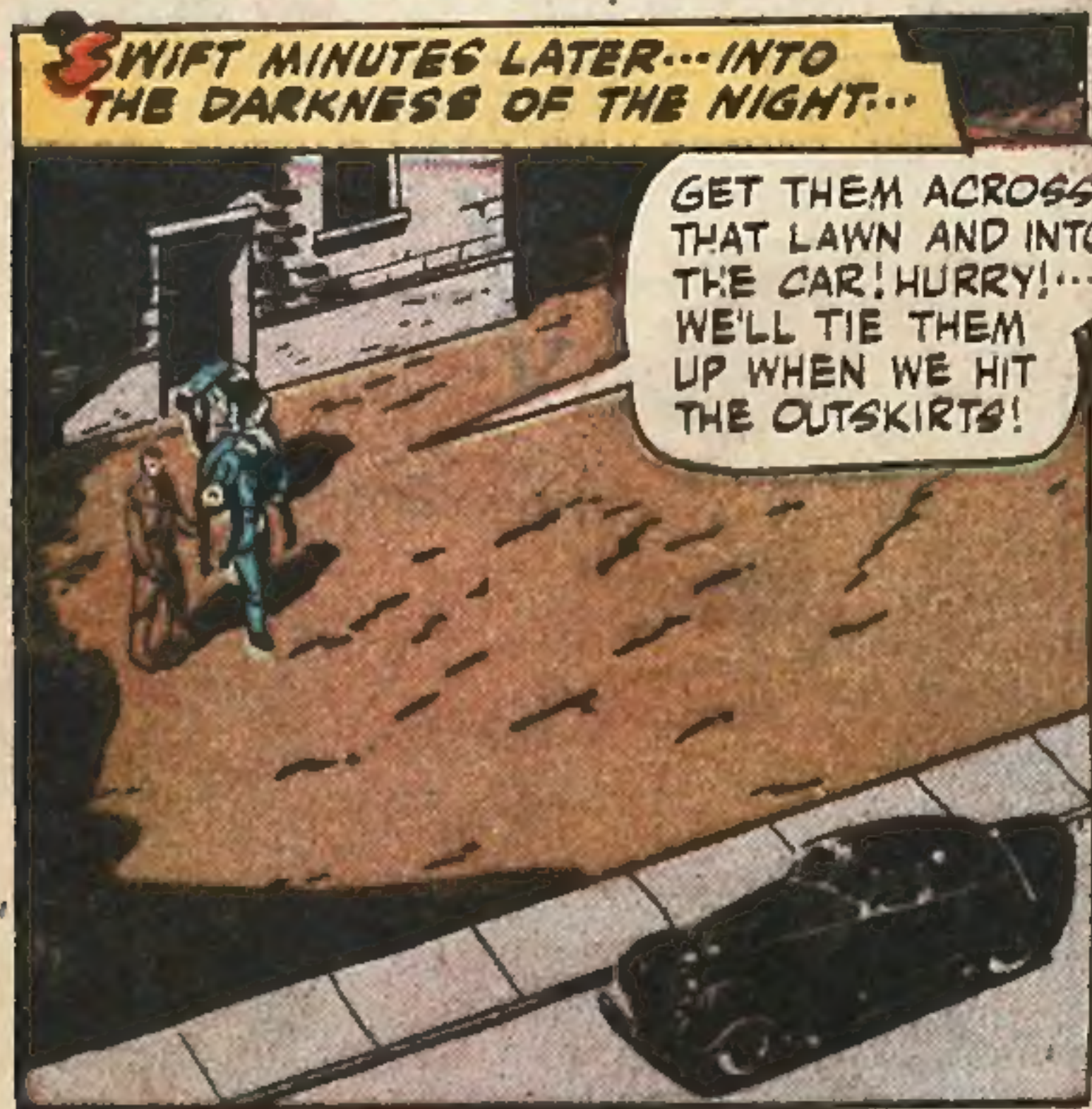
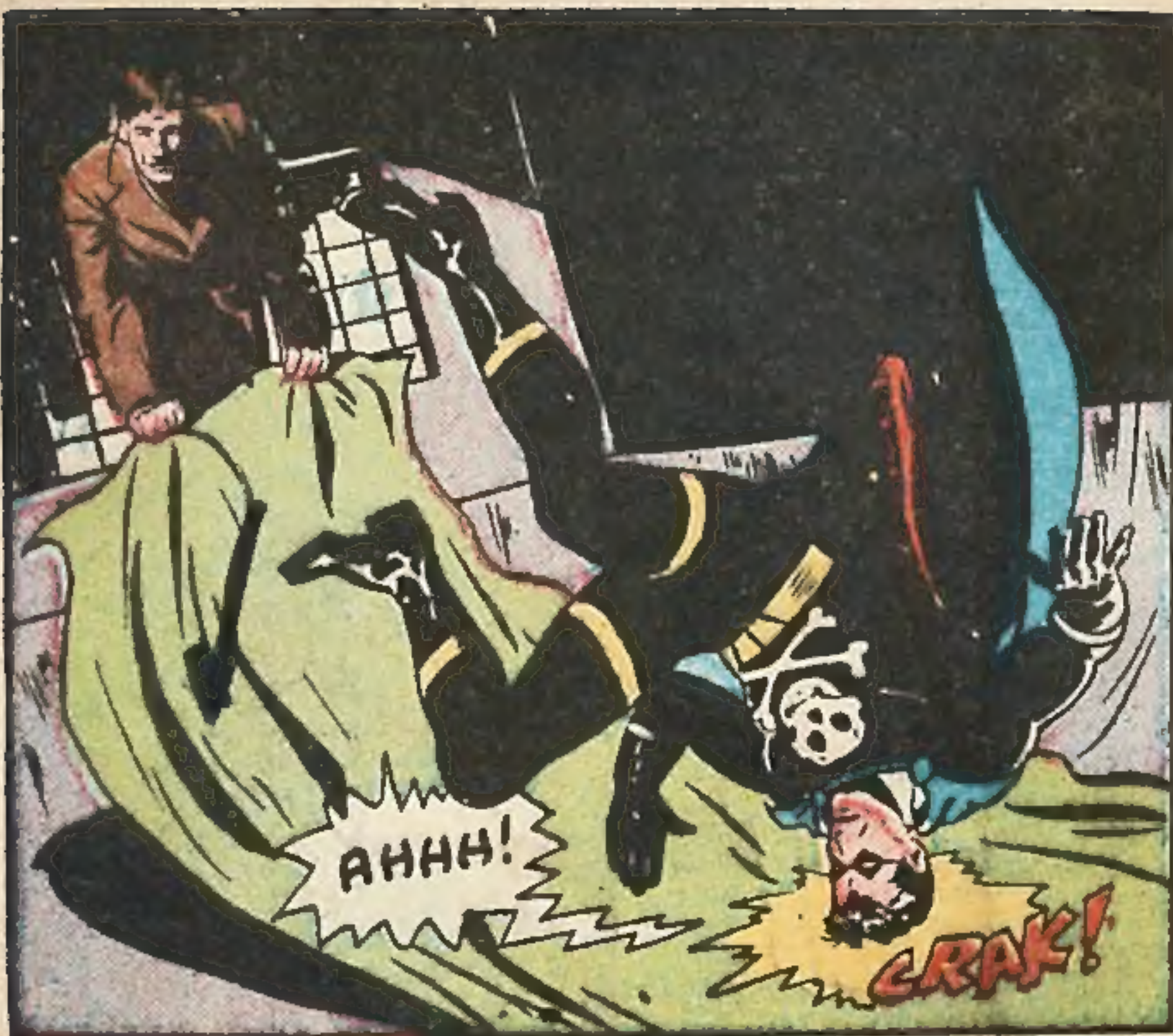
YAAAGH!



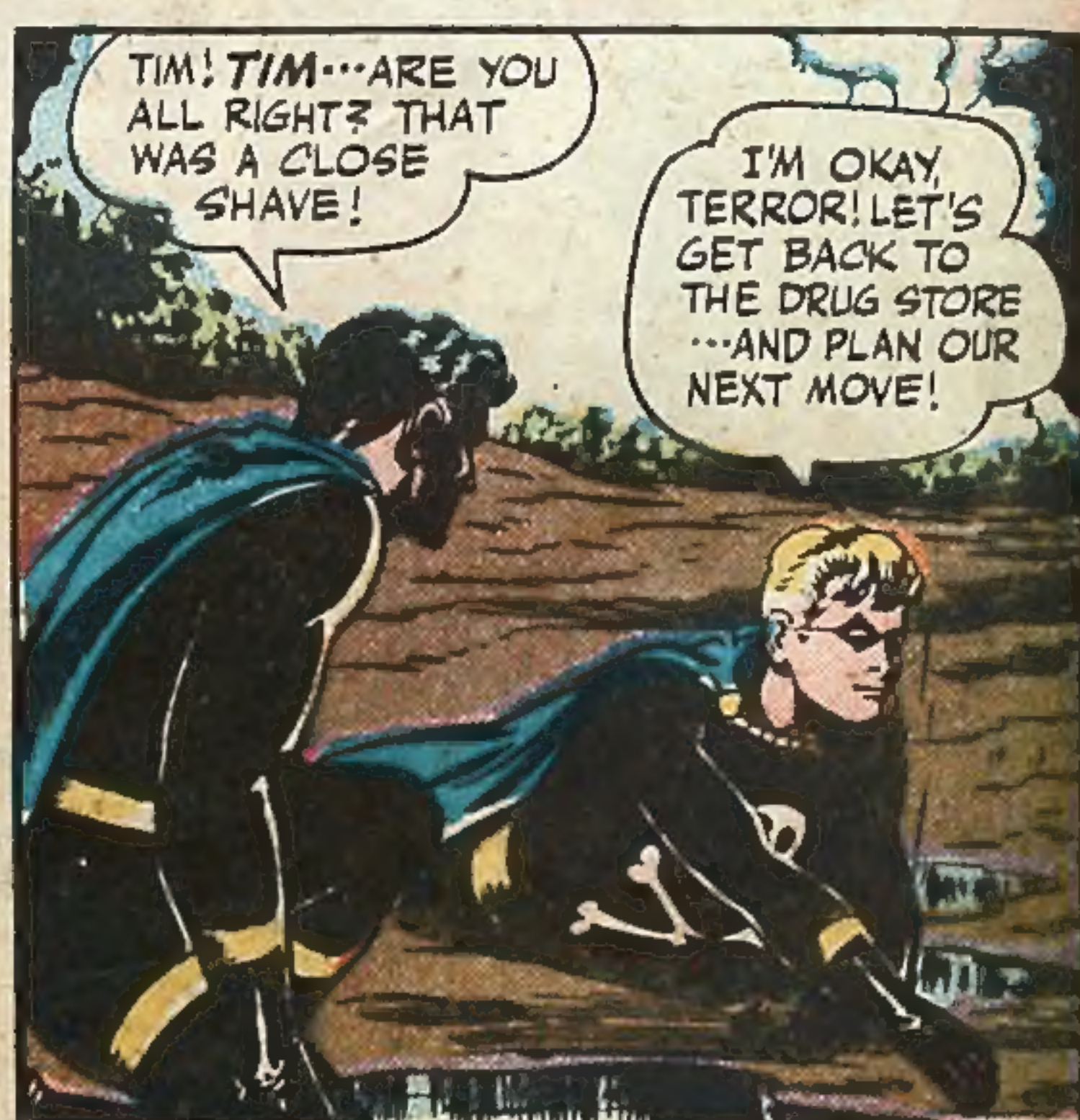
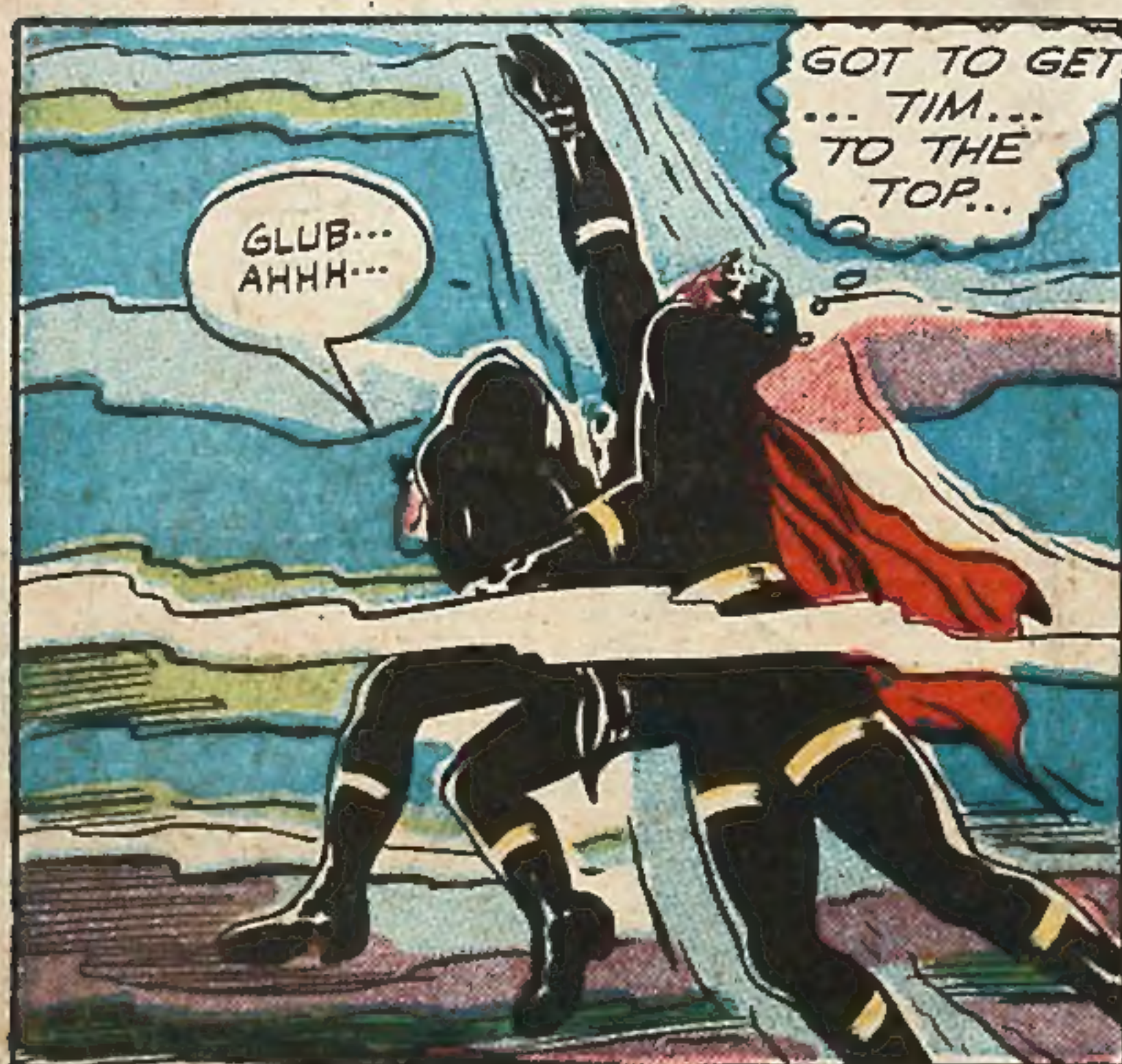
But then...

I WANT HIM TO TAKE A TUMBLE AND GO OUT LIKE A LIGHT! THAT'S ALL I ASK!









**AT THE OTHER END
OF THE WIRE...**

YES...YES...WE CAN
TRACE THAT SALE
FOR YOU, MR. BENTON!
IT'S RIGHT HERE IN
OUR RECORD BOOKS!



Two minutes later...

COME ON, TIM!
WE'VE GOT HIS
ADDRESS AND
...WE KNOW
JUST WHERE
TO LOOK FOR
HIM!

RIGHT
YOU ARE,
TERROR!



**Meanwhile...AT TWO-
SIGHT'S HIDEOUT...**

BOY! THAT'S THE
BIGGEST CHUNK
O' HOT GREEN
ICE I EVER SET
MY PEEPER'S ON,
CHIEF!

YEAH...AND IT'S
JUST THE BEGIN-
NING! NOW THAT
WE'VE COOKED
THE TERROR'S
GOOSE...NOTH-
ING CAN STOP
US!



THE
BLACK
TERROR!

W-WHAT? HE
...HE'S STILL
ALIVE!... GET
HIM, MIKE!

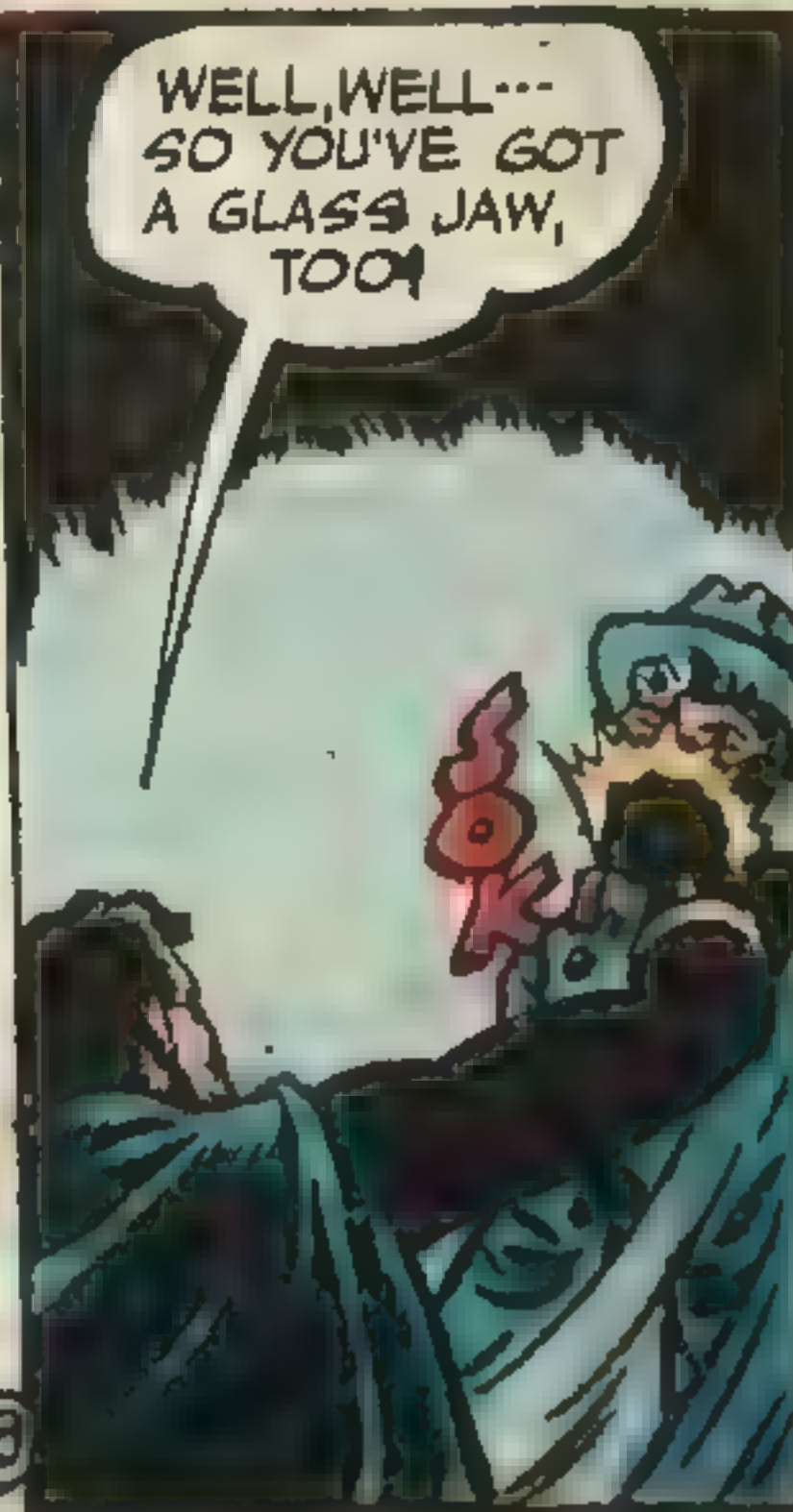


TSK, TSK, TSK! WHY
DON'T YOU LEARN
TO SHOOT?

I... I WANT
HIM TO DIE!
Y'HEAR,
AMULET?



WELL, WELL...
SO YOU'VE GOT
A GLASS JAW,
TOO!





THIS MAY BE A LUCKY MONTH FOR EMERALDS, RAT, BUT... **YOUR** LUCK HAS RUN OUT!

ODFF!



I... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THE TERROR'S GOT THE MAGIC LICKED! HE'S TOO **STRONG** FOR IT!

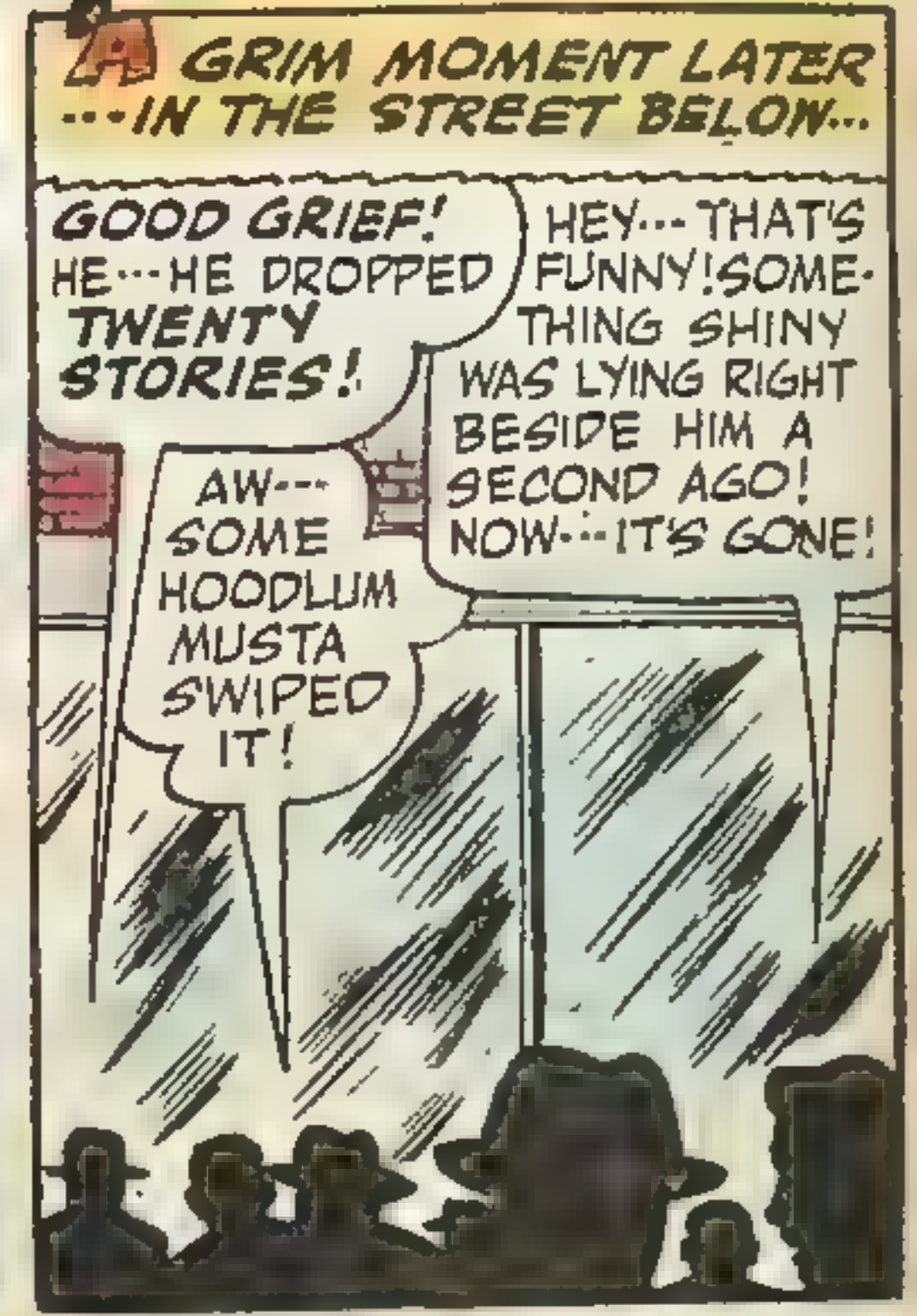


I... I... DIDN'T GET MY WISH! THE AMULET MUST BE... **ARRRRR!**
A BLACK CAT!

YEOWWWW!
SSPHAT!



H-HELP!
I'M FALLING...

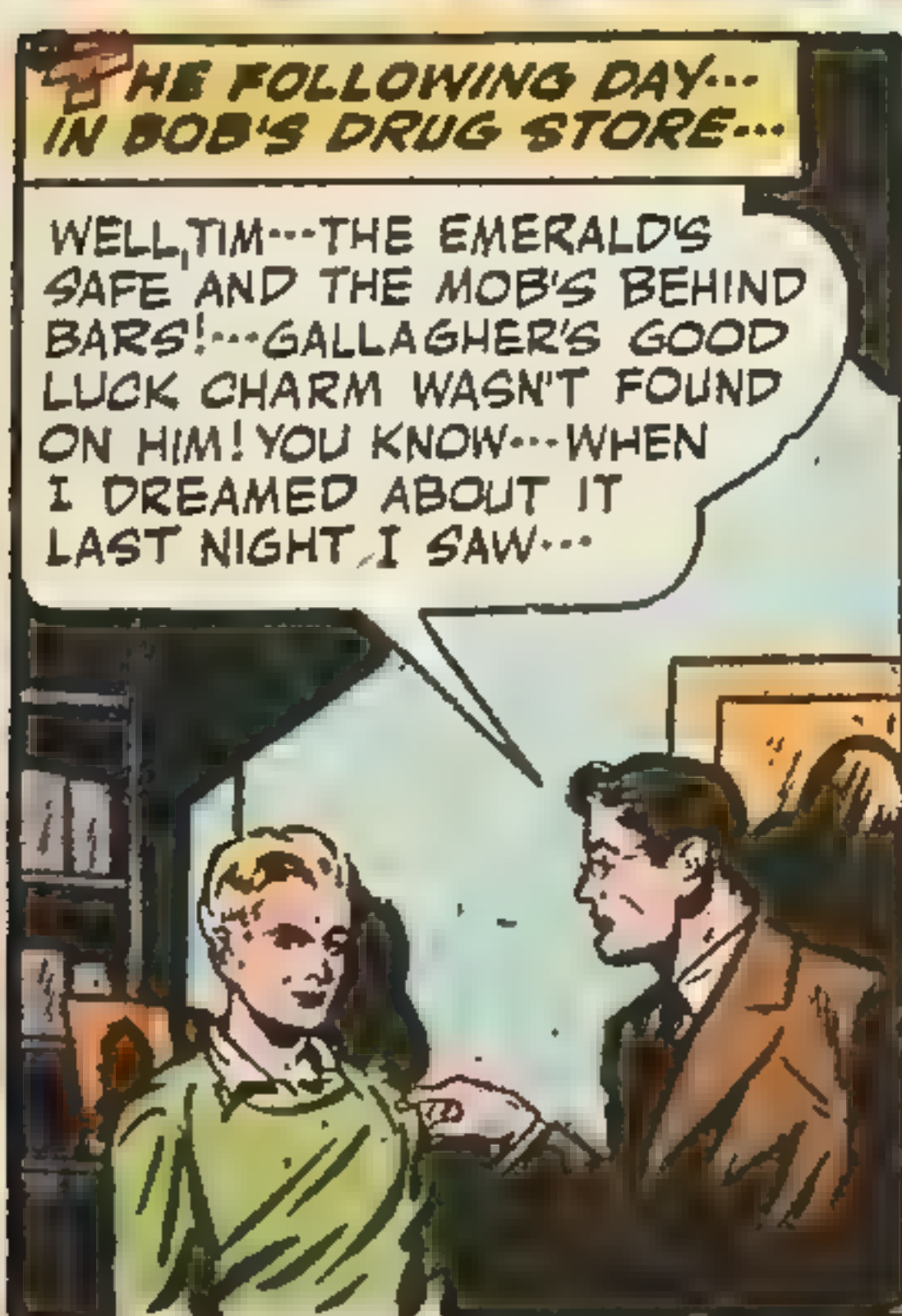


A GRIM MOMENT LATER... IN THE STREET BELOW...

GOOD GRIEF!
HE... HE DROPPED
TWENTY STORIES!

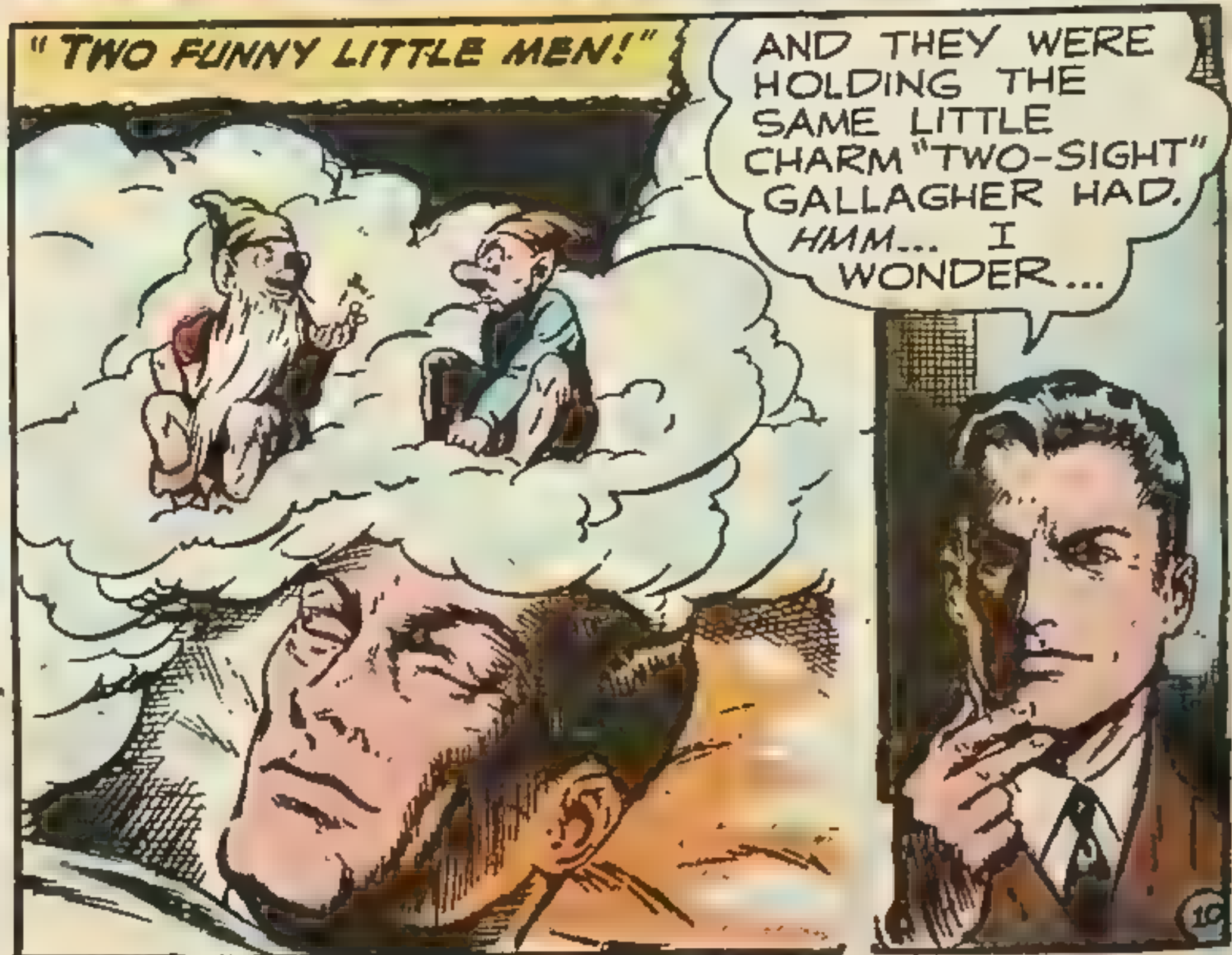
HEY... THAT'S FUNNY! SOMETHING SHINY WAS LYING RIGHT BESIDE HIM A SECOND AGO! NOW... IT'S GONE!

AW... SOME HOODLUM MUSTA SWIPE IT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... IN BOB'S DRUG STORE...

WELL, TIM... THE EMERALD'S SAFE AND THE MOB'S BEHIND BARS!... GALLAGHER'S GOOD LUCK CHARM WASN'T FOUND ON HIM! YOU KNOW... WHEN I DREAMED ABOUT IT LAST NIGHT, I SAW...



"TWO FUNNY LITTLE MEN!"

AND THEY WERE HOLDING THE SAME LITTLE CHARM "TWO-SIGHT" GALLAGHER HAD. **HMM... I WONDER...**

The Most Popular
Package at ~~any~~ Party

LOOK
FOR THE
SURPRISE
NOVELTY IN
EVERY BOX



THE
MORE YOU
EAT—THE
MORE YOU
WANT

BEST
TREAT OF
ALL, ON A
HALLOWE'EN
CALL

IT'S
CRISPY
CRUNCHY
CANDY COATED
POPCORN
WITH
PEANUTS

Cracker Jack

AT CONFECTION COUNTERS
DRUG AND GROCERY STORES
AND AT ALL CONCESSION STANDS

The BLACK



TERROR

Even the great open spaces of the ranch country weren't big enough to hold the honest, bronco-busting **Slaters** and the jealous, conniving **Wilson** tribe! At least that's the way it looked to the **Terror Twins** when the annual Rodeo Contest turned into **A RACE WITH DEATH!**



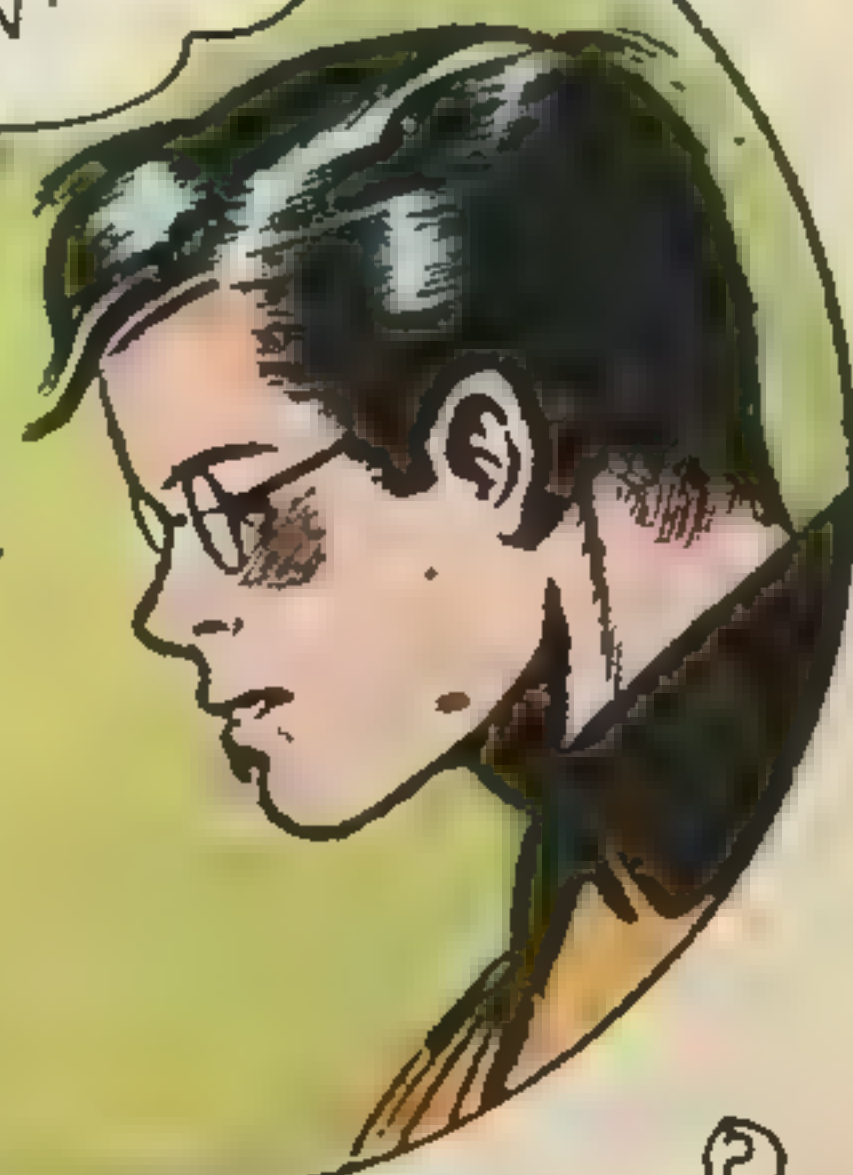
ON WALT SLATER'S BAR-B RANCH...

IT'S FINE TO GO IN FOR BOOKS, REED— BUT I WANT YOU TO LEARN ALL ABOUT RANCHING, TOO!

I KNOW, DAD! YOU KNOW I'D NEVER LET YOU DOWN!



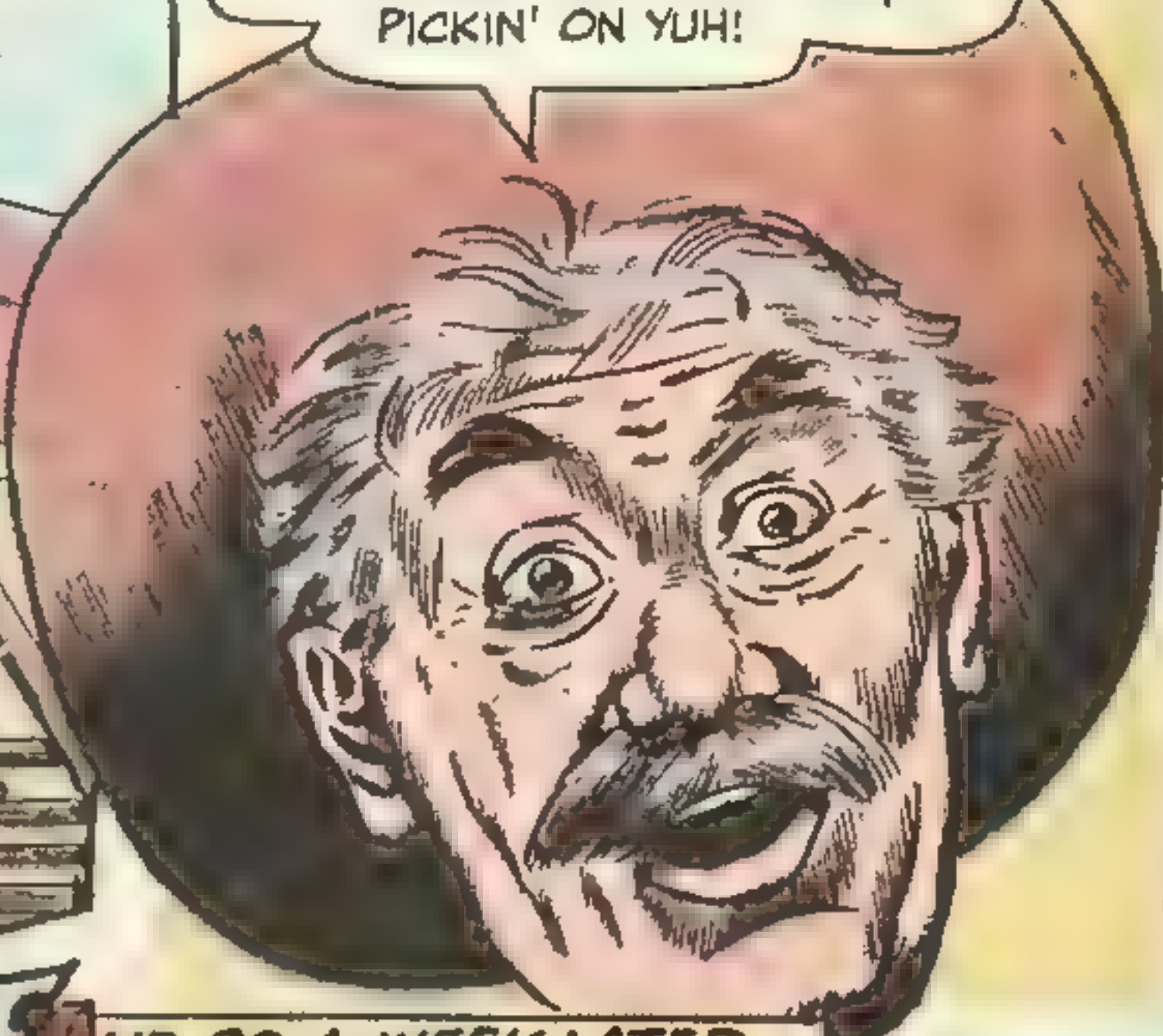
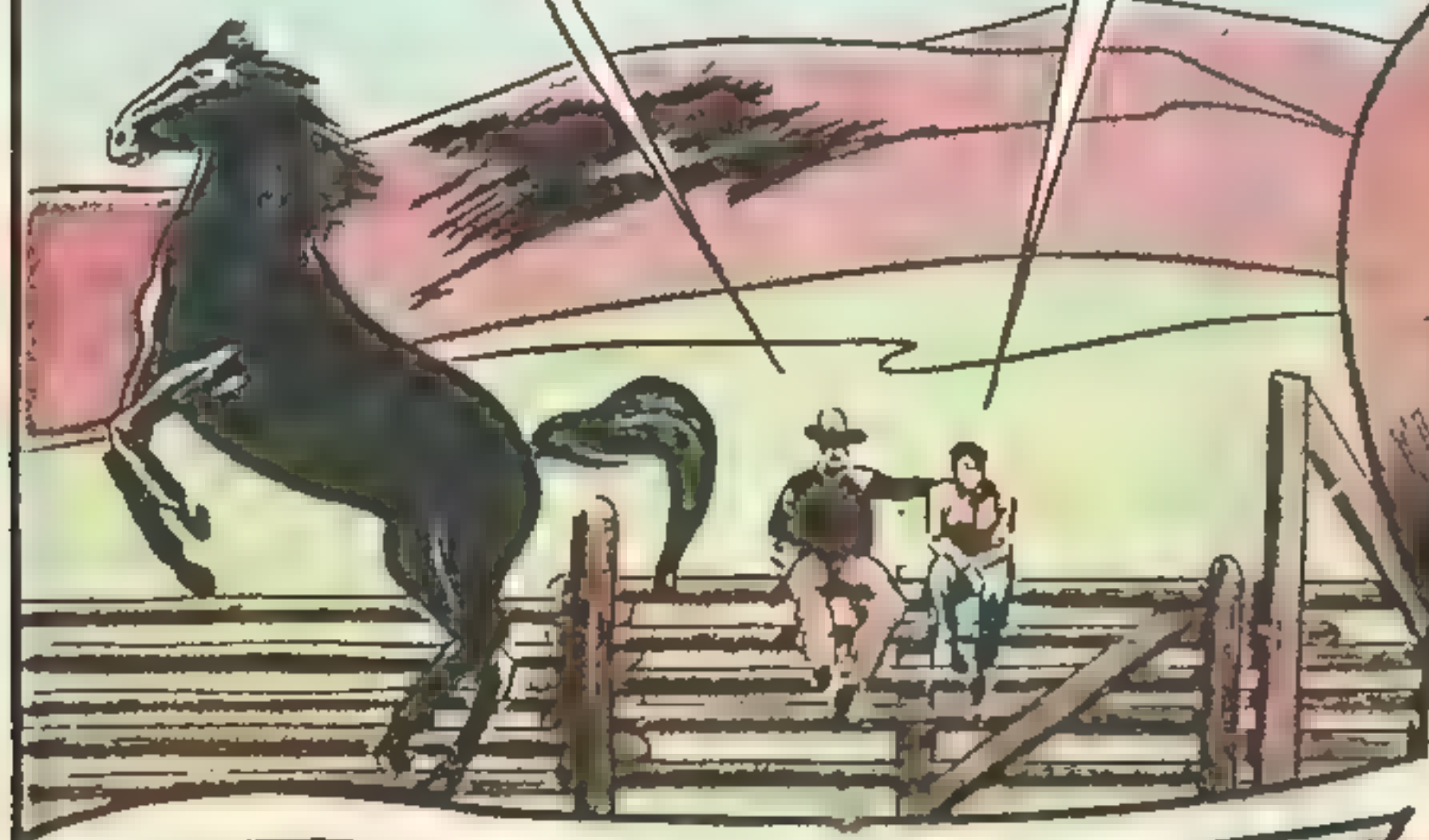
I LIKE BOOKS AND MUSIC! THE OTHER BOYS LIKE TO KID AROUND AND PLAY PRACTICAL JOKES... USUALLY ON **ME!** I'M **NOT** A SISSY... BUT I JUST WANT TO BE SOMEBODY WHEN I GROW UP!



I'M GLAD YUH LIKE HOSSFLESH. ANYWAY! YUH RIDE LIKE YUH WAS BORN ON A HOSS...AND BLACK BELLE HERE WON'T LET ANYBODY ELSE RIDE HER BUT YOU!

SHE'S REALLY A BEAUTY, DAD... THE **FASTEST** MARE I'VE EVER SEEN!

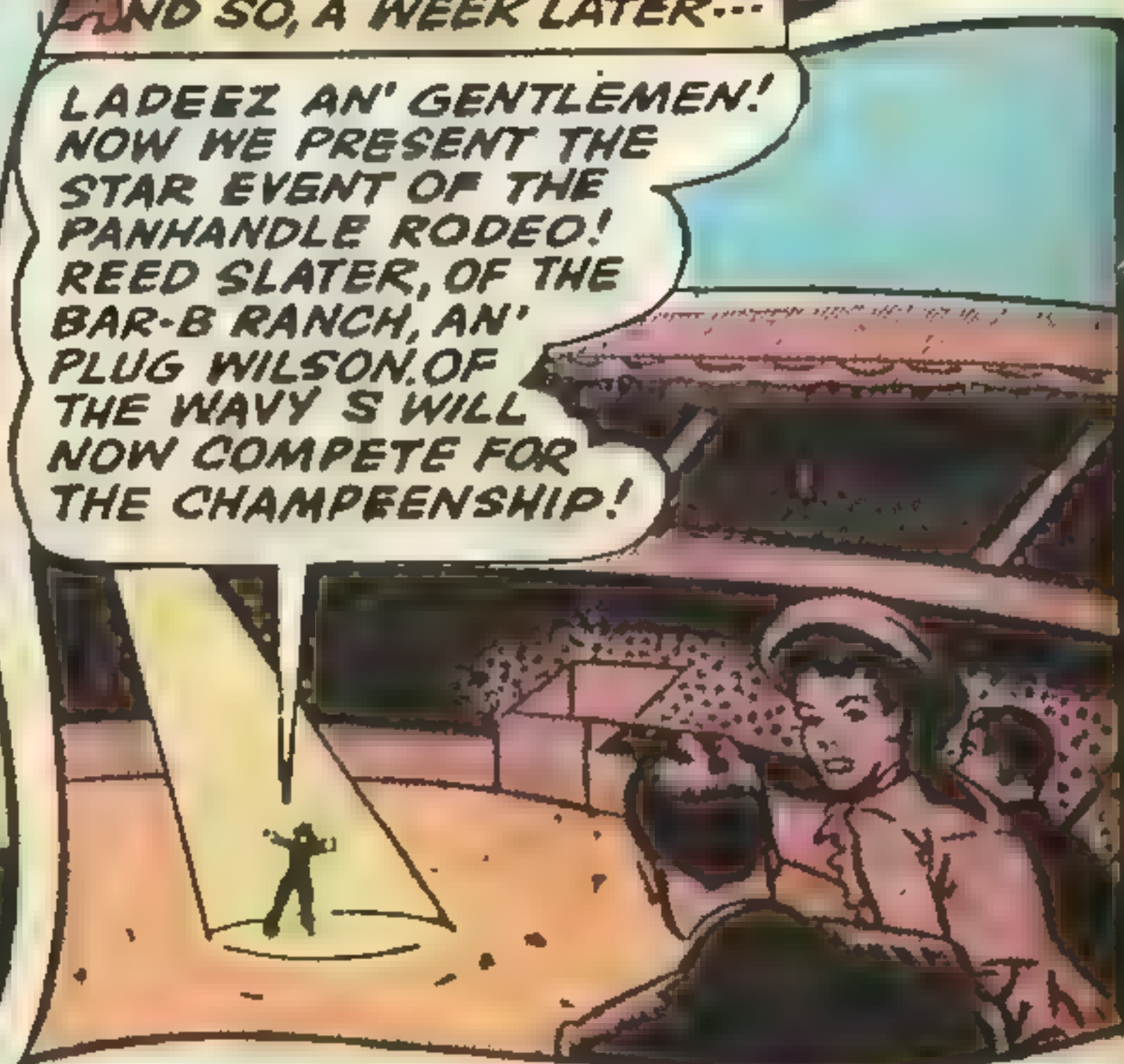
NOW DON'T GET RILED UP, SON... BUT I'VE ENTERED YUH IN THE BRONC-BUSTIN' CONTEST AT THE PANHANDLE RODEO NEXT WEEK! IF YUH WIN IT... THE OTHER FELLERS WILL QUIT PICKIN' ON YUH!



SAY...THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA, DAD!...THEY'RE NOT BAD FELLERS ...THEY'D JUST RATHER FOOL AROUND THAN WORK!

AND SO, A WEEK LATER...

LADEEZ AN' GENTLEMEN! NOW WE PRESENT THE STAR EVENT OF THE PANHANDLE RODEO! REED SLATER, OF THE BAR-B RANCH, AN' PLUG WILSON, OF THE WAVY S WILL NOW COMPETE FOR THE CHAMPEENSHIP!



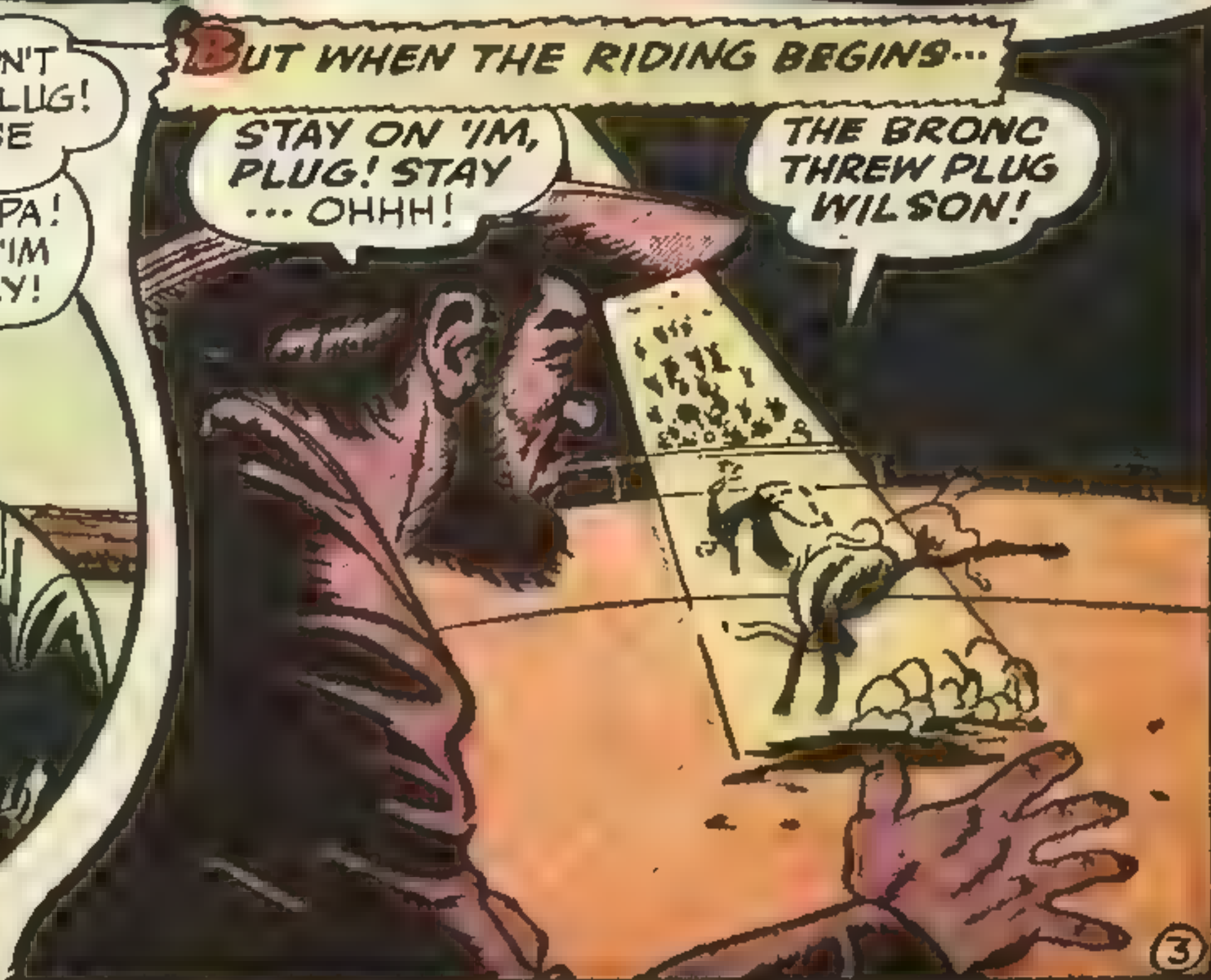
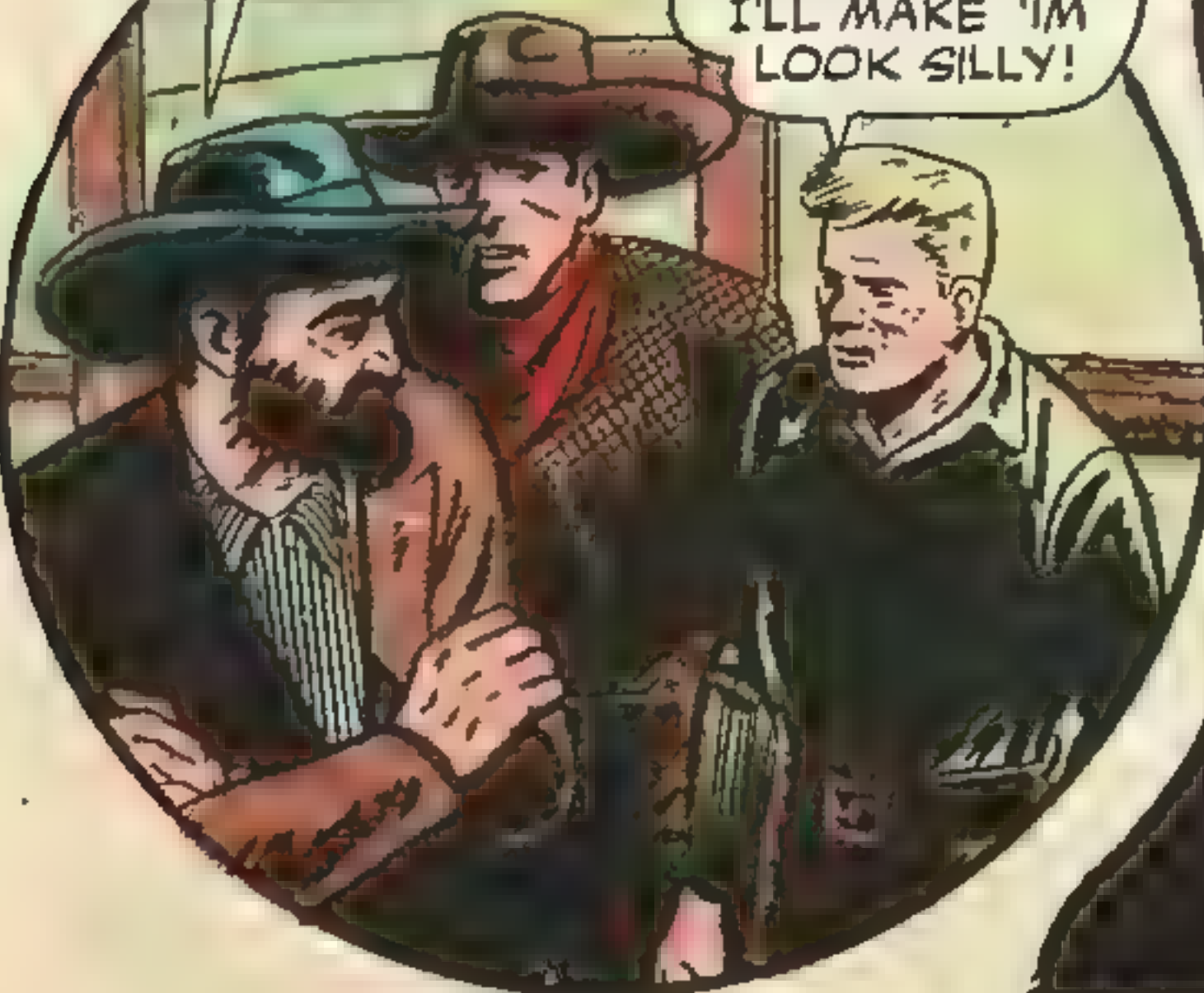
THAT LITTLE PUNK SLATER DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST YUH, PLUG! YOU'RE THE BEST RIDER IN THESE PARTS!

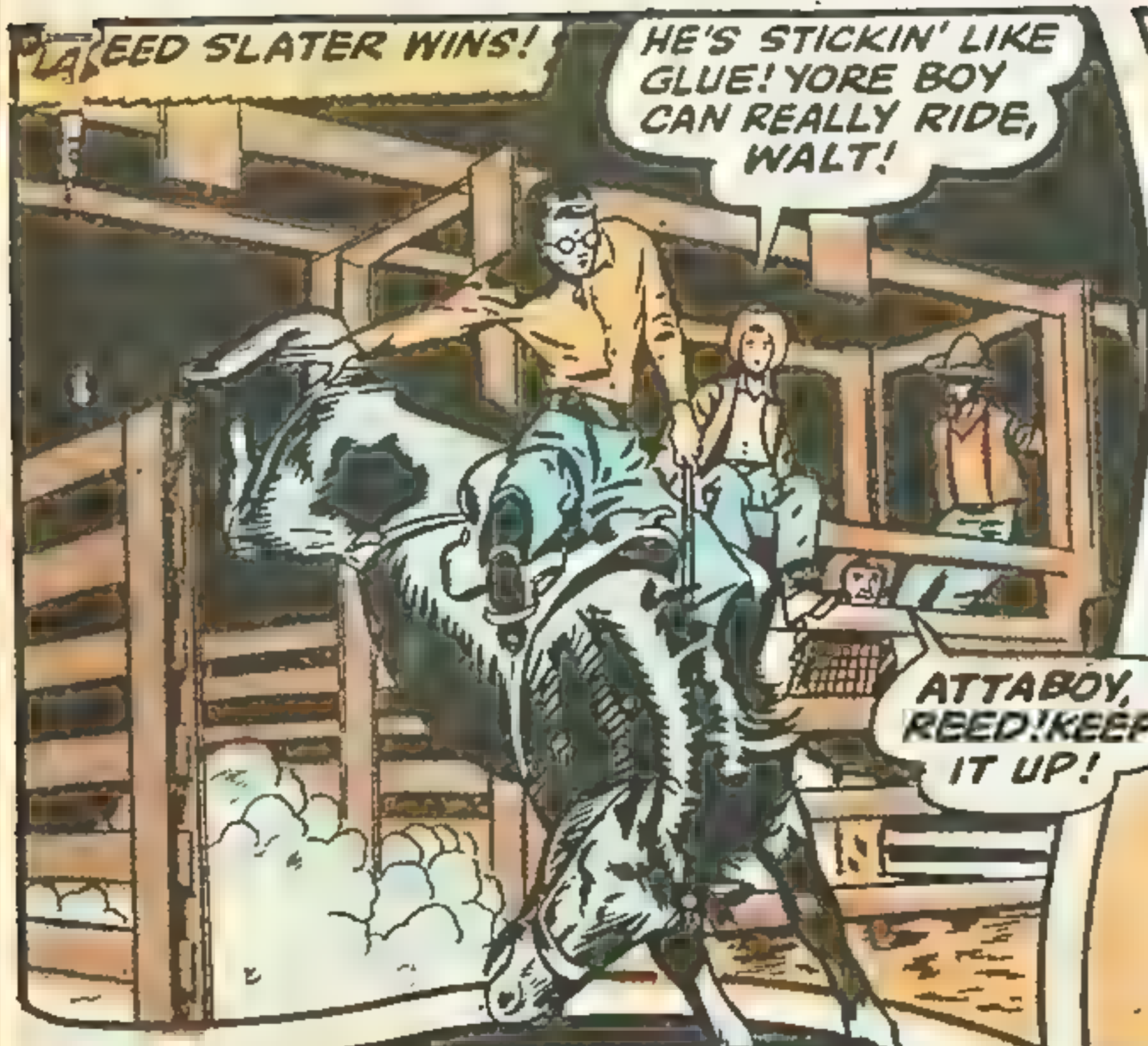
I KNOW IT, PA! I'LL MAKE 'IM LOOK SILLY!

BUT WHEN THE RIDING BEGINS...

STAY ON 'IM, PLUG! STAY ... OHHH!

THE BRONC THREW PLUG WILSON!





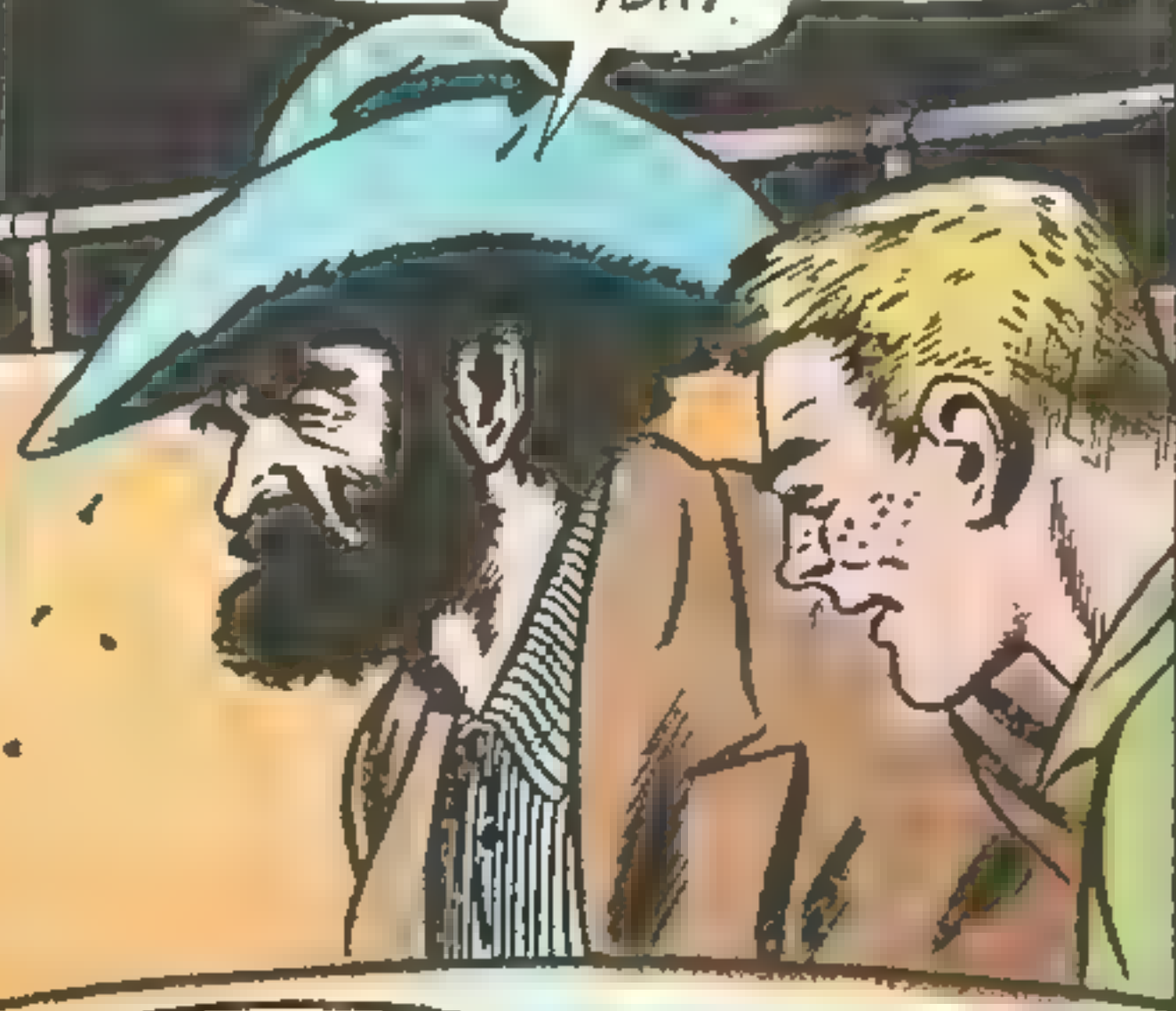
REED SLATER WINS!

HE'S STICKIN' LIKE GLUE! YORE BOY CAN REALLY RIDE, WALT!

ATTABOY, REED! KEEP IT UP!

IS THE CROWD POURS FROM THE STANDS...

JUST ONE MORE SCORE TO SETTLE!...NOW'S THE TIME TO PUT OUR PLAN INTO OPERATION! YOU GET REED INTO THAT ALLEYWAY, PLUG...AN' DO AS I TOLD YUH!



IS REED AND HIS FATHER STROLL BACK TO THEIR HOTEL...



I'M SHORE GLAD YUH WON, REED! I...

I GUESS YUH CAN WIN ANYTHING ...IF YUH GOT ENOUGH MONEY!

PLUG'S SPOILING FOR A FIGHT... AND HE'S SO MUCH STRONGER! BUT I CAN'T BACK DOWN!

DIDN'T YUH SLIP THE JUDGES A WAD TO GIVE YUH THE EASIER BRONCO TO RIDE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?



WHY, YOU LYING...



YUH WANNA FIGHT WITH ME, DO YUH?



I'LL KICK YORE TEETH IN, YUH LITTLE...

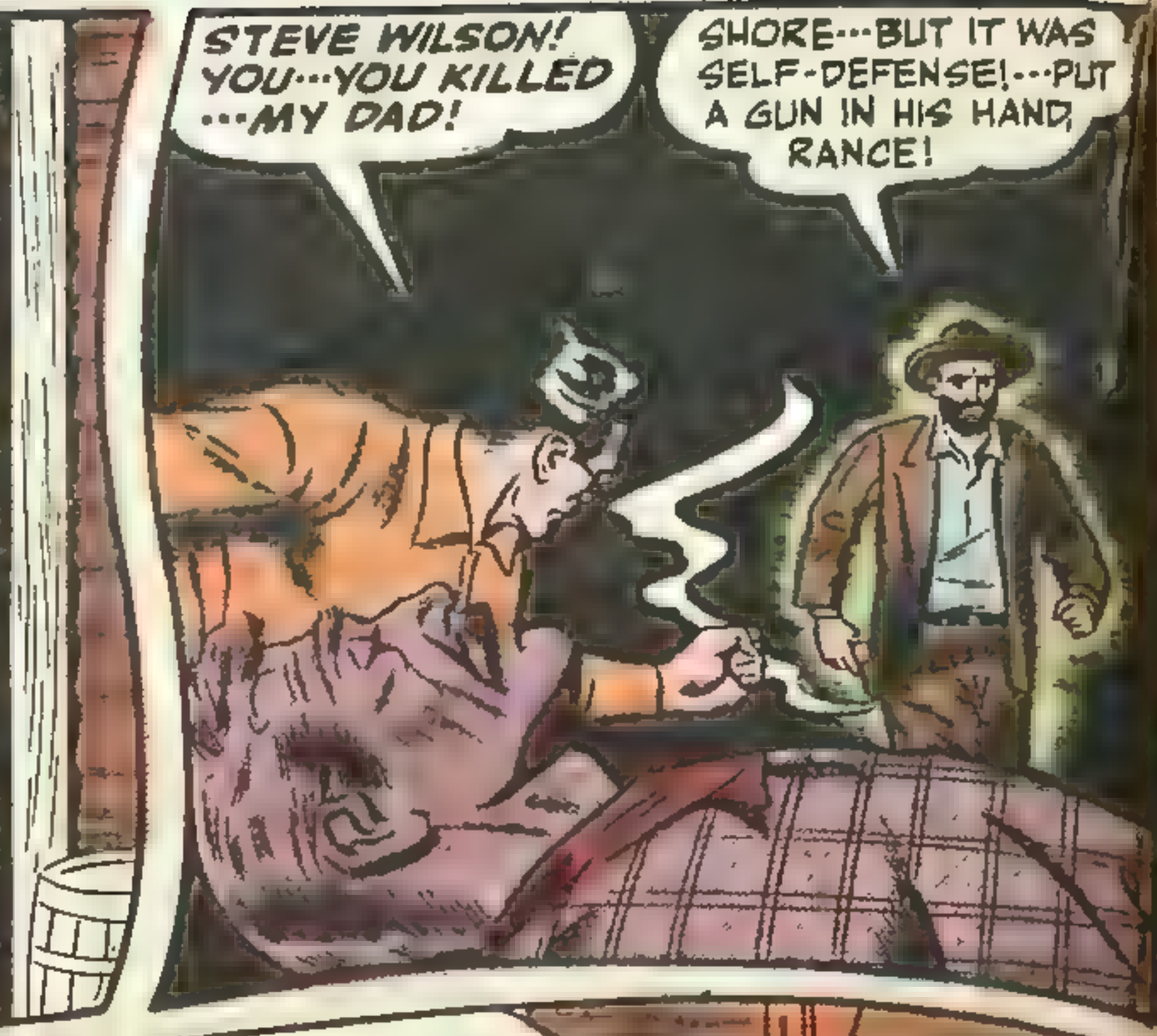
THAT'S THE WAY YUH FIGHT, IS IT, WILSON?



I'LL TEACH
YUH... **OHHH!**

BANG!

POW!

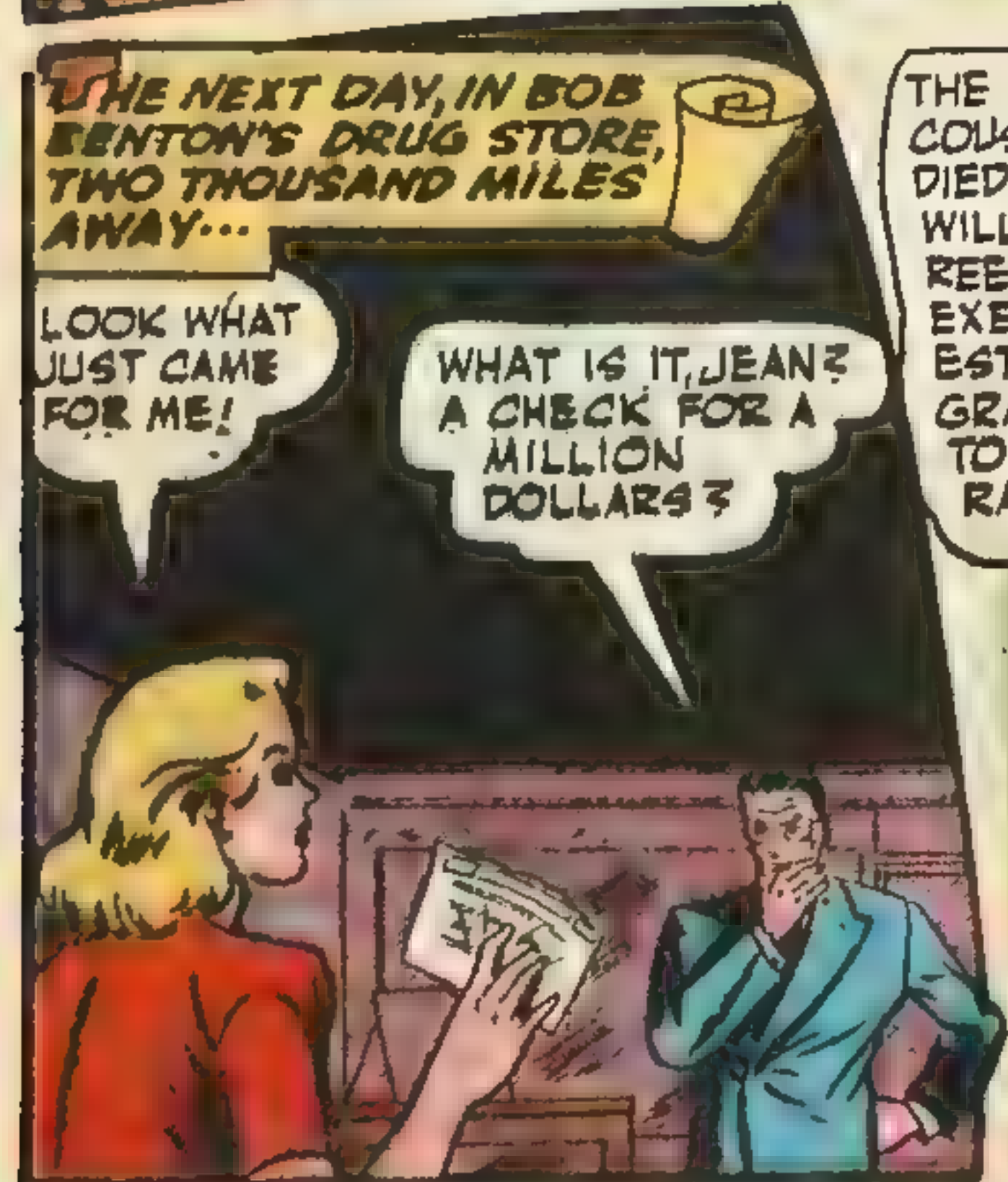


STEVE WILSON!
YOU...YOU KILLED
...MY DAD!

SHORE...BUT IT WAS
SELF-DEFENSE!...PUT
A GUN IN HIS HAND,
RANCE!



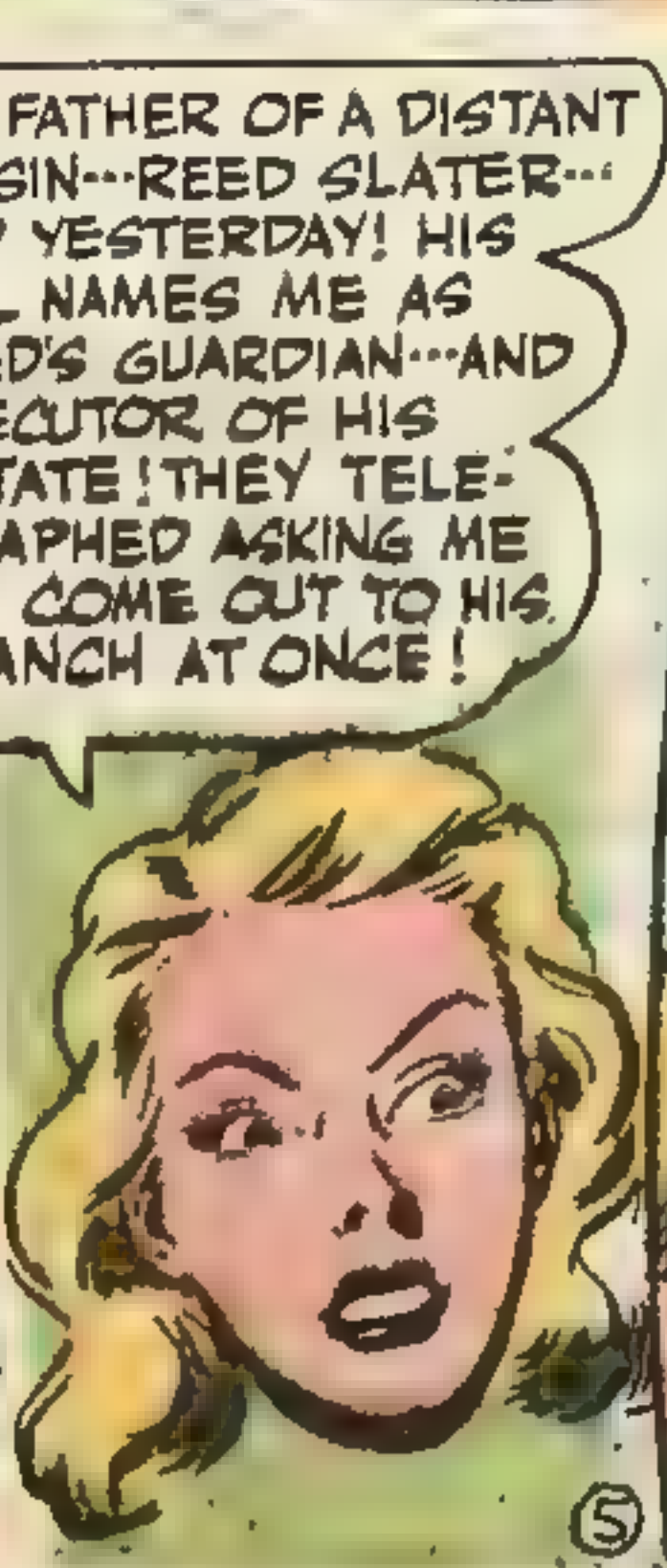
NOW ALL MY BOYS'LL SWEAR
YORE PA PULLED A GUN ON
ME...AN' I HADDA SHOOT
OR GET SHOT! VAMOSE,
BEFORE I GIVE YUH A
DOSE OF THE SAME!



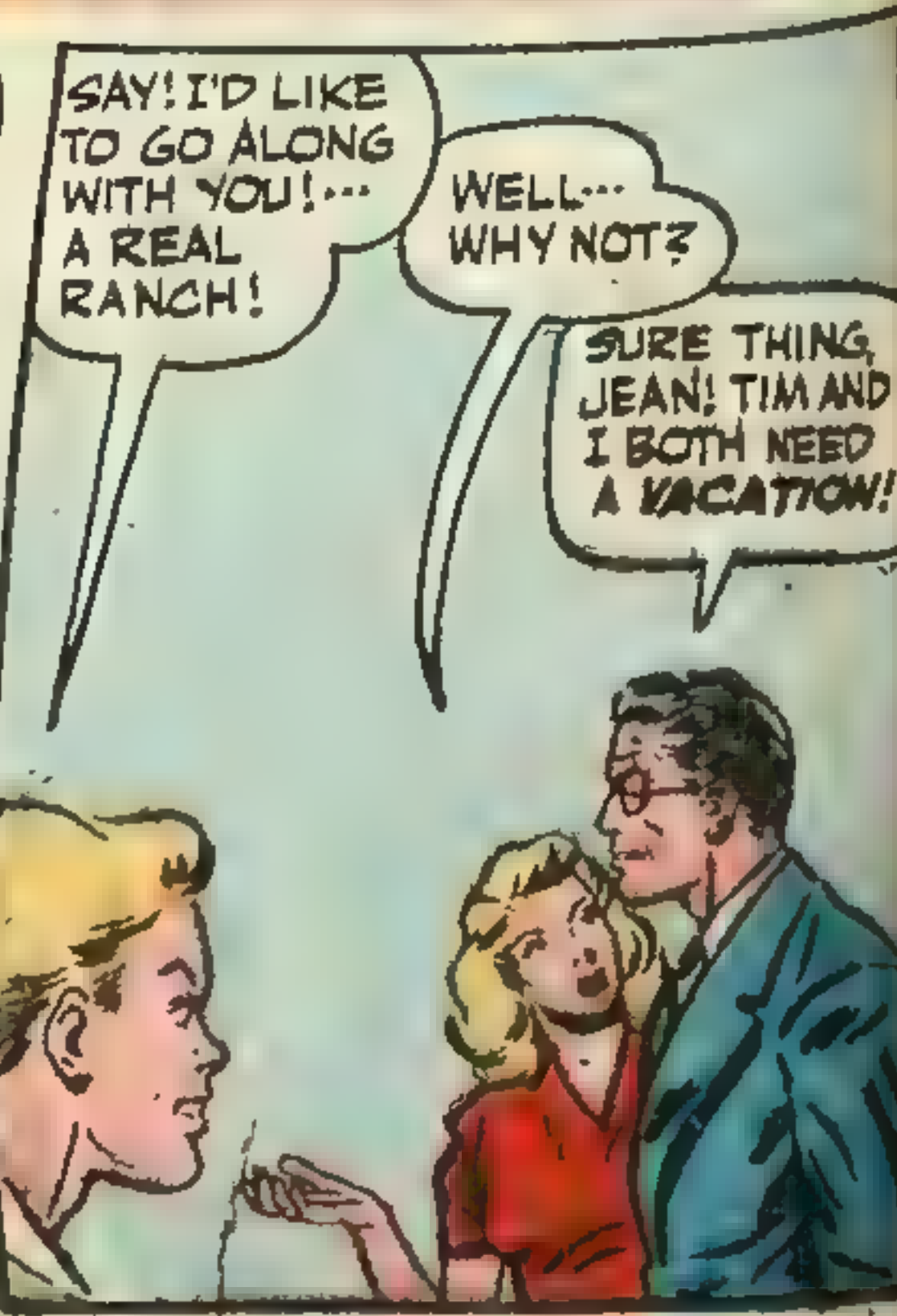
THE NEXT DAY, IN BOB
BENTON'S DRUG STORE,
TWO THOUSAND MILES
AWAY...

LOOK WHAT
JUST CAME
FOR ME!

WHAT IS IT, JEAN?
A CHECK FOR A
MILLION
DOLLARS?



THE FATHER OF A DISTANT
COUSIN...REED SLATER...
DIED YESTERDAY! HIS
WILL NAMES ME AS
REED'S GUARDIAN...AND
EXECUTOR OF HIS
ESTATE! THEY TELE-
GRAPHED ASKING ME
TO COME OUT TO HIS
RANCH AT ONCE!



SAY! I'D LIKE
TO GO ALONG
WITH YOU!... A
REAL
RANCH!

WELL...
WHY NOT?

SURE THING,
JEAN! TIM AND
I BOTH NEED
A VACATION!

AND SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

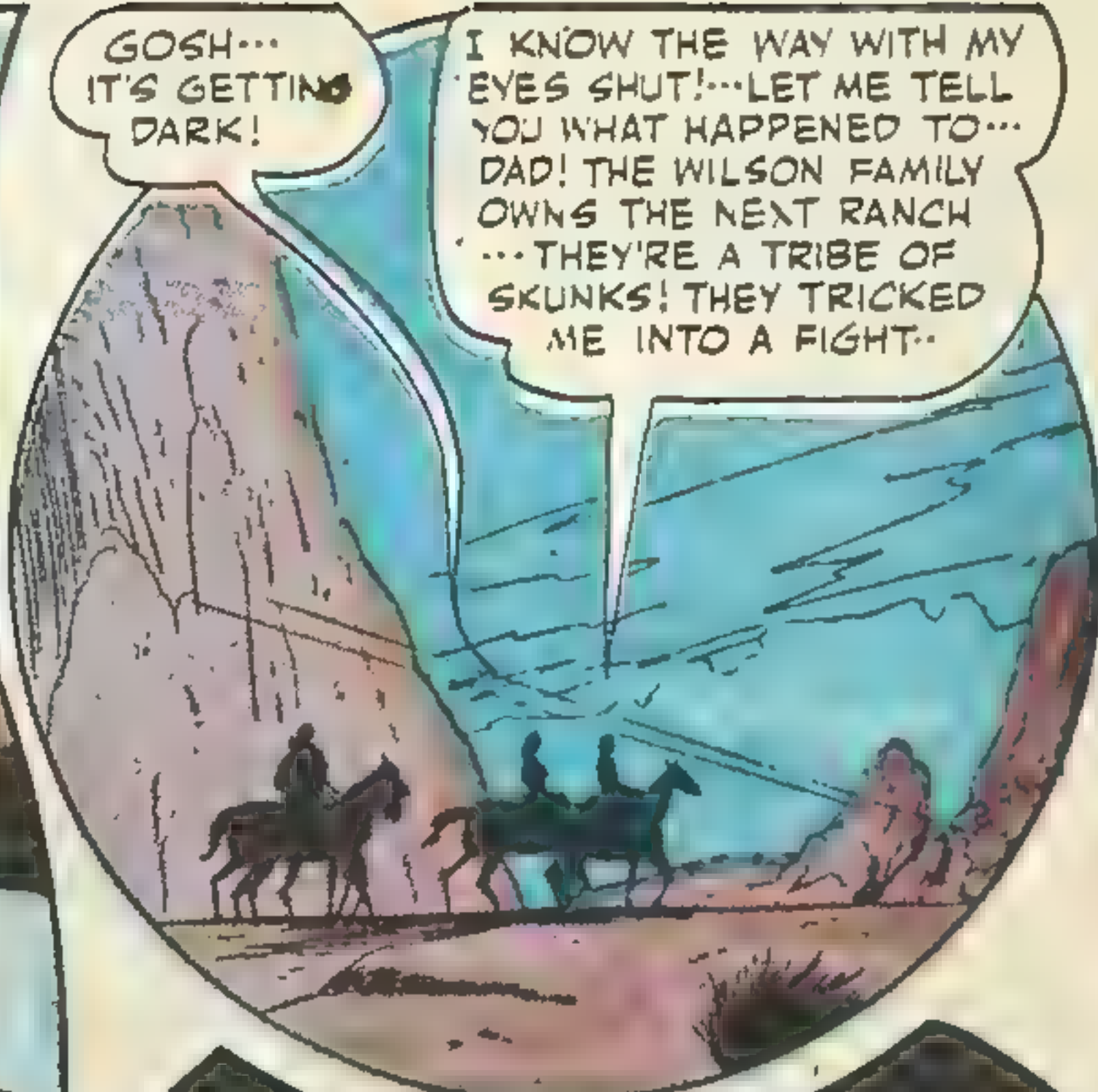
HELLO, REED! MY, HOW YOU'VE GROWN!... I'M AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT YOUR DAD!

THANKS, JEAN!... I BROUGHT THREE HOSSES ALONG! HOPE YOU CAN ALL RIDE!



GOSH... IT'S GETTING DARK!

I KNOW THE WAY WITH MY EYES SHUT!... LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO... DAD! THE WILSON FAMILY OWNS THE NEXT RANCH... THEY'RE A TRIBE OF SKUNKS! THEY TRICKED ME INTO A FIGHT..



SUDDENLY

HOLD UP...OR EAT LEAD!...YOU, MA'AM...COME ALONG WITH US!

M-ME?...BOB...DO SOMETHING!

BUT JEAN.. THEY HAVE GUNS!



YOU COYOTES CAN'T... OWW!

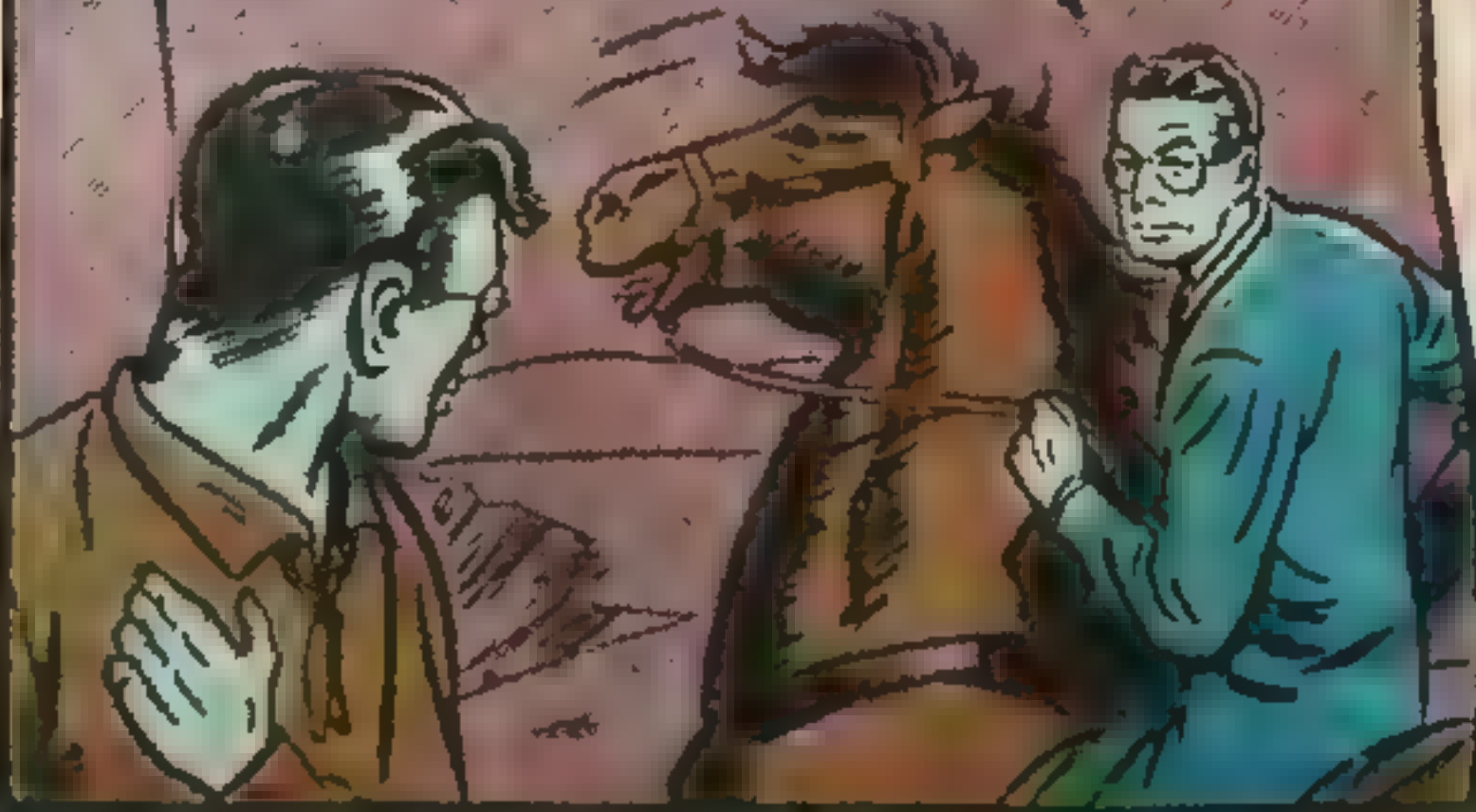
YOU'LL GET THE NEXT ONE BETWEEN THE EYES, REED!



AS JEAN'S ABDUCTORS RACE OFF...

THEY GOT ME... IN THE SHOULDER...! ...NOT SO BAD...

RIDE TO YOUR RANCH, REED AND HAVE IT BANDAGED!... SEND SOME OF YOUR MEN OUT HERE! TIM AND I WILL HELP JEAN! ...HURRY!



BOB AND TIM EMERGE AS... THE TERROR TWINS!

QUICK, TIM... INTO COSTUME! THEN WE CAN REALLY FIGHT! ...JEAN MUST THINK WE'RE AWFUL DUBS... BUT WE COULDN'T GIVE OURSELVES AWAY!

RIGHT WITH YOU!



BUT WHEN THEY TAKE UP THE CHASE...

NO USE, TERROR! IT'S TOO DARK TO FOLLOW THEIR TRACKS!

MAYBE! BUT REED SHOWED ME WHERE THE WILSON RANCH LIES! WE'LL HEAD FOR IT!

THOSE WILSONS KIDNAPPED JEAN AS PART OF SOME OVER-ALL PLAN... I'M SURE OF IT! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

NEARING THE WILSON RANCH...

HELP!

SHUT UP, YUH SHE-COYOTE, OR...

THAT'S JEAN'S VOICE! COME ON, TIM!

IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!... CUT 'EM DOWN, BOYS!

BANG!
BANG!

I'LL DO ALL THE CUTTING DOWN AROUND HERE! ...GIVE ME THAT LARIAT!

THIS HURTS YOU MUCH MORE THAN IT DOES ME!

OUT OF THE WAY, TIM! I'M GOING INTO MY COWBOY ACT!

POW!



YOU DID IT, TERROR!
JUST LIKE IN THE
WILD WEST SHOWS!

NO MORE BULLETS
IN THIS GUN! BUT
I GOT ONE MORE
CHANCE!

WHAM!

UGH!

THAT DID
IT!... GET
OUT OF
THIS LASO
AND HIGHTAIL
OUT OF HERE,
BOYS!...FAST!



OW! I'VE
GOT A
HEADACHE!

I HATE TO
SEE THOSE
PUNKS GET
AWAY!

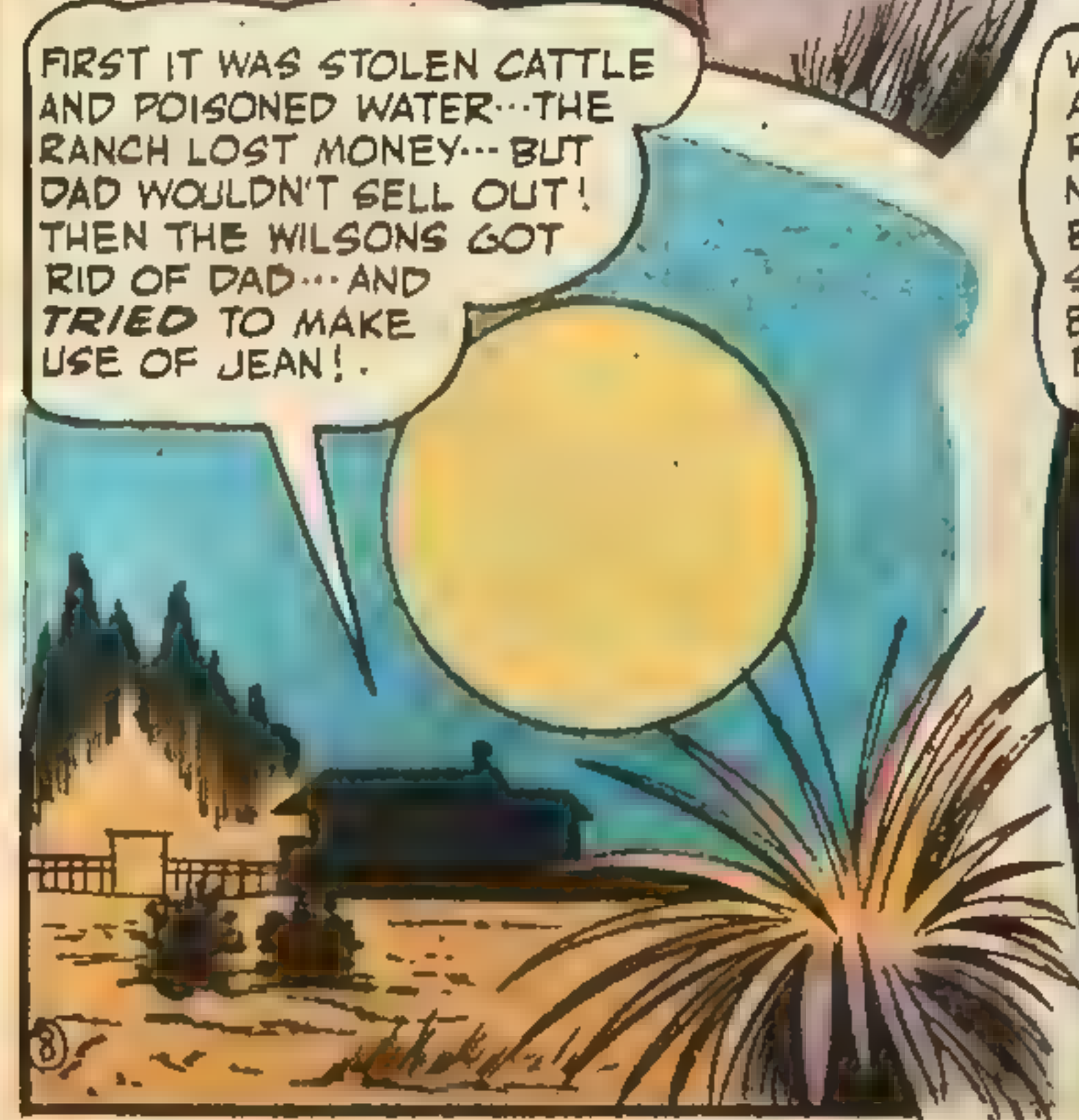
TERROR!
YOU ALWAYS
TURN UP AT
JUST THE
RIGHT TIME!



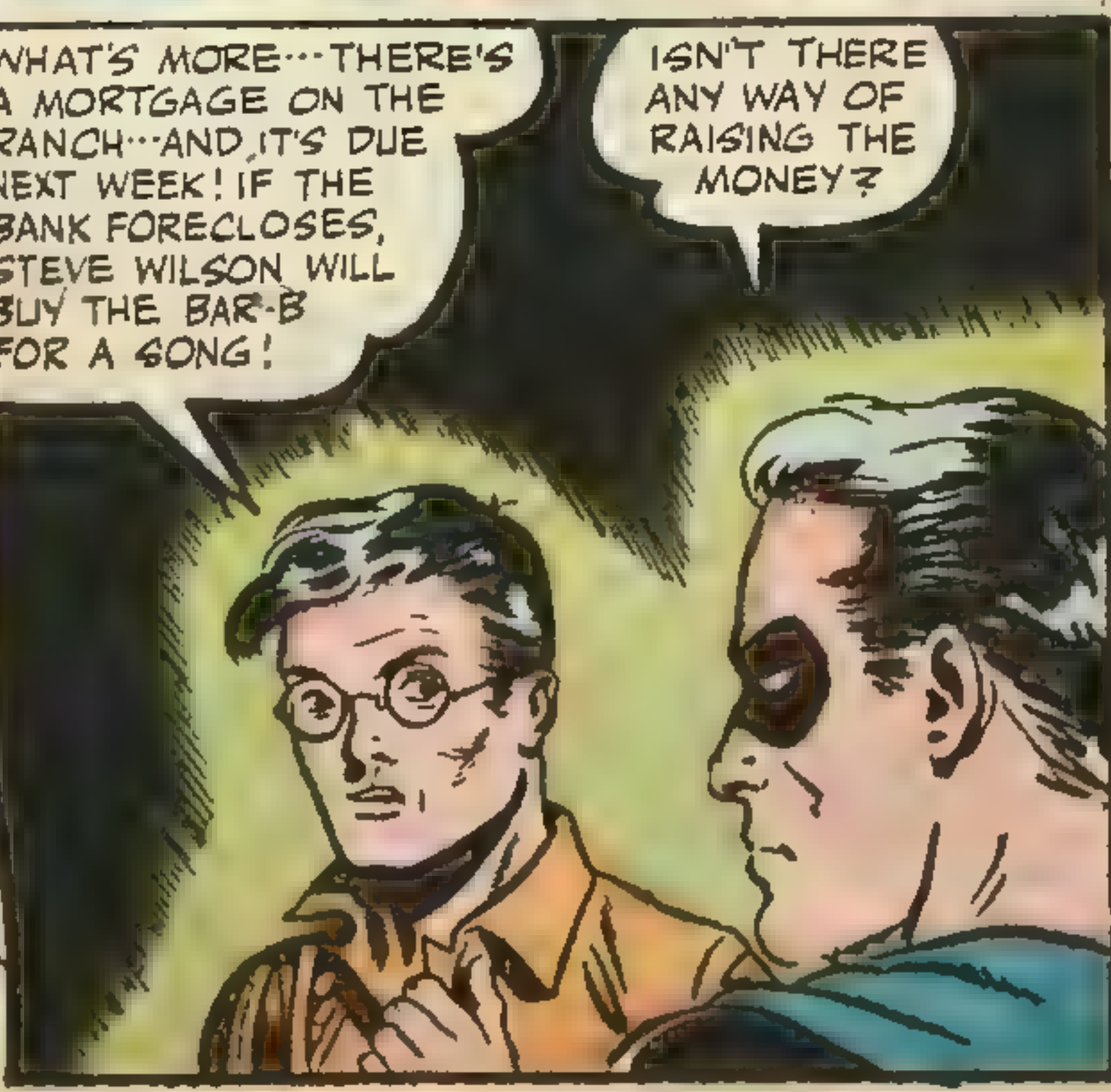
REACHING REED SLATER'S
BAR-B RANCH...

...AND THEY SAID
I'D HAVE TO SIGN
CERTAIN PAPERS!

THOSE WILSON POLECATS!
...WHO ELSE WOULD DO
SUCH A THING? YOU SEE, THE
SOURCE OF ALL THE LOCAL
WATER IS LOCATED ON
BAR-B! IF THE WILSONS
CONTROLLED IT, THEY'D
HAVE EVERY RANCHER
AT THEIR
MERCY!



FIRST IT WAS STOLEN CATTLE
AND POISONED WATER...THE
RANCH LOST MONEY... BUT
DAD WOULDN'T SELL OUT!
THEN THE WILSONS GOT
RID OF DAD... AND
TRIED TO MAKE
USE OF JEAN!.



WHAT'S MORE... THERE'S
A MORTGAGE ON THE
RANCH... AND IT'S DUE
NEXT WEEK! IF THE
BANK FORECLOSES,
STEVE WILSON WILL
BUY THE BAR-B
FOR A SONG!

ISN'T THERE
ANY WAY OF
RAISING THE
MONEY?

WELL, IT'S A LONG SHOT... THE RODEO PRIZE RACE NEXT THURSDAY! BLACK BELLE MIGHT BE ABLE TO WIN, BUT I... I'M JUST NOT UP TO RIDING NOW!

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THAT, REED!... **SO LONG!**

AS SOON AS WE GET OUT OF SIGHT, WE'LL GET OUT OF COSTUME!

REED ISN'T REALLY HURT! THE PAST FEW DAYS HAVE BEEN A BAD SHOCK!... WE'VE GOT TO SNAP HIM OUT OF IT!

MOMENTS LATER...

JEAN! HOW'D YOU GET HERE?

THE TERROR TWINS RESCUED ME... NO THANKS TO YOU!

WE KNEW THEY WERE AROUND! THEY BORROWED OUR HORSES... THAT'S WHY IT TOOK US SO LONG TO GET HERE!

COUNCIL OF WAR!

EVEN IF REED CAN'T RIDE BLACK BELLE, LET'S ENTER HER IN THE RACE! TIM CAN BE THE JOCKEY!

BUT SHE WON'T LET ANYONE ELSE ON HER!

I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

AND SO, BLACK BELLE IS ENTERED! SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO WIN... IF REED SLATER WERE RIDING HER! BUT WITHOUT HIM...?

RACE TIME!

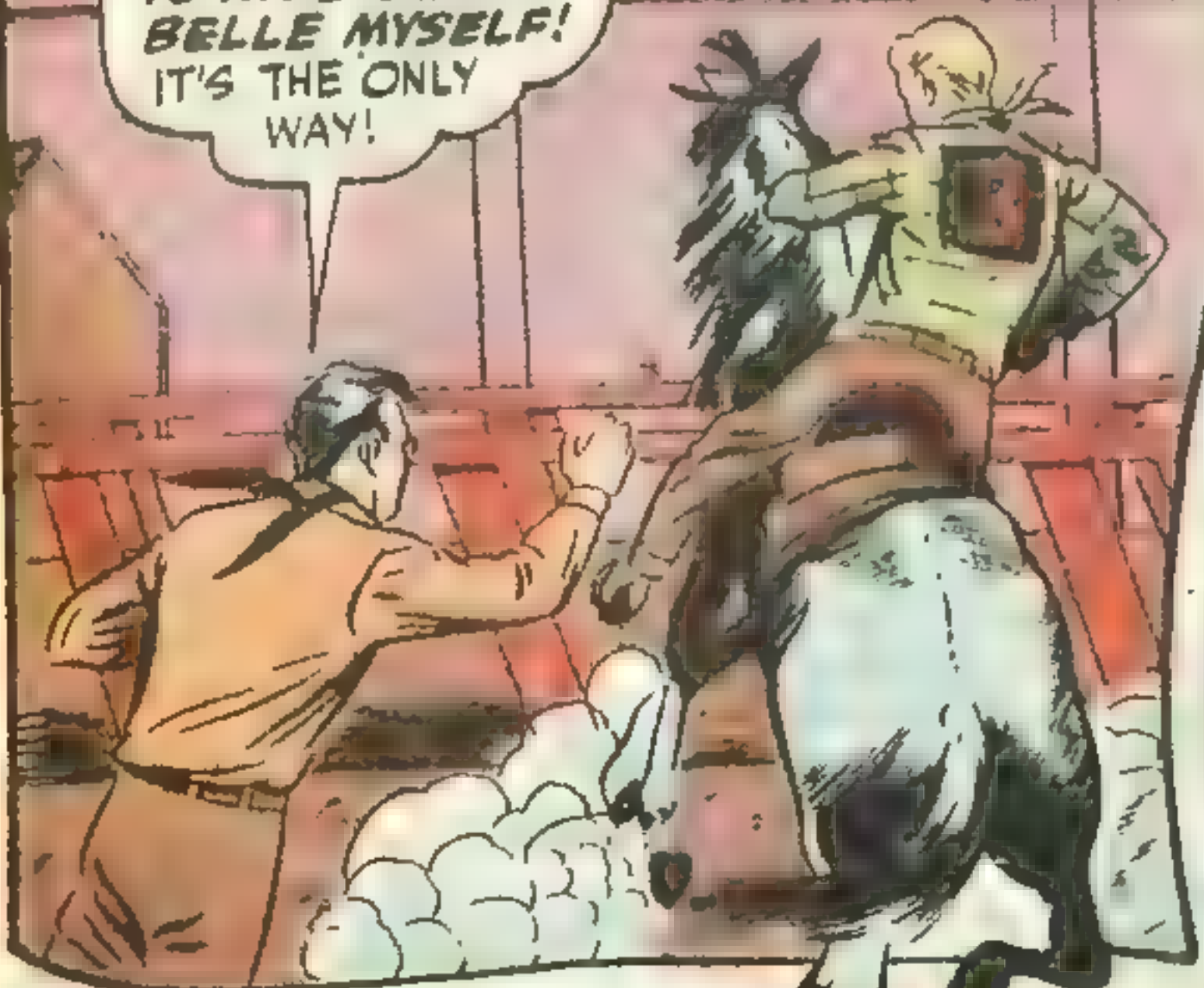
THEY'RE PARADING TO THE POST! SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO RIDE BLACK BELLE, REED?

NO, I... I JUST COULDN'T! MY ARM STILL HURTS...

I TOLD YOU... SHE CAN'T STAND ANYONE ELSE ON HER BACK!

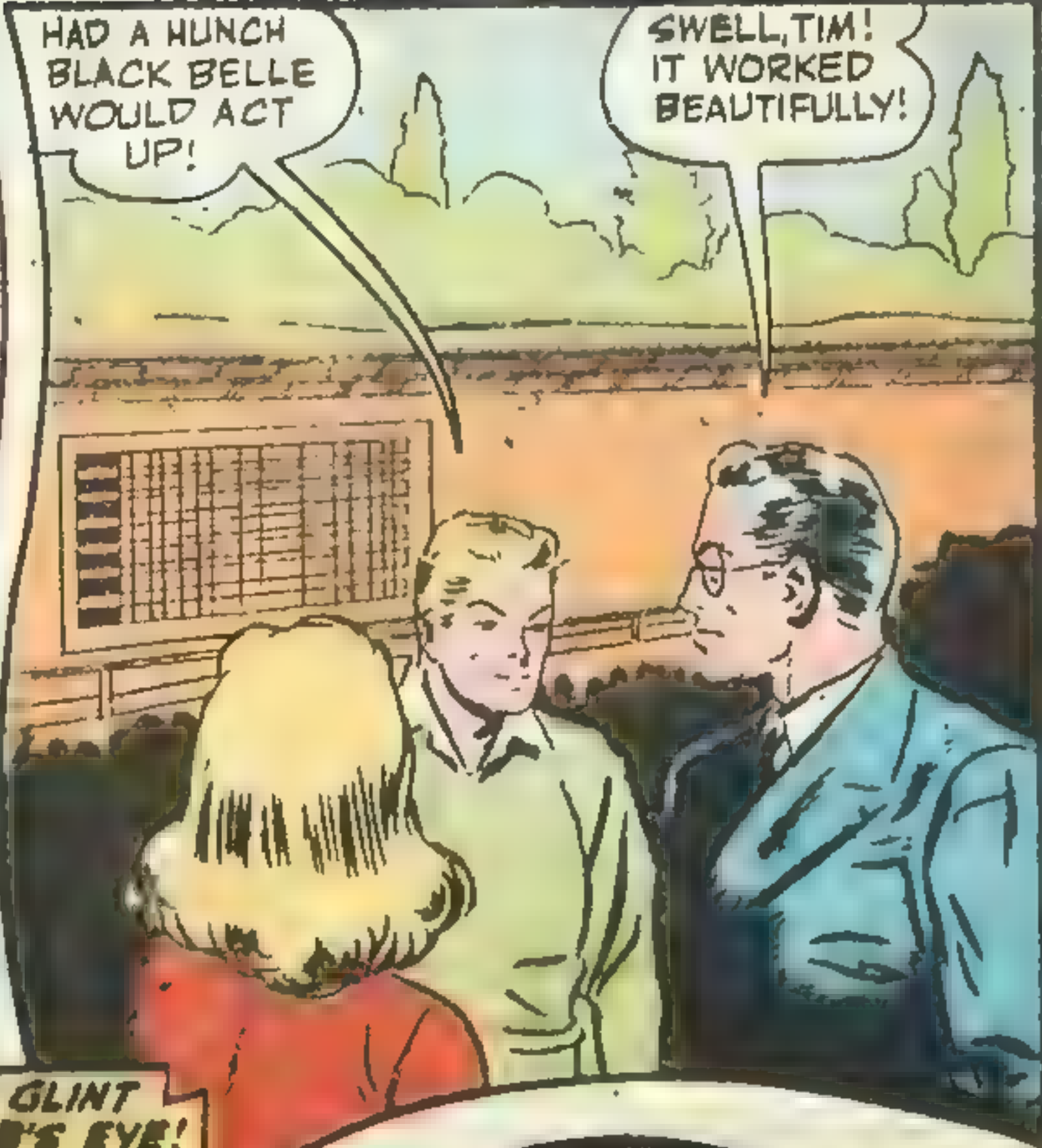
DASHING ONTO THE TRACK...

TIM! GET OFF THERE! I'LL HAVE TO RIDE BLACK BELLE MYSELF! IT'S THE ONLY WAY!



HAD A HUNCH BLACK BELLE WOULD ACT UP!

SWELL, TIM! IT WORKED BEAUTIFULLY!



THEY'RE OFF!

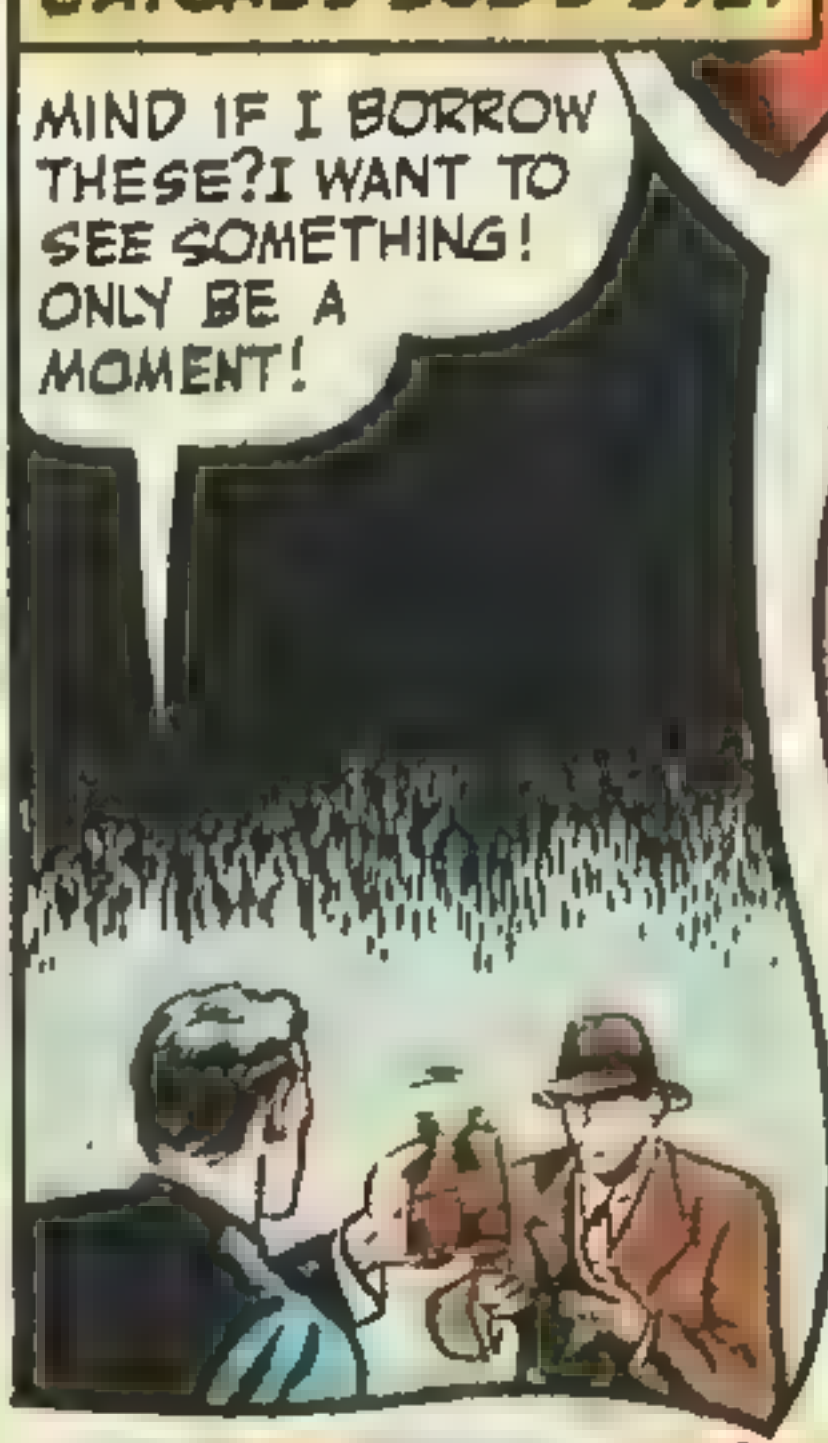
ATTABOY, REED! GET OUT IN FRONT!

AND STAY OUT IN FRONT!



A FLASHING GLINT CATCHES BOB'S EYE!

MIND IF I BORROW THESE? I WANT TO SEE SOMETHING! ONLY BE A MOMENT!



TIM! COME WITH ME... HURRY!

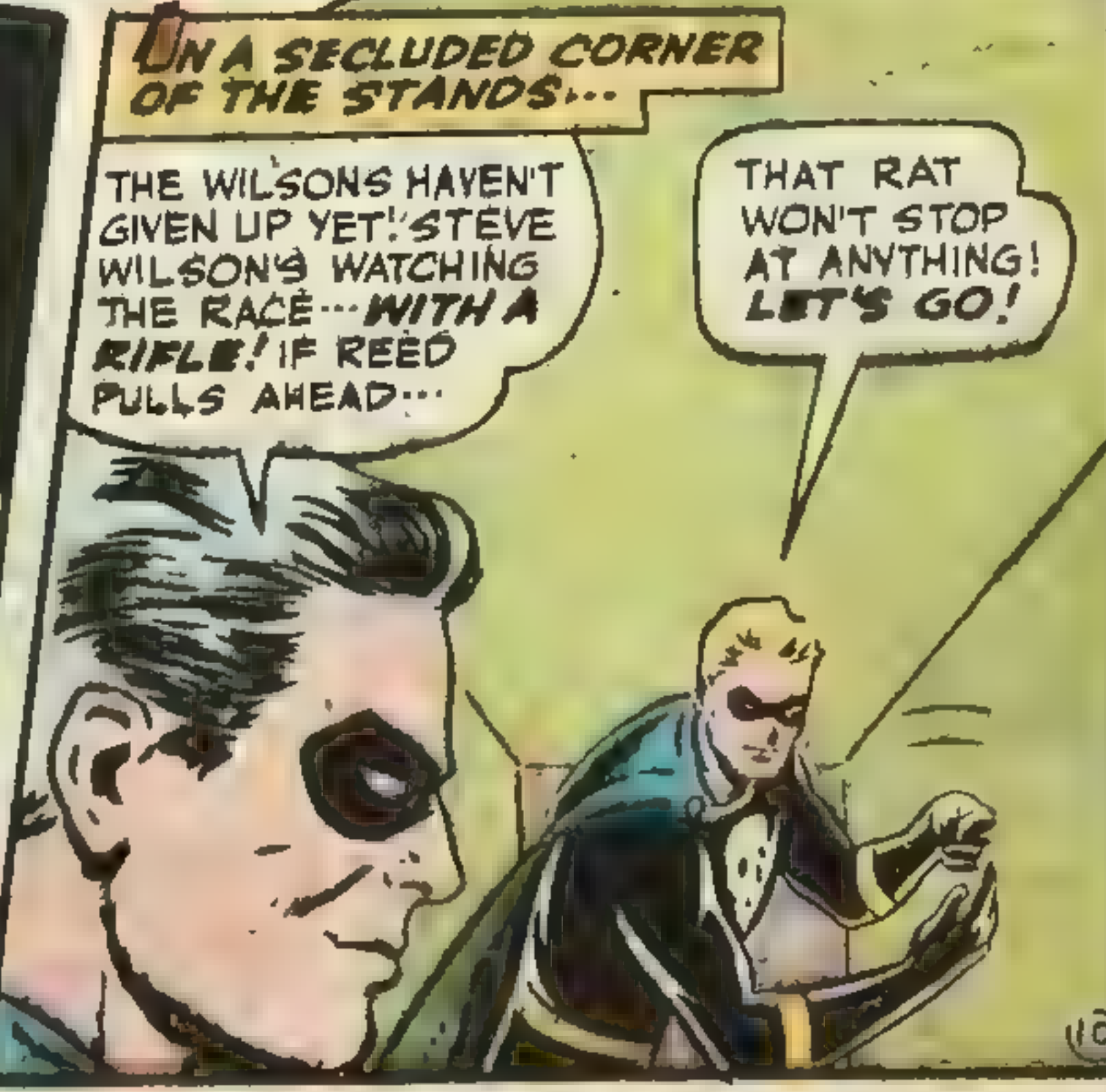
WHAT'S UP?

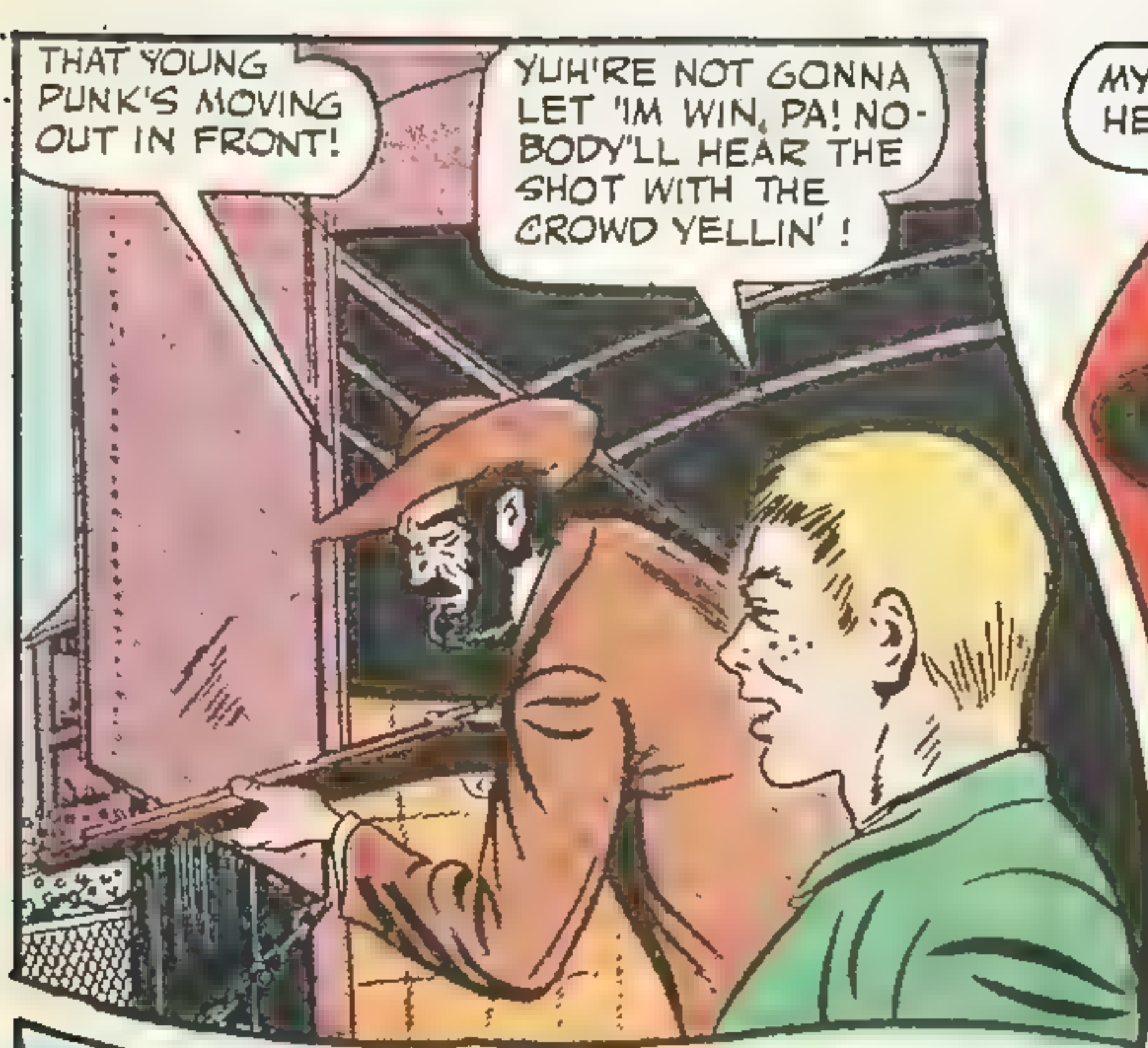


IN A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE STANDS...

THE WILSONS HAVEN'T GIVEN UP YET! STEVE WILSON'S WATCHING THE RACE... WITH A RIFLE! IF REED PULLS AHEAD...

THAT RAT WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING! LET'S GO!





THAT YOUNG PUNK'S MOVING OUT IN FRONT!

YUH'RE NOT GONNA LET 'IM WIN, PA! NO-BODY'LL HEAR THE SHOT WITH THE CROWD YELLIN'!



MY IDEA EXACTLY! HERE'S WHERE I...



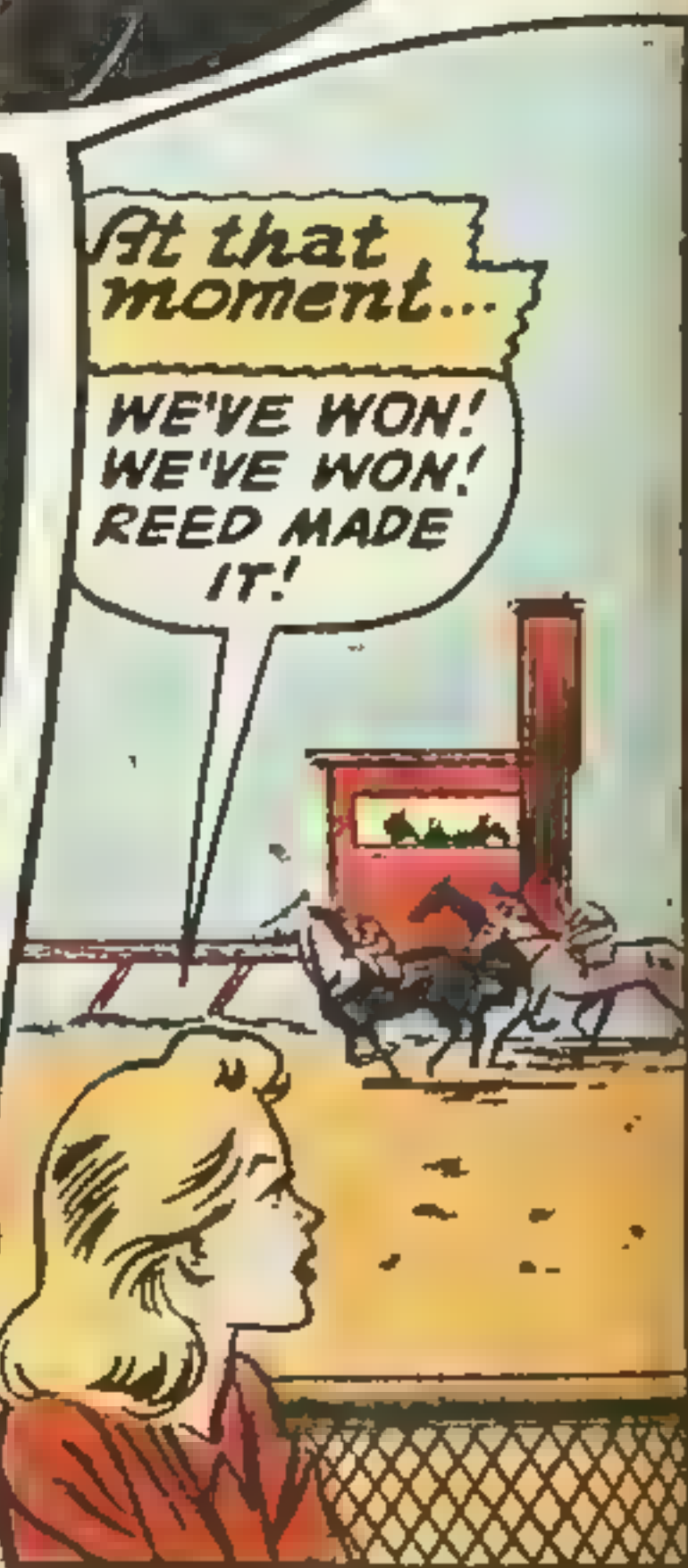
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, WILSON? YOU'VE FOUND IT!

WHA...!



WILSON HENCHMEN SWARM TO THE RESCUE!

THIS MAKES IT INTERESTING! NOTHING LIKE A BIT OF FUN WHEN YOU FIGHT!



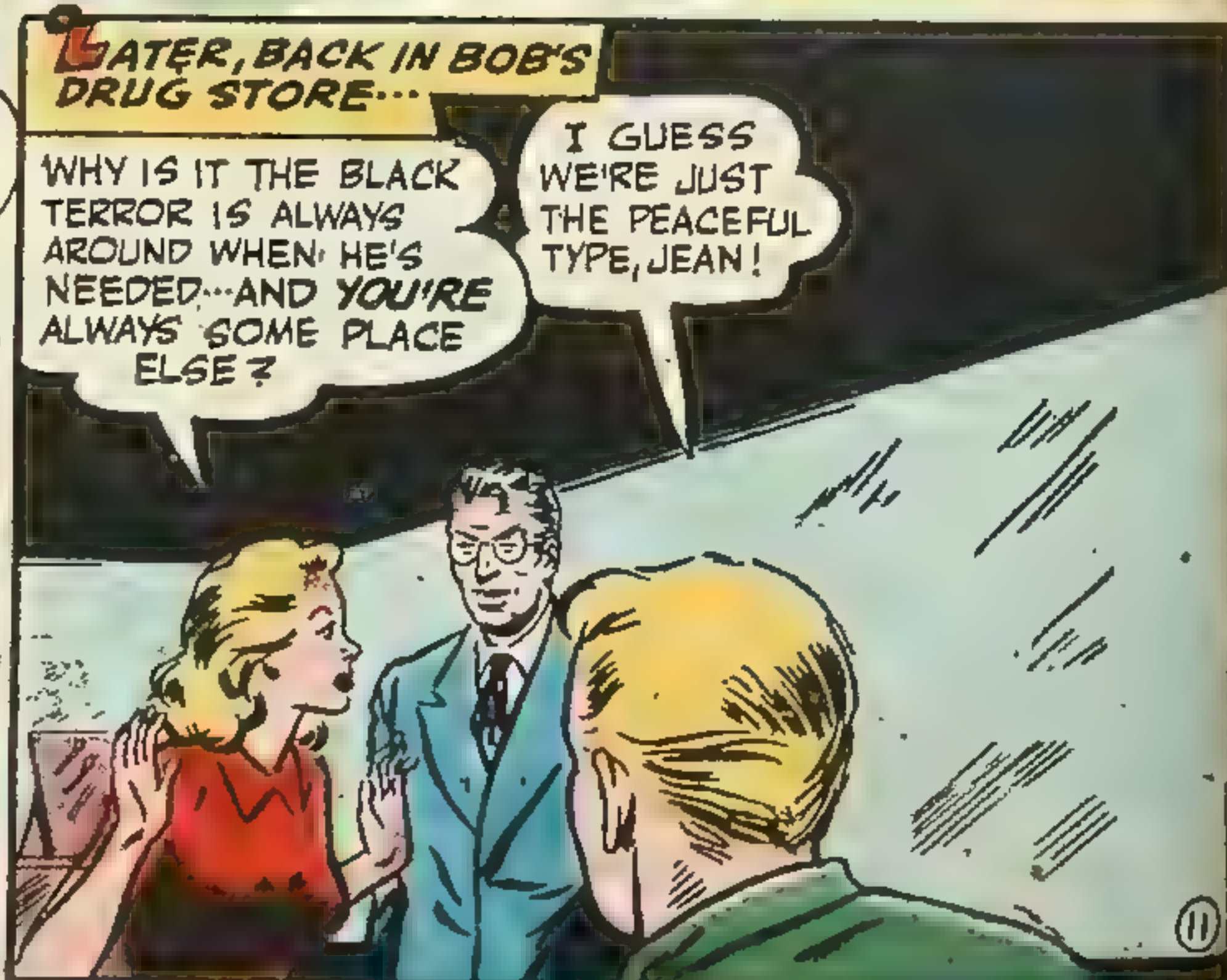
At that moment...

WE'VE WON! WE'VE WON! REED MADE IT!



NOW, MY FRIEND, SING OUT! YOU KILLED WALT SLATER, DIDN'T YOU -- **DELIBERATELY!**

HE WOULDN'T SELL HIS RANCH TO ME! THE WATER RIGHTS WOULD'VE MADE ME RICH -- **RICH!** I'D KILL YOU TOO -- IF I HAD THE CHANCE!



LATER, BACK IN BOB'S DRUG STORE...

WHY IS IT THE BLACK TERROR IS ALWAYS AROUND WHEN HE'S NEEDED -- AND **YOU'RE** ALWAYS SOME PLACE ELSE?

I GUESS WE'RE JUST THE PEACEFUL TYPE, JEAN!

BOYS' AND
GIRLS' MODELS

SUPER DELUXE, DELUXE
ROADSTER AND
JUNIOR MODELS

A GREAT BIKE!

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The BLACK TERROR



If you saw a face...a huge wooden face laughing at you...and if you didn't think it was funny at first...and then you started laughing too-- harder and harder and **HARDER**... what would you do? Would you turn and run? Well... Bob Benton and his young friend Tim laughed—but they didn't find the case very funny when they set out to solve...

The FUNNY MAN MURDER



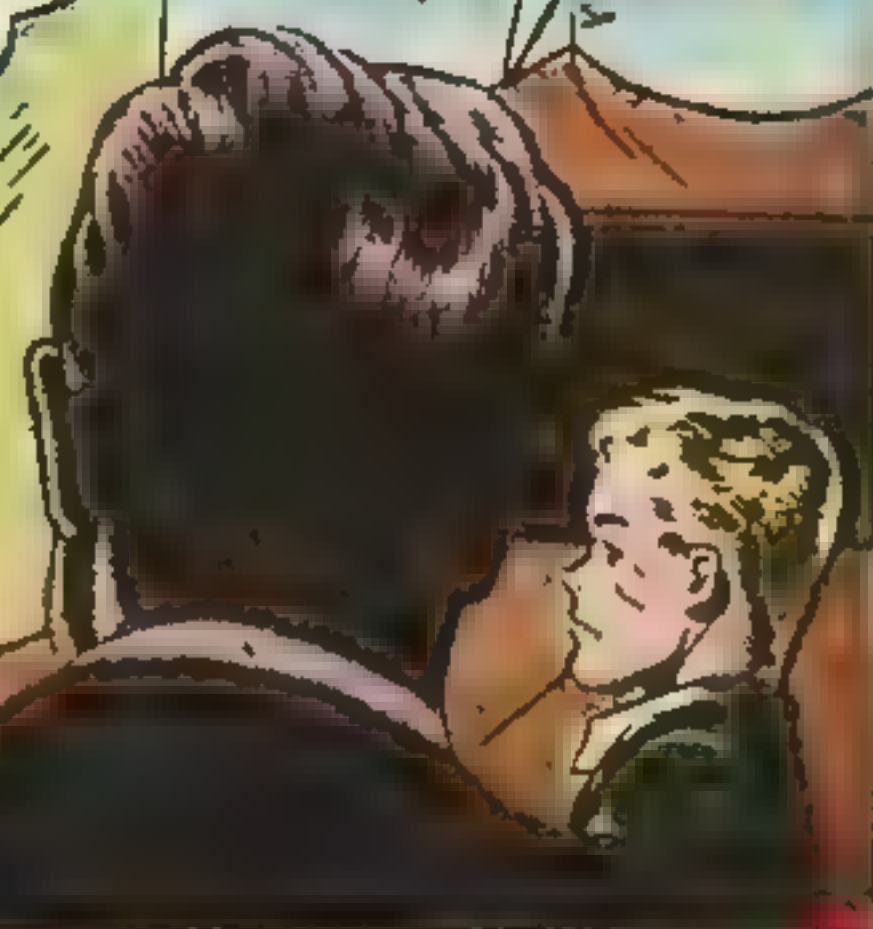
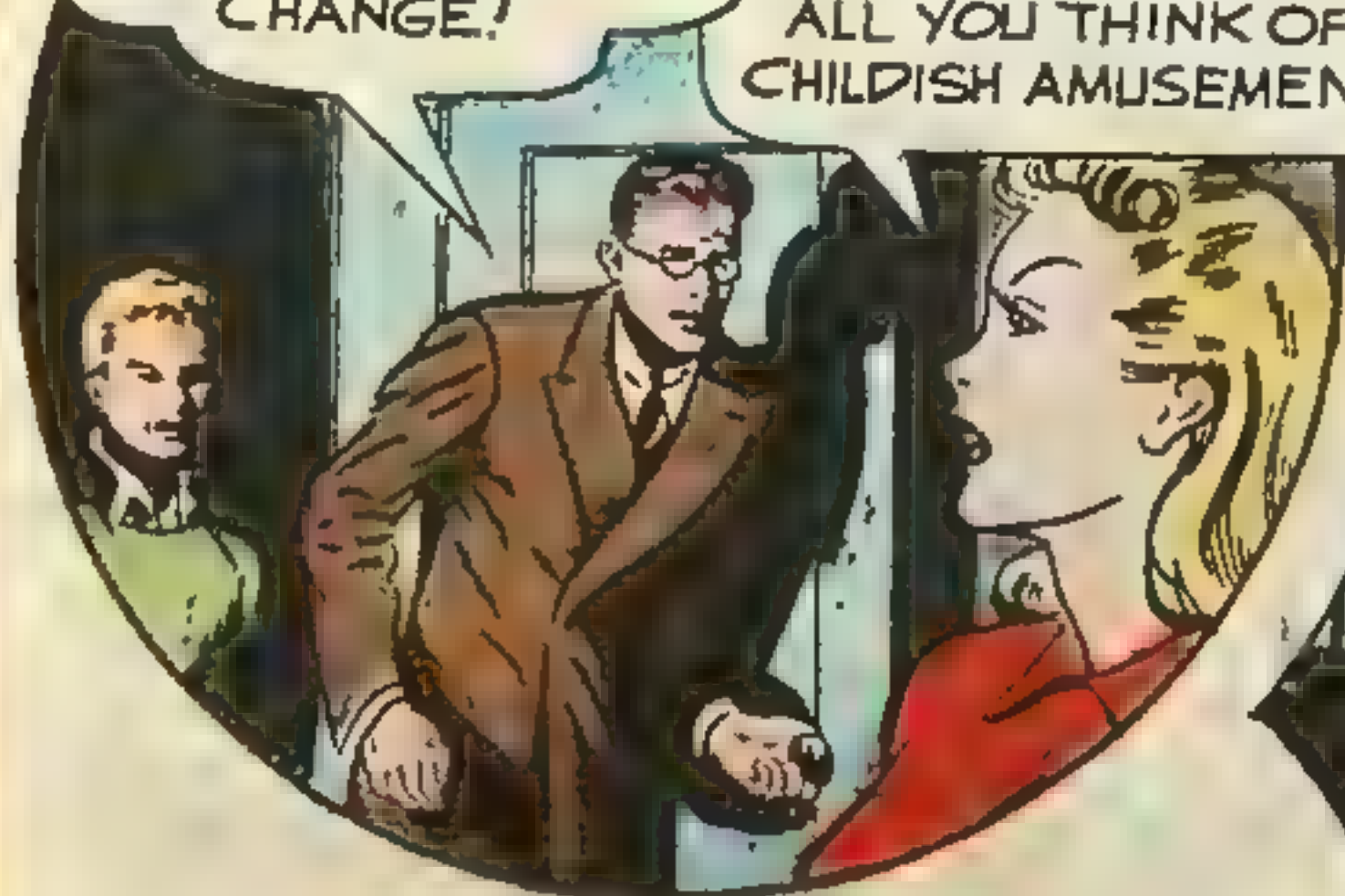
DON'T BE ANGRY, JEAN--I PROMISED TIM I'D TAKE HIM TO THE AMUSEMENT PARK...HE DESERVES A BIT OF FUN FOR A CHANGE!

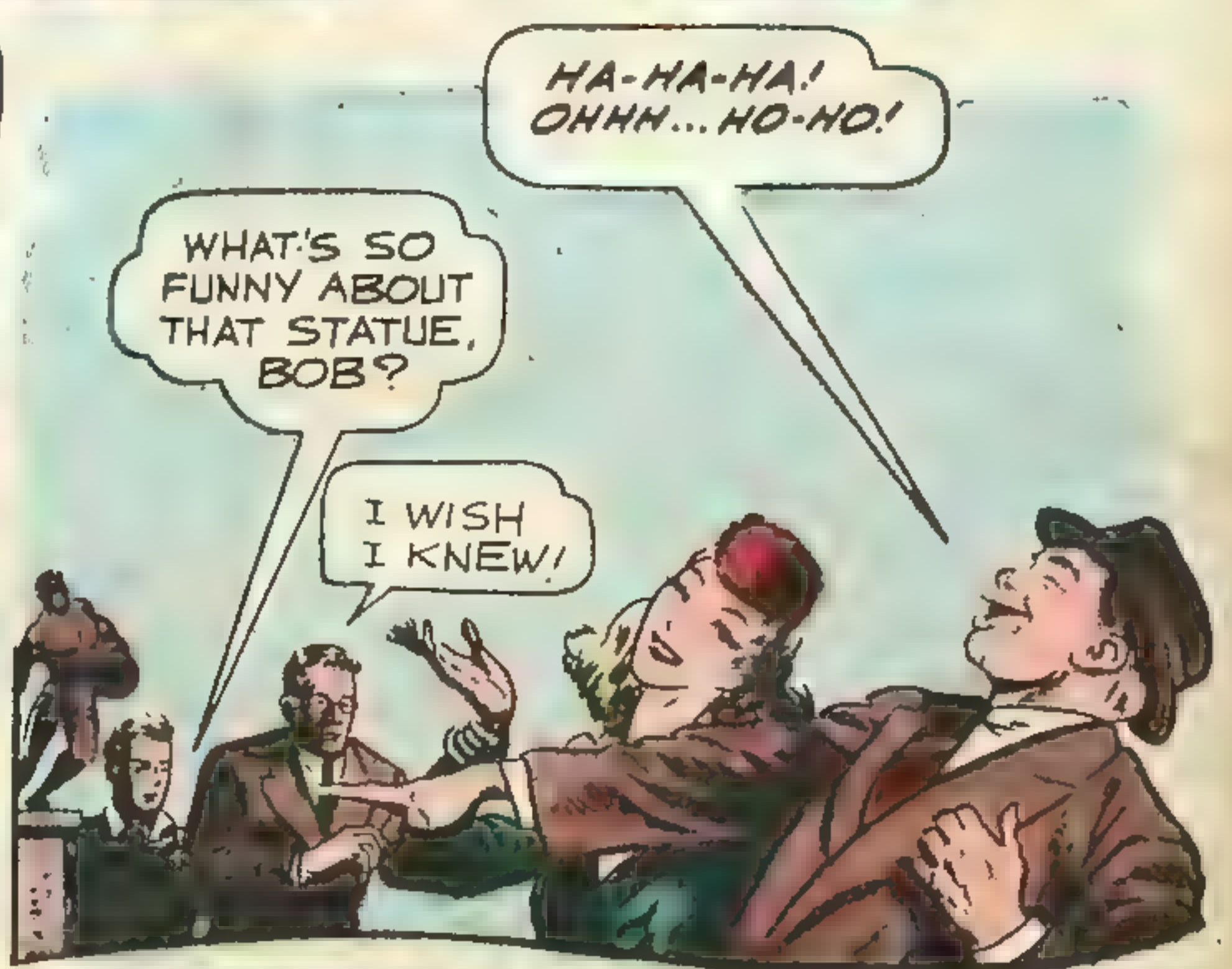
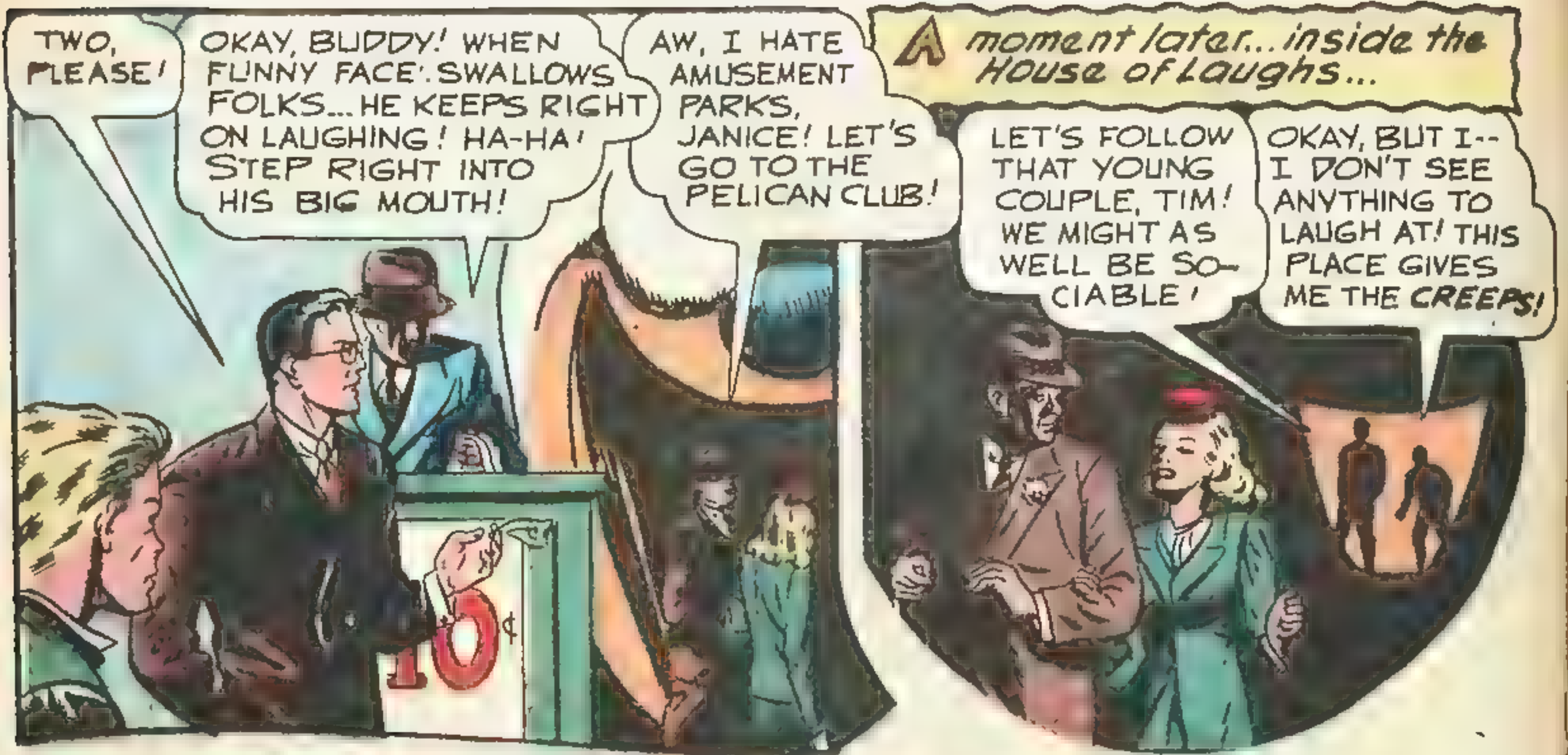
ALL RIGHT, I'LL MIND THE STORE! BUT I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, BOB BENTON--BIG, IMPORTANT THINGS ARE HAPPENING, AND ALL YOU THINK OF IS CHILDISH AMUSEMENT!

A few hours later...

DON'T MISS THE HOUSE OF LAUGHS, FOLKS! THE FUNNY MAN'LL KILL YOU! HA-HA-HA! YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING!

COME ON, TIM! LET'S SEE WHAT THE HOUSE OF LAUGHS HAS TO OFFER!







TIM! THOSE TWO
PEOPLE--THEY'VE--
HA--HA--DISAPPEARED!

CLICK!



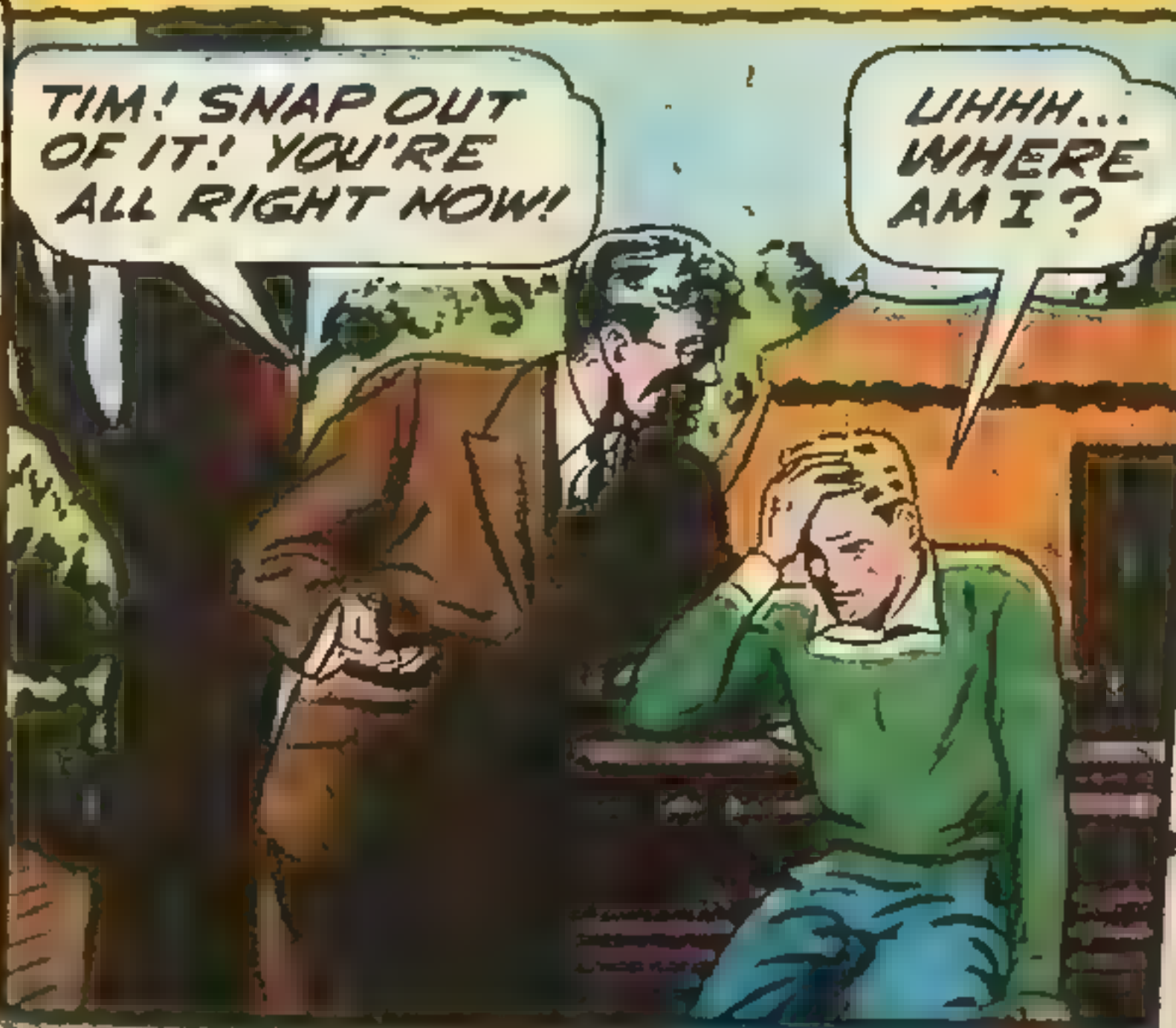
Suddenly...
BOB! I--
(CHOKE! CHOKE!)
--CAN'T BREATHE!
AHHHHH...

TIM! WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?



NITROUS OXIDE--
LAUGHING GAS! I'VE
GOT TO-- HA--HA--
GET TIM OUT OF
HERE!

A moment later... on a bench close
to the concession...



TIM! SNAP OUT
OF IT! YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT NOW!

UHHH...
WHERE
AM I?



THANK HEAVENS--THE FRESH AIR
RESTORED YOU! THAT CORRI-
DOR WAS FLOODED WITH
LAUGHING GAS! ANOTHER
MOMENT--AND I'D HAVE
PASSED OUT TOO!

HUH?
YOU
WOULDN'T
KID ME--
WOULD
YOU?

Minutes later-- the shadows cloak a startling transformation!

THERE'S NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT HOUSE OF LAUGHS! I'VE A HUNCH IT'S BEING USED AS A FRONT-FOR SOMETHING PRETTY SINISTER!



RIGHT! AND IT'S TIME THE TERROR TWINS DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

THE WINDOW WENT UP THE MINUTE I TUGGED AT IT! I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD MAKE A GRATING NOISE!



THAT MAKES SENSE! IF RATS ARE INSIDE --THEY'D KEEP SLUTHERING IN AND OUT!



EEEEPPP!

OWWWW!

HMMM...FROM OUT IN BACK, THE HOUSE OF LAUGHS DOESN'T LOOK SO BRIGHT AND SHINY!



I'LL SAY IT DOESN'T! EVERYTHING ABOUT THE PLACE GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

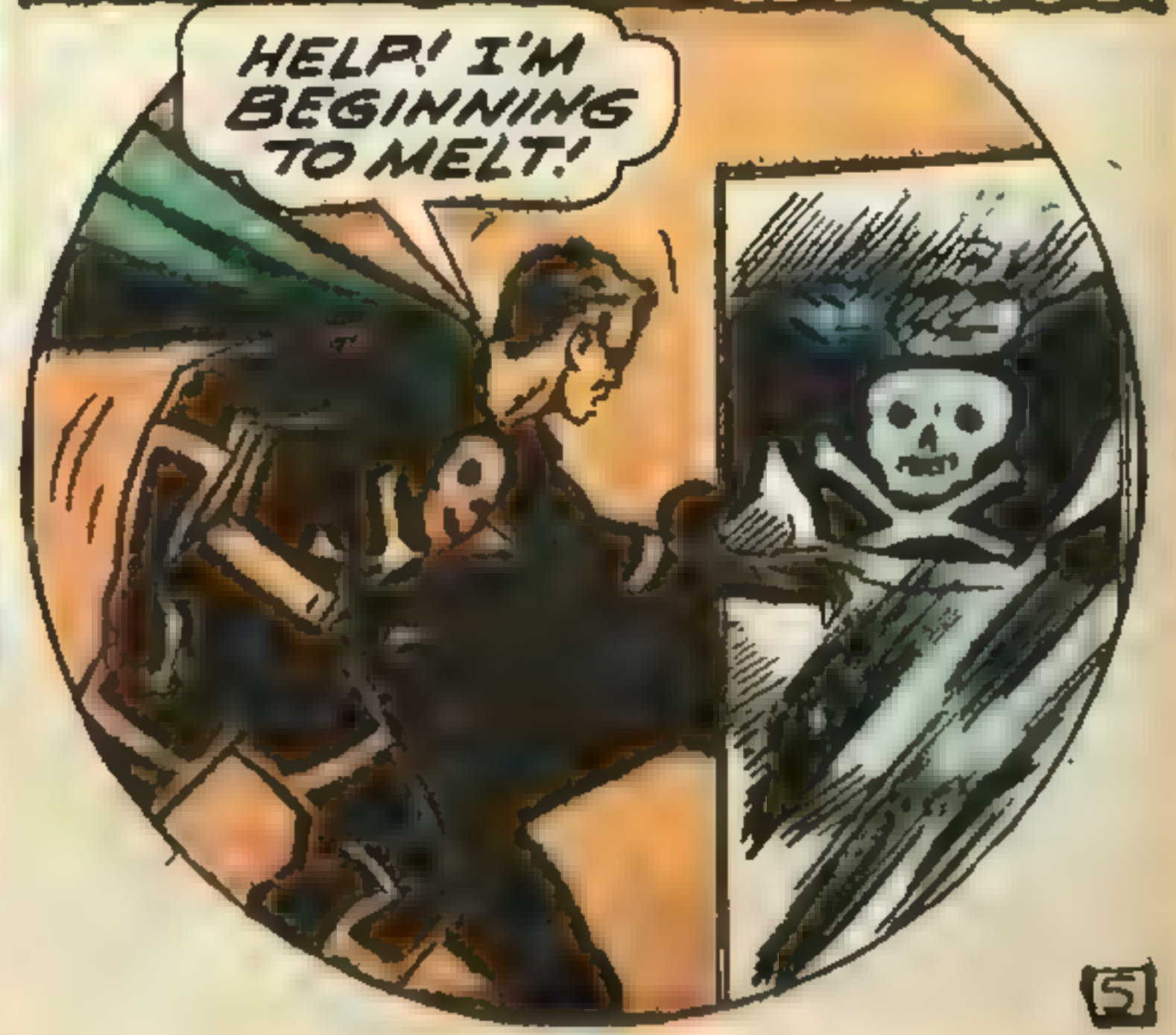


SSSHH, TIM! STAY ON YOUR GUARD

WHEW! THAT SPOOKY LIGHT WOULD PANIC A GHOST! IF YOU ASK ME...IT'S A HOUSE OF SHUDDERS!

GREAK! GREAK!

Frantically, Tim flees to another room... only to meet--



HELP! I'M BEGINNING TO MELT!

TIM, GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! THAT'S JUST A REFLECTION! YOU'RE LOOKING AT YOURSELF IN A *DISTORTING MIRROR!*

WOW!
ARE YOU *SURE?*

AND YOU RELEASED THAT JACK-IN-THE-WALL BY STEPPING ON A METAL PEDAL SET IN THE FLOOR! YELL LIKE THAT AGAIN AND I WON'T ANSWER FOR THE CONSEQUENCES!

GOLLY... I STEPPED OUT OF LINE, DIDN'T I?



The next instant...

GREAT SCOTT!

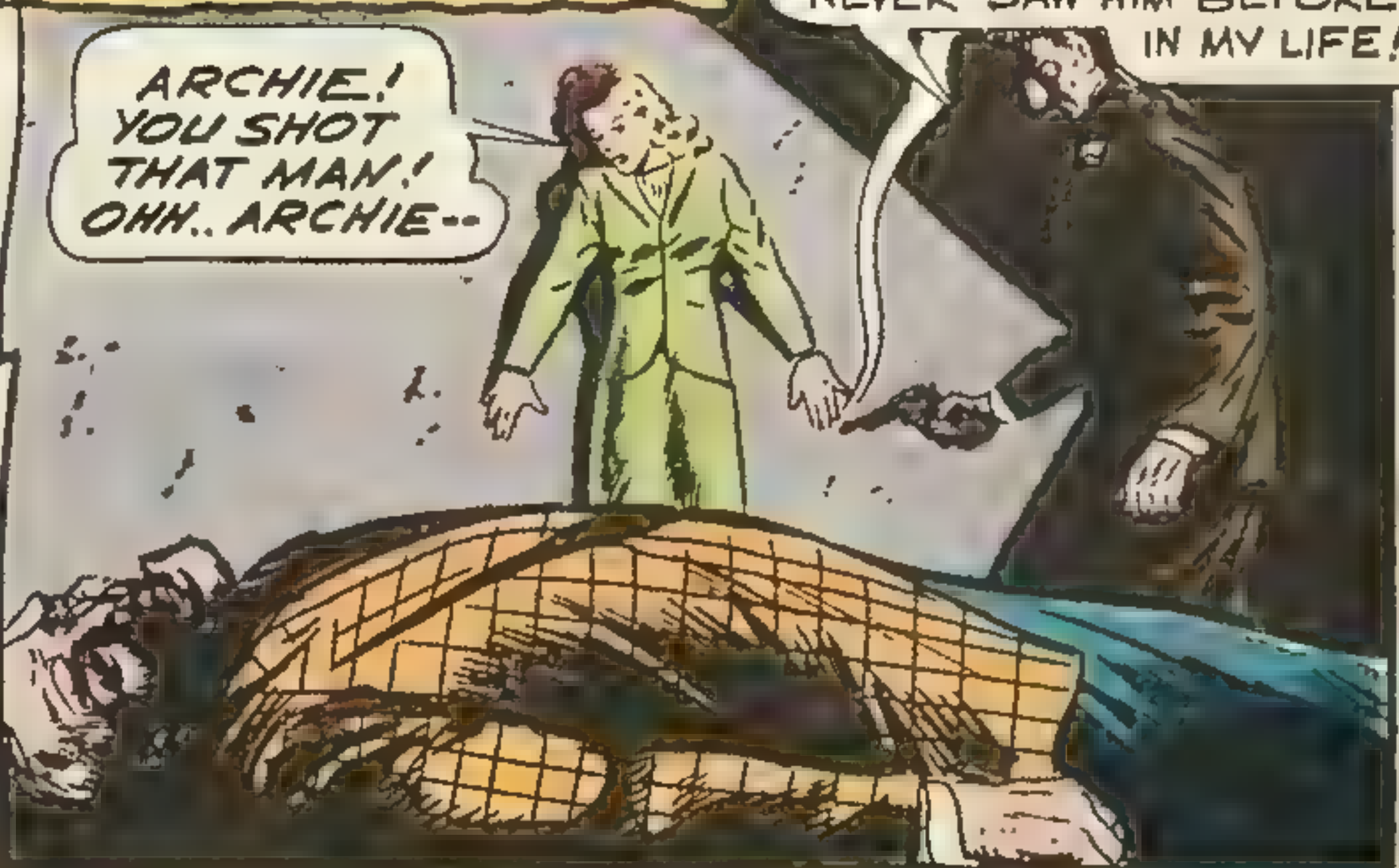
JEEPERS!



In the room beyond...

ARCHIE!
YOU SHOT THAT MAN!
OH... ARCHIE--

NO--NO! I DIDN'T! I-I-I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



BUT YOU MUST HAVE SHOT HIM! YOU'RE HOLDING... A PISTOL! SEE--IT'S STILL SMOKING!

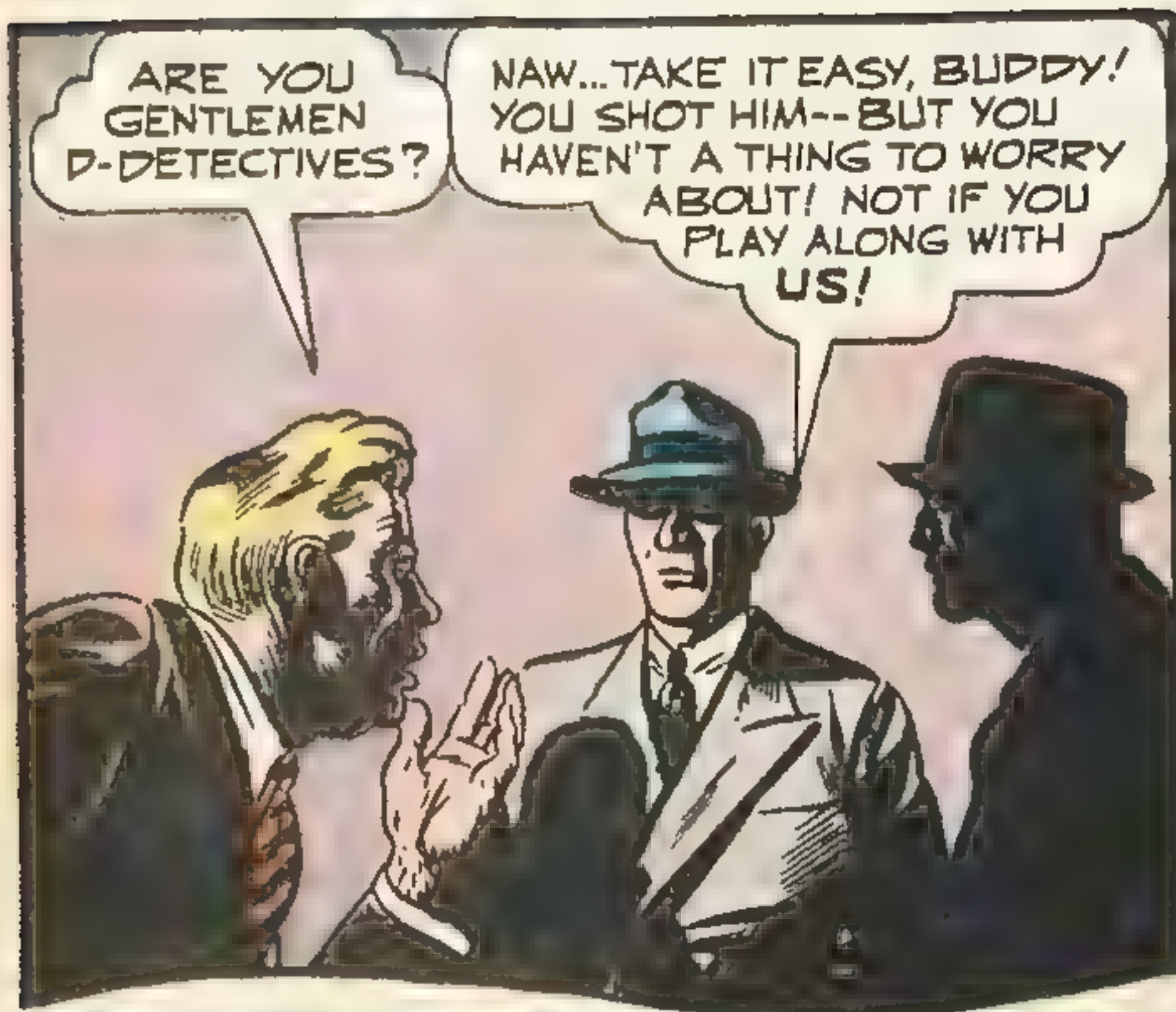
BUT, I TELL YOU... I... I... DON'T REMEMBER! I DON'T REMEMBER A THING!



JUST A MINUTE, BUDDY! THE LITTLE LADY IS RIGHT! YOU *DID* PLUG HIM! WE SAW YOU!

YEAH... AND YOUR PRINTS ARE ALL OVER THAT GUN! WE'VE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SEND YOU TO THE CHAIR!





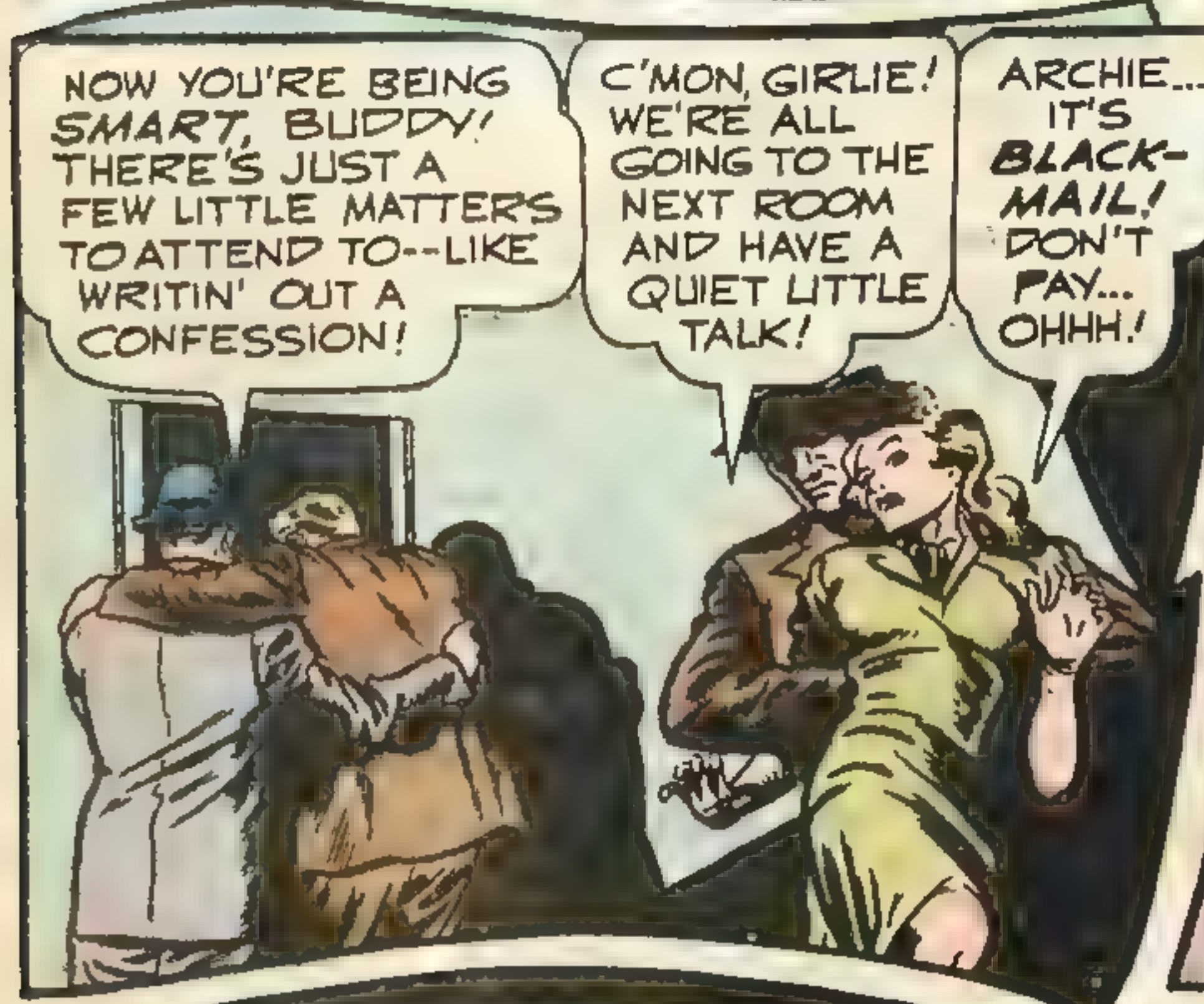
ARE YOU GENTLEMEN D-DETECTIVES?

NAW...TAKE IT EASY, BUDDY! YOU SHOT HIM--BUT YOU HAVEN'T A THING TO WORRY ABOUT! NOT IF YOU PLAY ALONG WITH US!



WE'LL FORGET WHAT WE SAW IF YOU'LL WRITE US OUT A CHECK! FIVE GRAND'LL SQUARE IT! THAT ISN'T MUCH--CONSIDERIN' WHAT YOU'LL PAY YOUR LAWYER IF WE SQUEAL TO THE COPS!

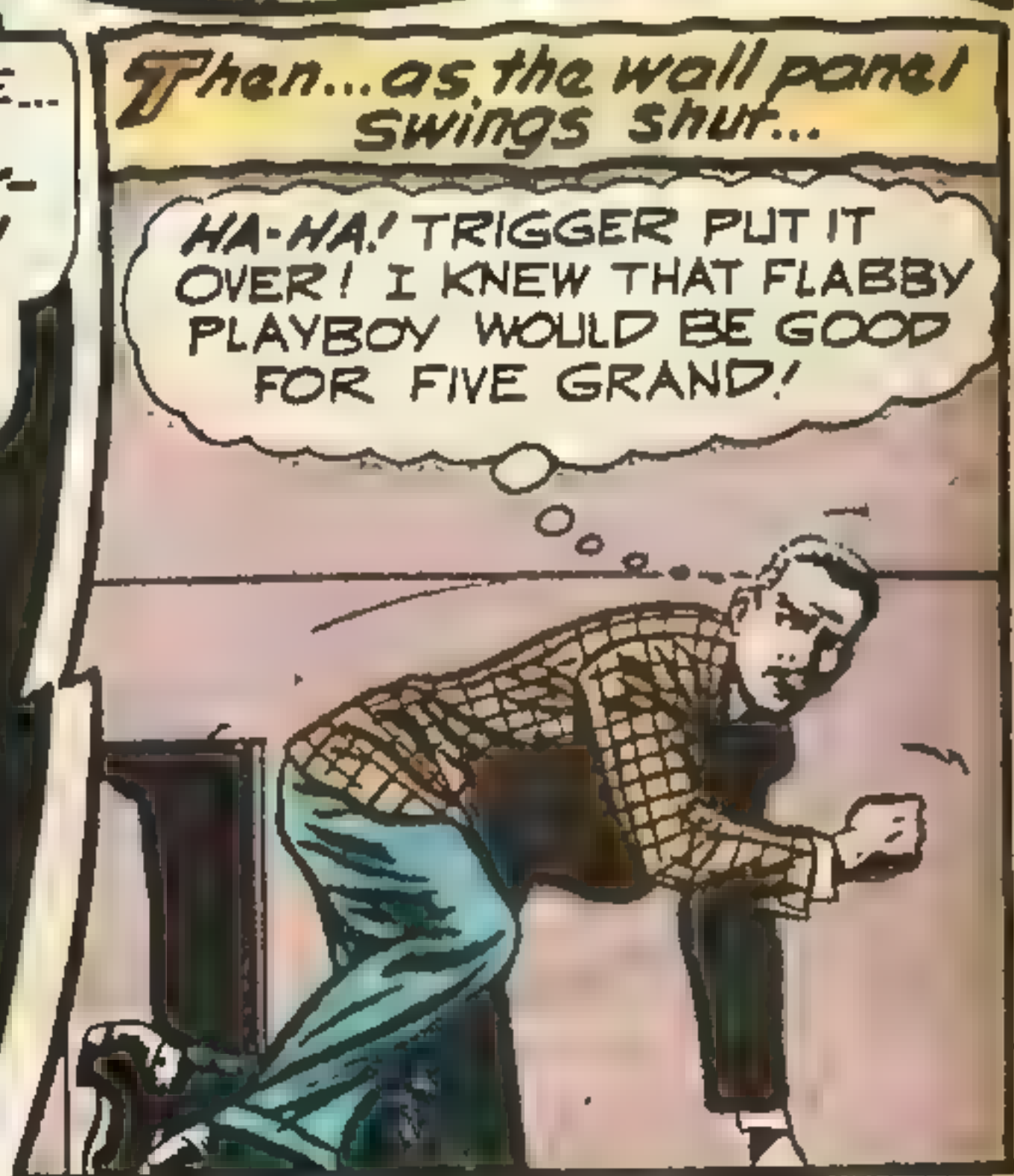
ALL RIGHT! I--I'LL PAY IT! ANYTHING...ANYTHING!



NOW YOU'RE BEING SMART, BUDDY! THERE'S JUST A FEW LITTLE MATTERS TO ATTEND TO--LIKE WRITIN' OUT A CONFESSION!

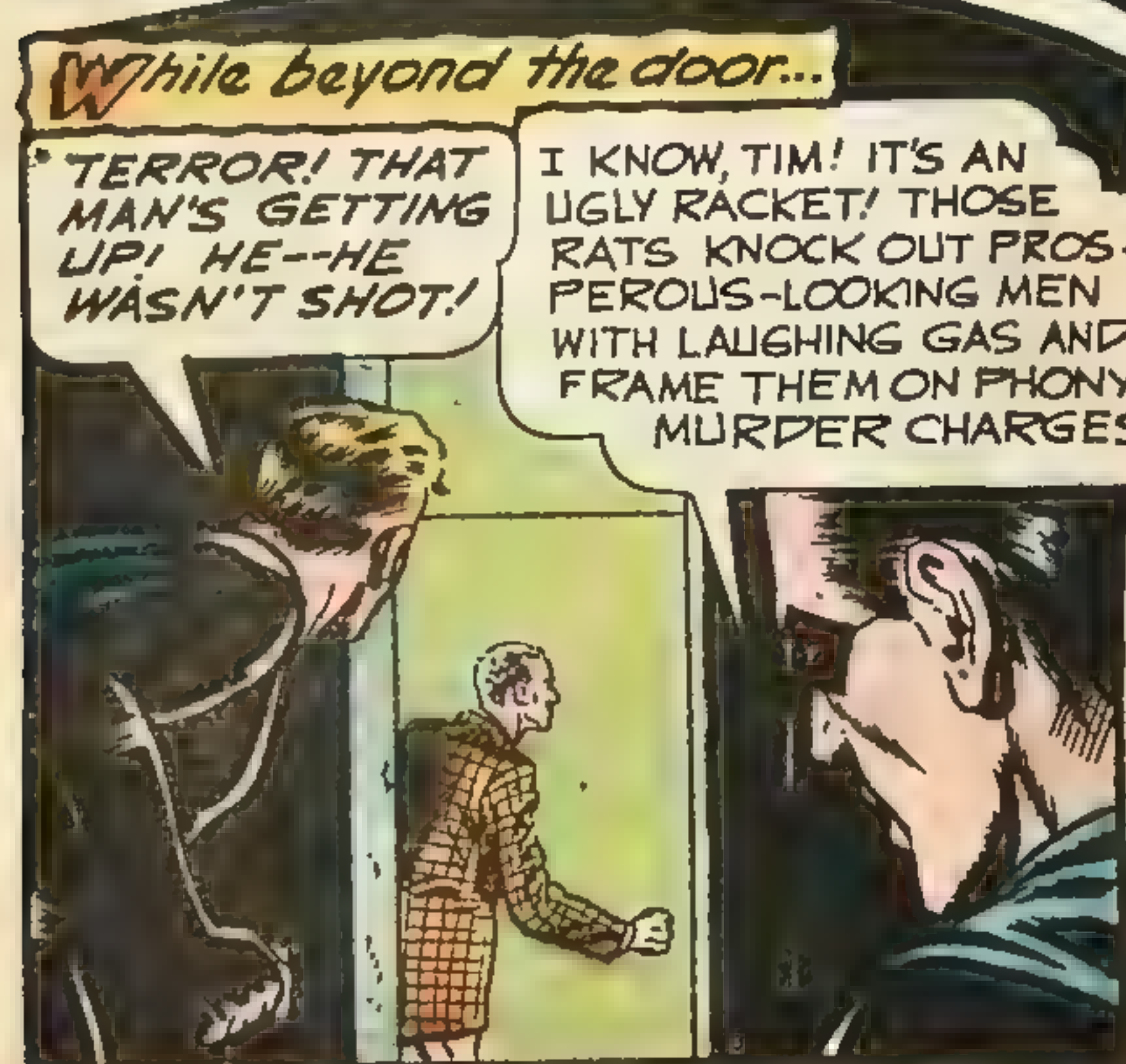
C'MON, GIRLIE! WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE NEXT ROOM AND HAVE A QUIET LITTLE TALK!

ARCHIE... IT'S **BLACK-MAIL!** DON'T PAY... OHHH!



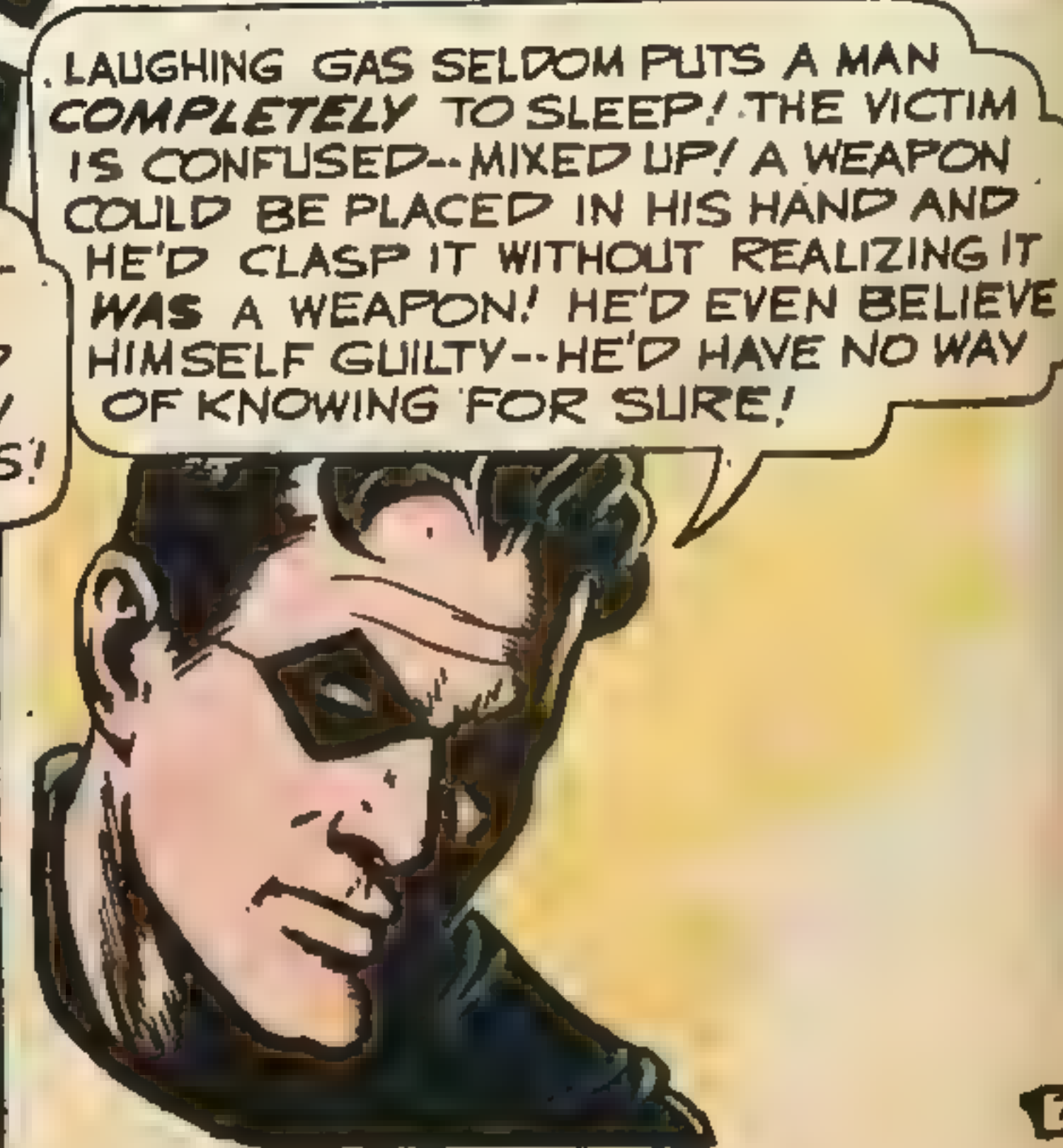
Then...as the wall panel swings shut...

HA-HA! TRIGGER PUT IT OVER! I KNEW THAT FLABBY PLAYBOY WOULD BE GOOD FOR FIVE GRAND!

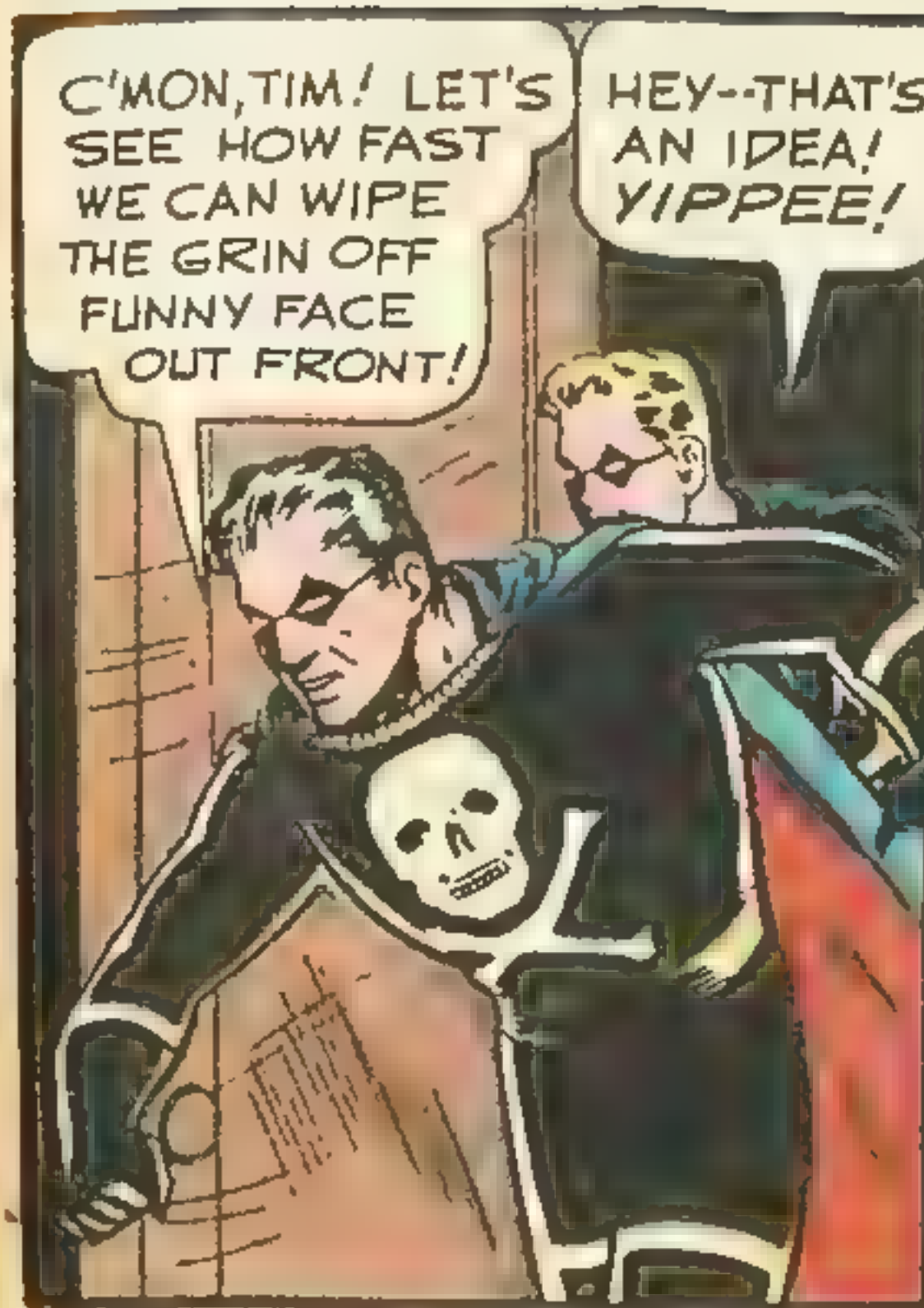


TERROR! THAT MAN'S GETTING UP! HE--HE WASN'T SHOT!

I KNOW, TIM! IT'S AN UGLY RACKET! THOSE RATS KNOCK OUT PROSPEROUS-LOOKING MEN WITH LAUGHING GAS AND FRAME THEM ON PHONY MURDER CHARGES!



LAUGHING GAS SELDOM PUTS A MAN COMPLETELY TO SLEEP! THE VICTIM IS CONFUSED--MIXED UP! A WEAPON COULD BE PLACED IN HIS HAND AND HE'D CLASP IT WITHOUT REALIZING IT WAS A WEAPON! HE'D EVEN BELIEVE HIMSELF GUILTY--HE'D HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING FOR SURE!



C'MON, TIM! LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN WIPE THE GRIN OFF FUNNY FACE OUT FRONT!

HEY--THAT'S AN IDEA! YIPPEE!



YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED DEAD-- MR. X-MARKS-- THE-SPOT--

THE BLACK TERROR!



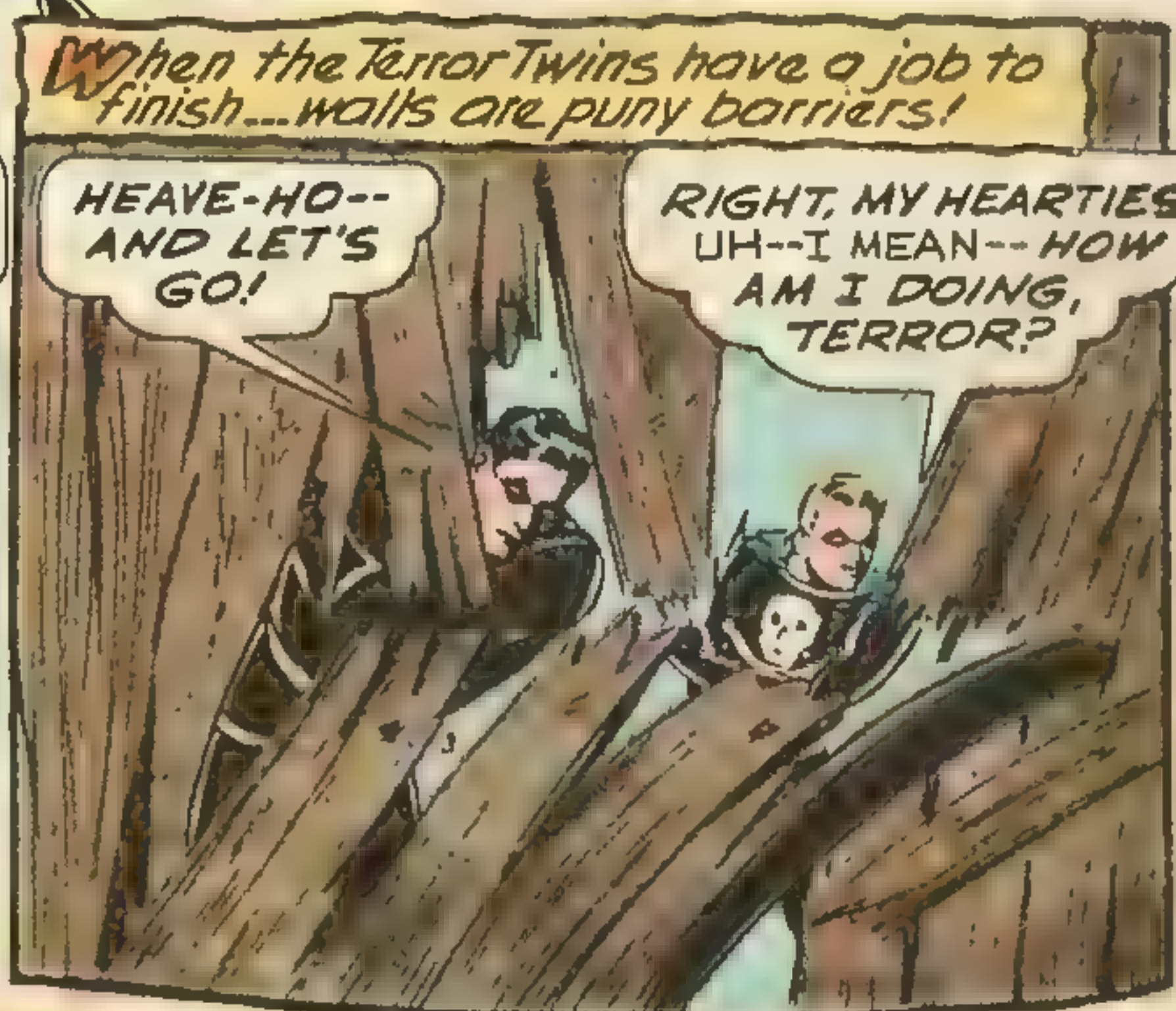
AGH!

AND SAVED ME ALL THIS TROUBLE!



GOLLY, TERROR! HE LOOKS WORSE THAN HE DID WHEN HE WAS PLAYIN' 'POSSUM!

THERE'S A SLIDING PANEL IN THIS WALL, BUT--I CAN'T SEEM TO LOCATE IT!



When the Terror Twins have a job to finish... walls are puny barriers!

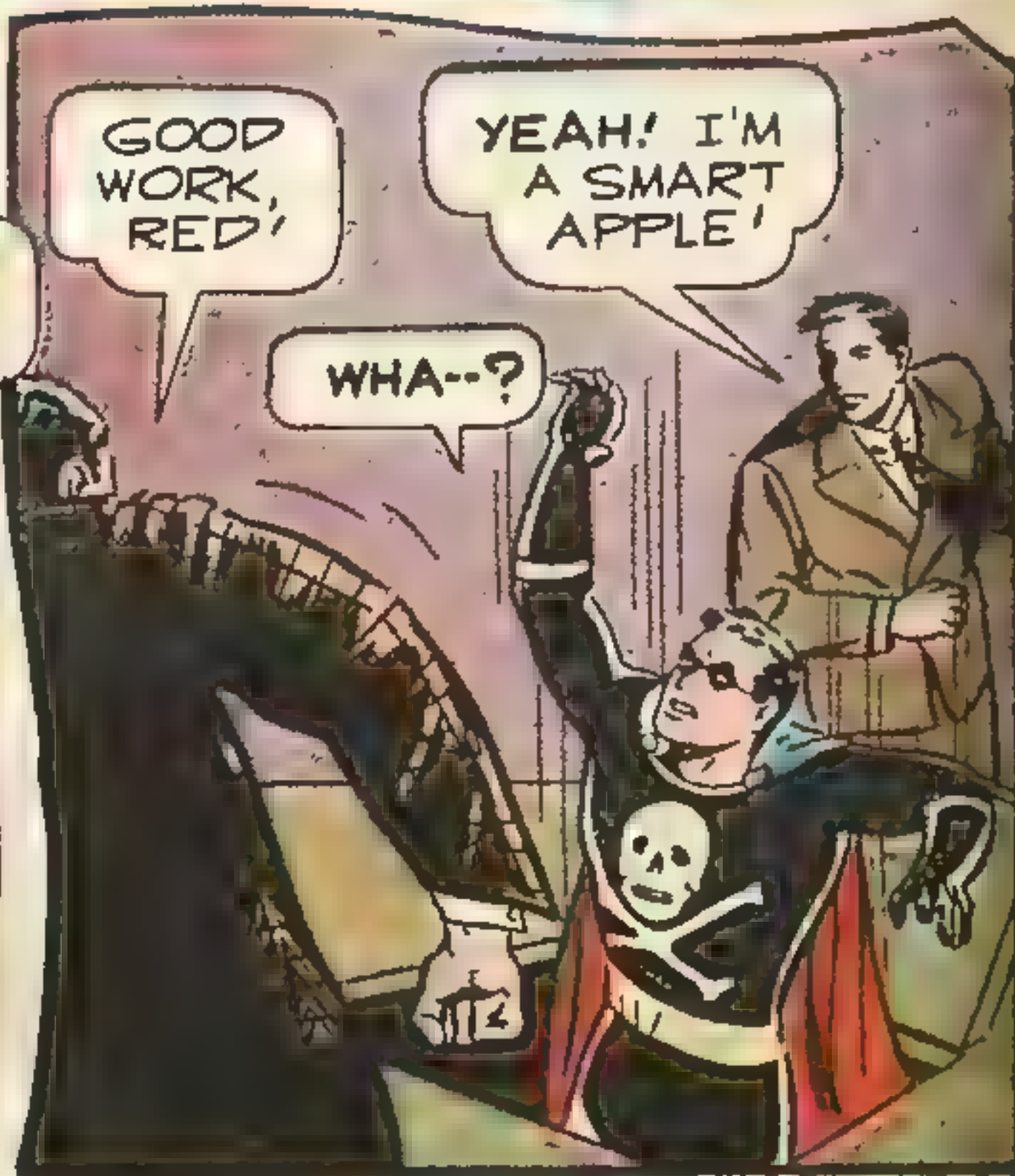
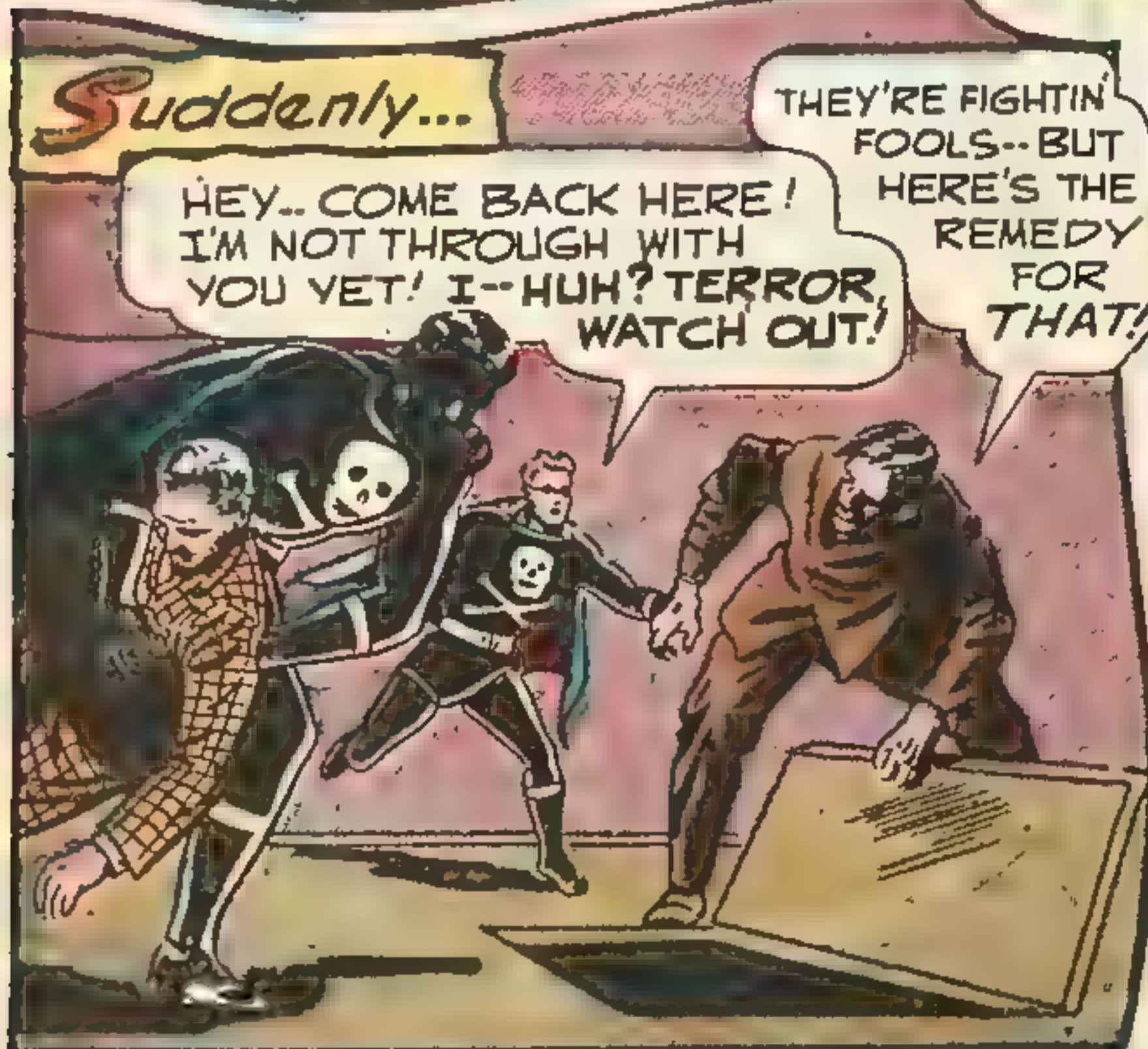
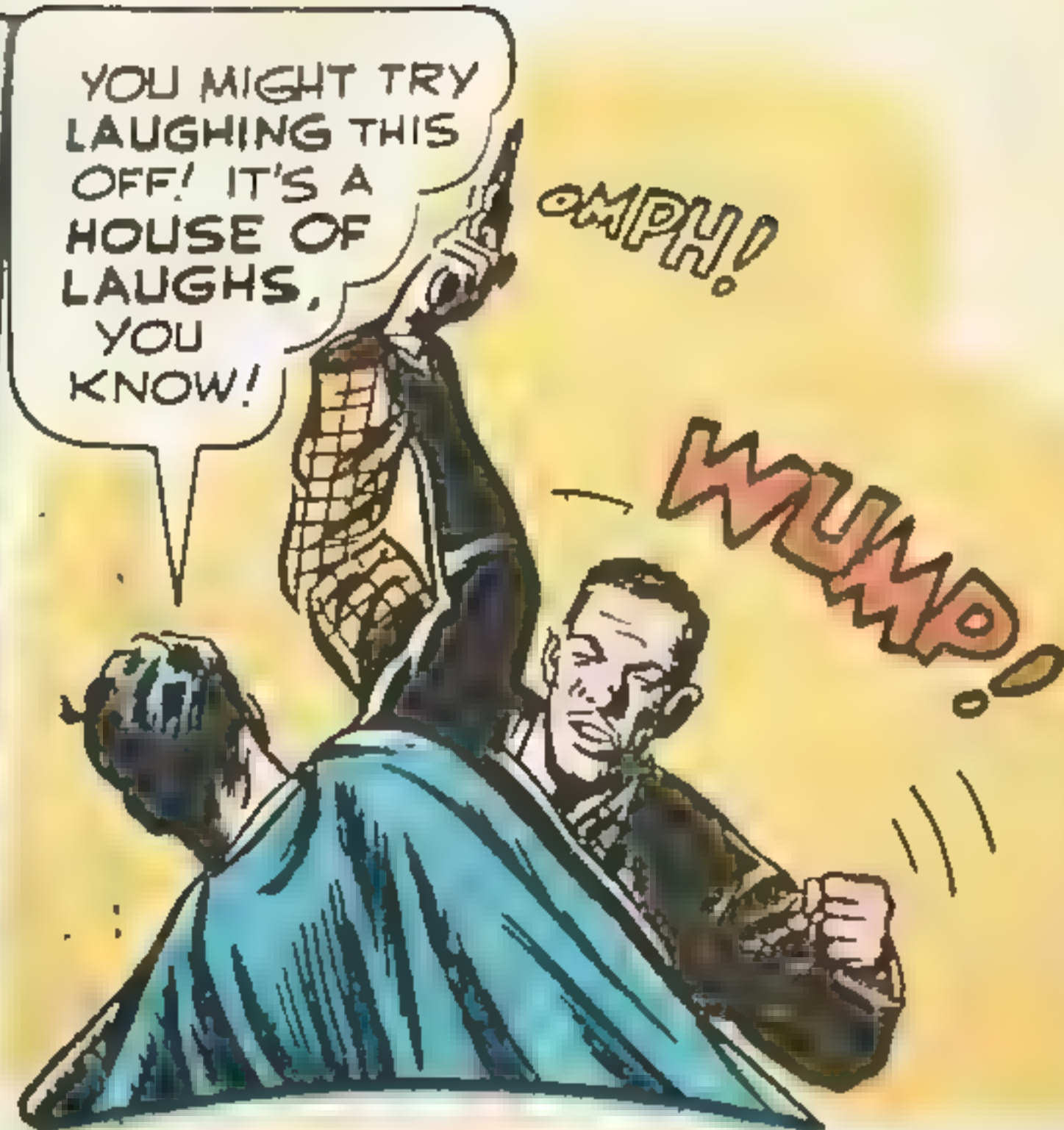
HEAVE-HO-- AND LET'S GO!

RIGHT, MY HEARTIES! UH--I MEAN-- HOW AM I DOING, TERROR?



WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO LEAD WITH YOUR CHINS--OR SHALL I USE A FLY-SWATTER?

IT'S THE BLACK TERROR! GET HIM, TRIGGER!



A shattering forty-foot drop!



Grim minutes later... in a dismal room at the rear of the concession...

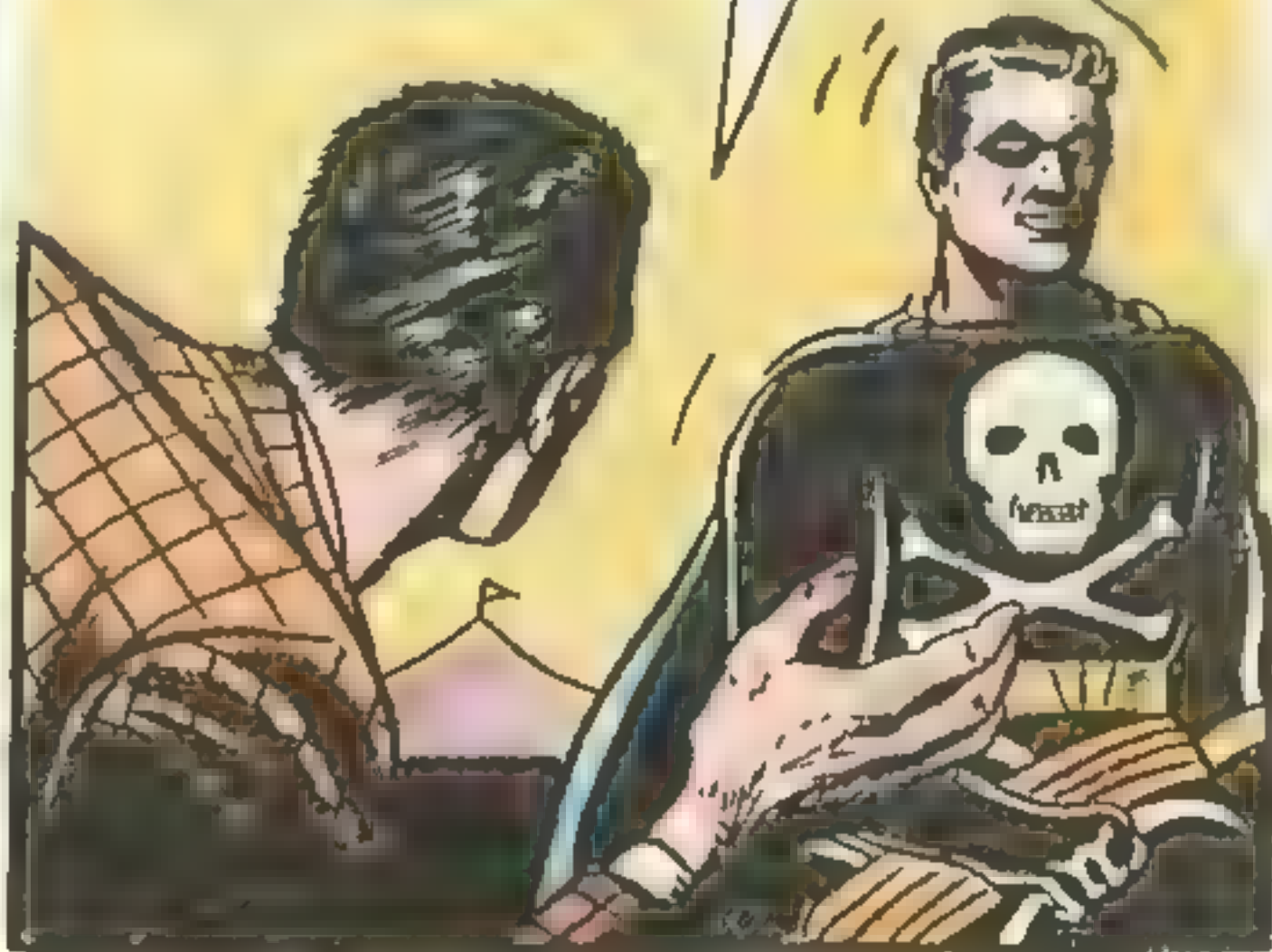


Then... as the Terror regains consciousness...

ALL RIGHT! STRAP THEM IN! WE'RE SENDING THEM AROUND AND AROUND AND AROUND! JUST THINKING ABOUT IT MAKES ME DIZZY!

OHHH... W-WHERE AM I?

CRAWLEY'S THE NAME--ACE CRAWLEY! AND THIS IS A ROLY-POLY! IT WAS HERE WHEN WE BOUGHT THE CONCESSION! YOU KNOW WHY WE BOUGHT IT, BUT--YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO SPILL WHAT YOU KNOW!

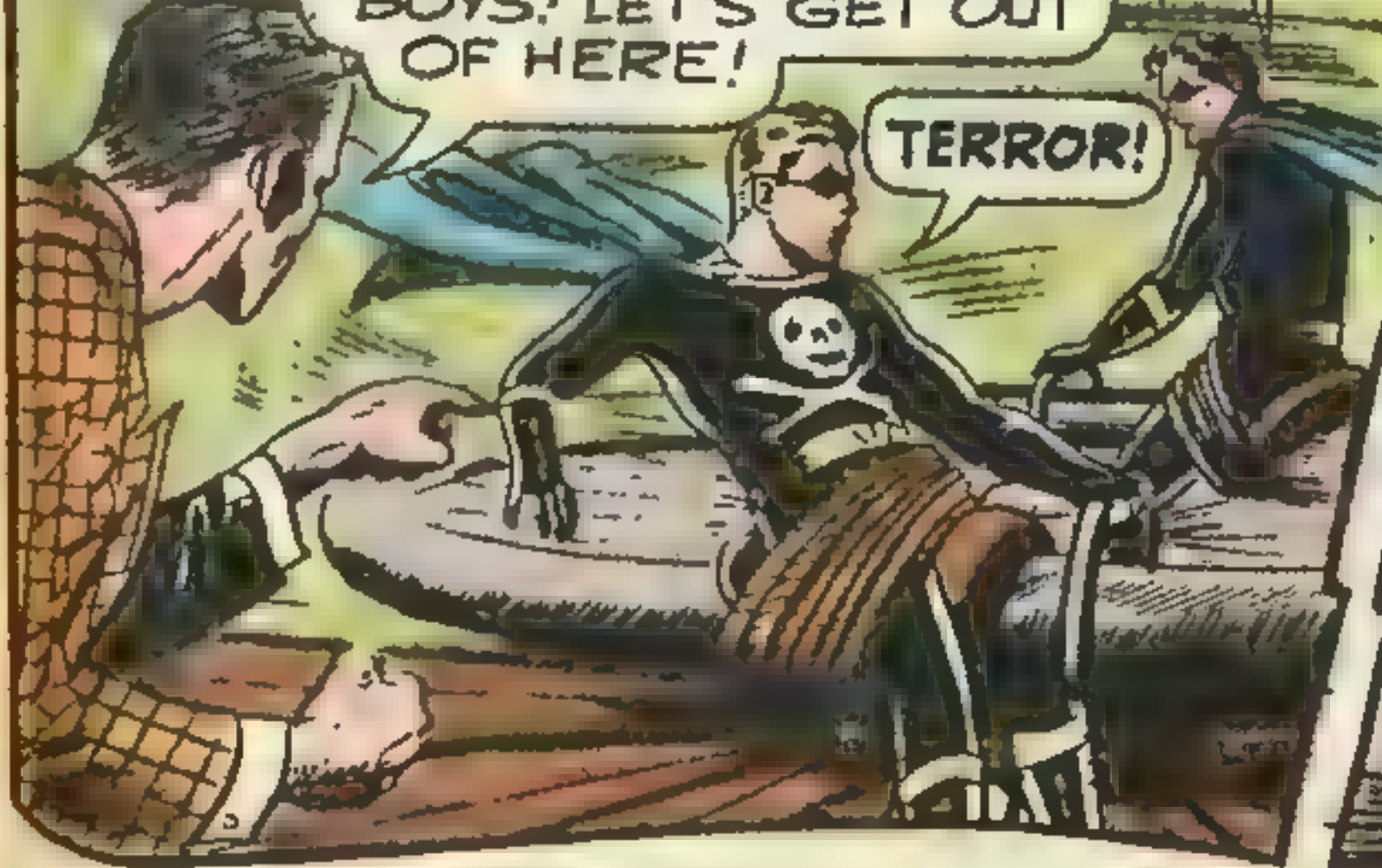


A ROLY-POLY IS SOMETHING LIKE A MERRY-GO-ROUND-- ONLY--IT REVOLVES FASTER! AND I'VE SPEEDED THIS ONE UP! YOU WON'T LAST LONG WHEN IT PICKS UP MOMENTUM! C'MON, BOYS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

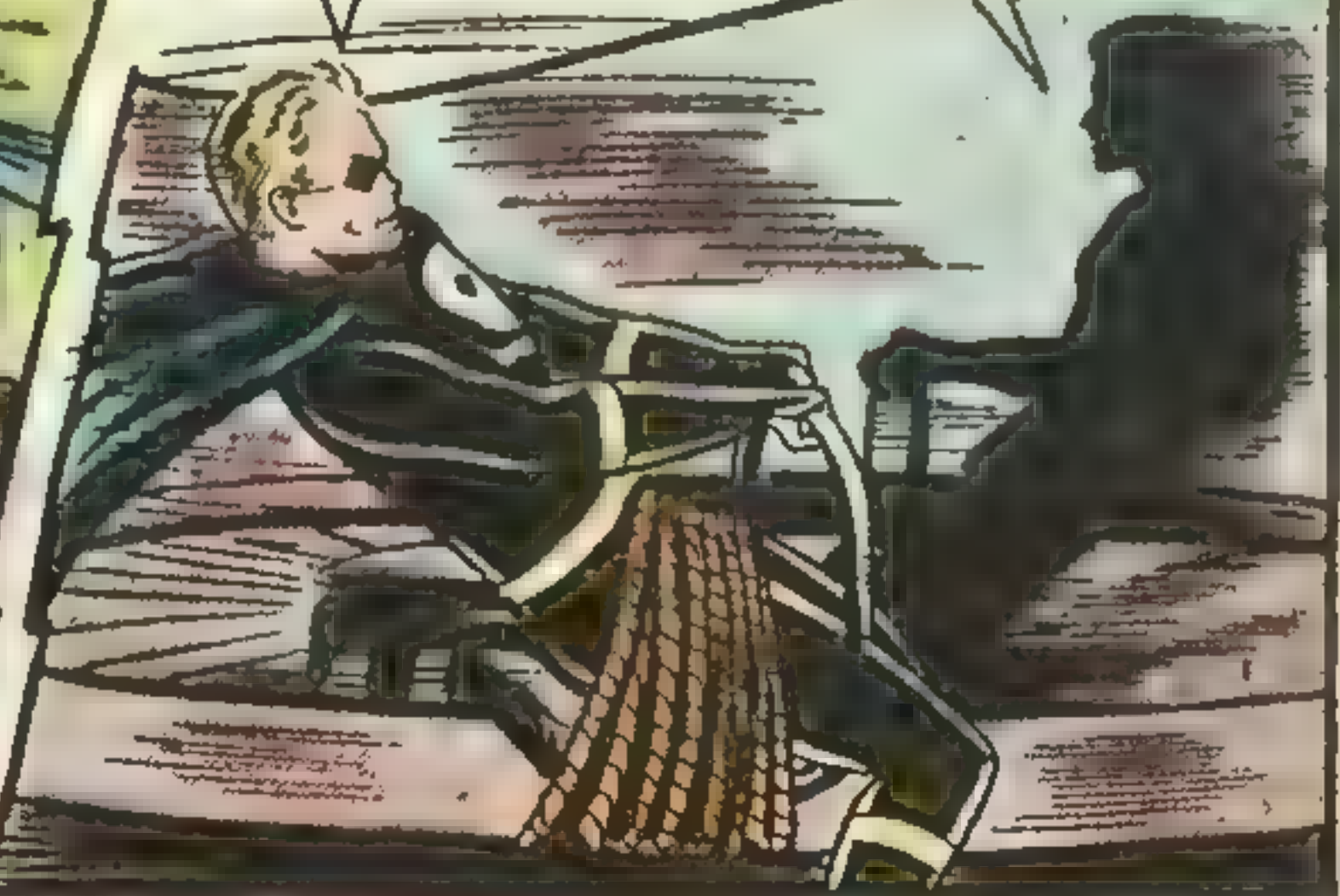
YOU DEVIL!

TERROR! IT'S STARTING TO TURN FASTER!

HMMM... LOOK LIKE WE'RE GOING TO BE PLENTY DIZZY!



TERROR!



T-T-TERROR! EVERYTHING'S A B-BLUR! OHHHHHHH!

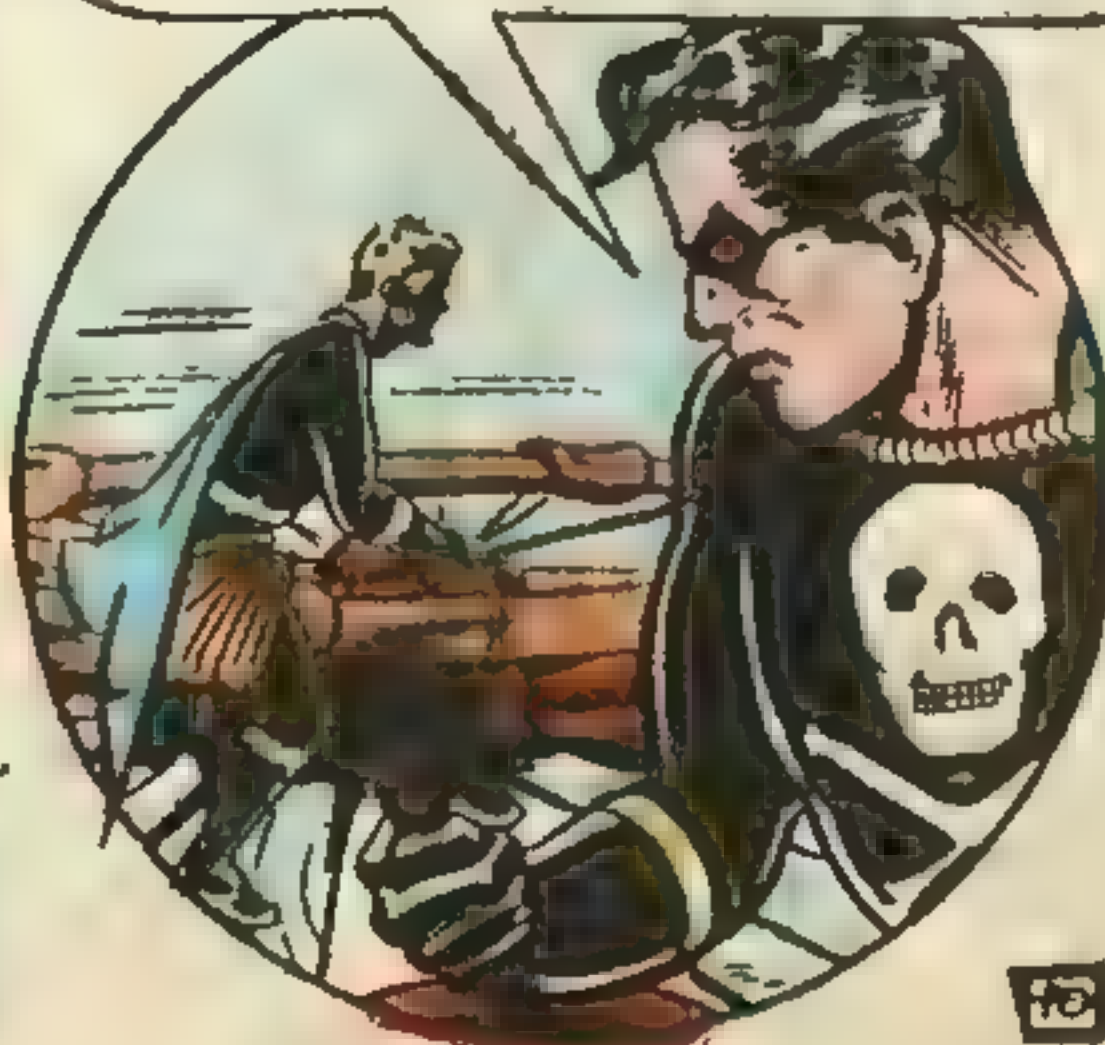
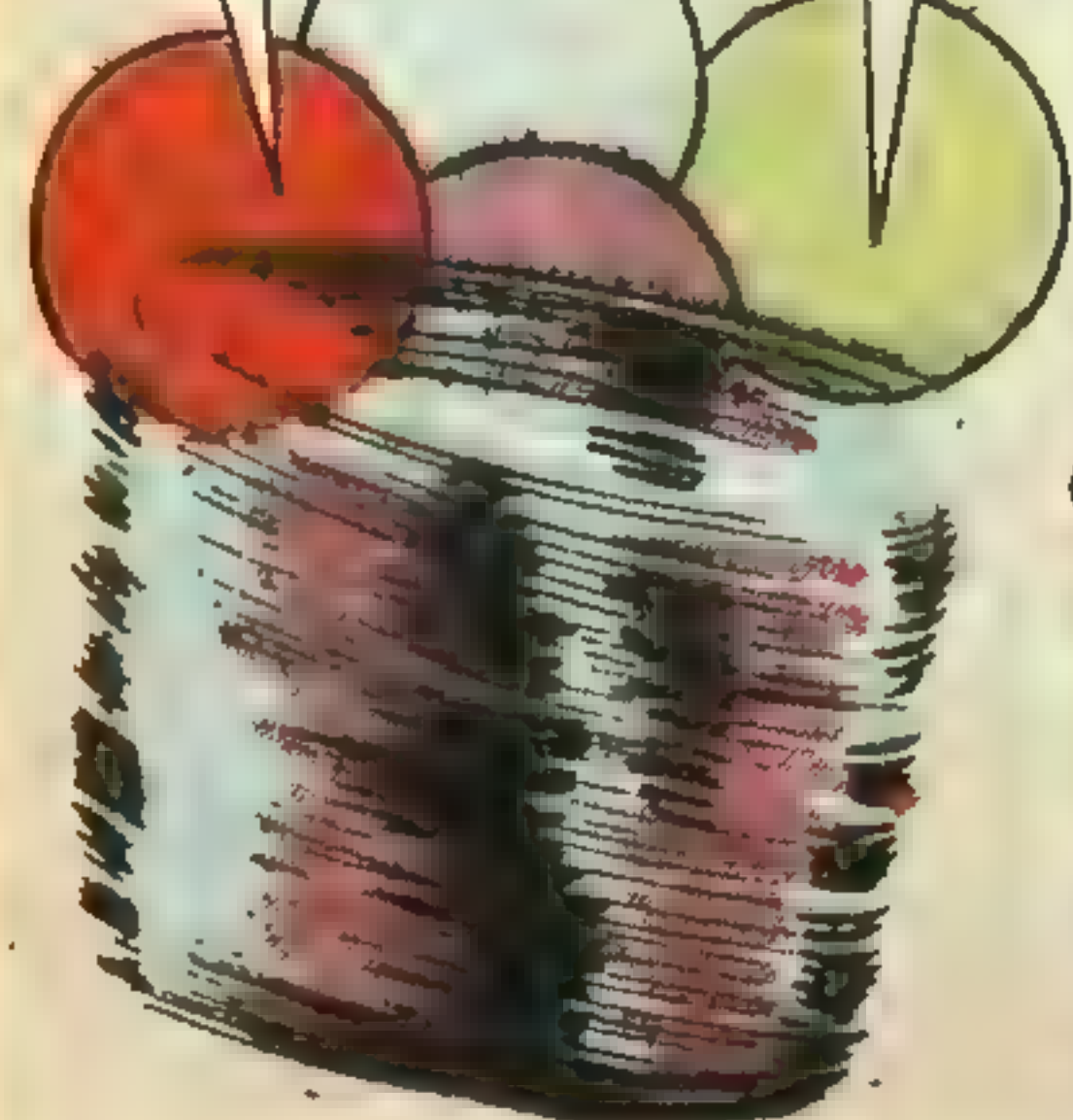
MY TEMPLES ...BURSTING ... GOT TO GET FREE!

A supreme effort!

DID IT!

An instant later...

WHEW, THAT WAS A NARROW SQUEAK, TIM! THE TERRIFIC SPEED GAVE ME JUST THE ADDED MOMENTUM I NEEDED TO BREAK THOSE STRAPS!



A surprise onslaught!

THERE THEY ARE, TIM!

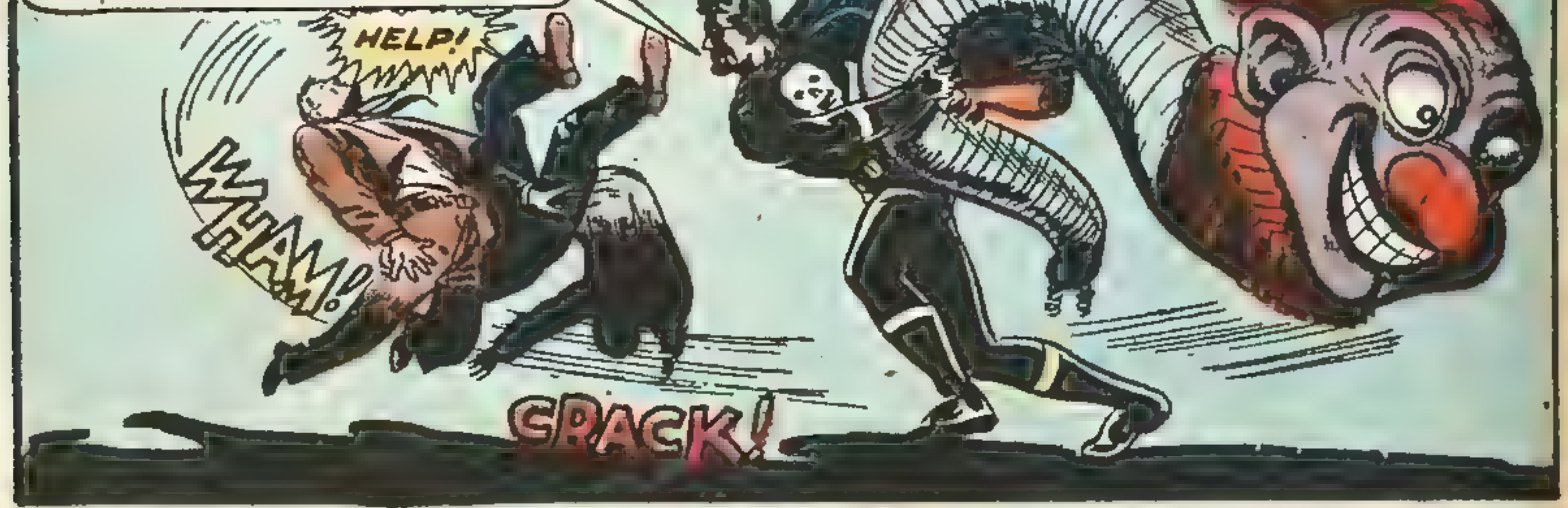
THE BLACK TERROR! NO-- NO--IT CAN'T BE!

WOWIE! IT'S THE ROOM OF THE JACK-IN-THE-WALL!



THAT'S RIGHT, TIM! AND JACK WILL DO NICELY-- FOR A WEAPON!

I COULD USE MY FISTS, BUT JACK'S ENTITLED TO A LITTLE FUN! HE'S BEEN COOPED UP IN THIS GLOOMY OLD ROOM FOR YEARS!



Later...at police headquarters...

Next day...in Bob Benton's drug store...

BUT FOR YOU, AN EIGHTEEN-CARAT HAYMAKER! THINK OF ME WHEN YOU WEAR IT!

THEY WERE OPERATING A VICIOUS BLACKMAIL RACKET! I'VE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SEND THEM TO PRISON FOR LIFE!

GOOD WORK, TERROR! YOU'VE DONE THE PUBLIC A SERVICE!

I'VE NOTHING AGAINST AMUSEMENT PARKS, BOB! BUT WHILE YOU BOYS WERE RIDING MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, THE BLACK TERROR WAS MAKING HEADLINES! IN HIS SHOES--YOU'D BE HELPLESS!



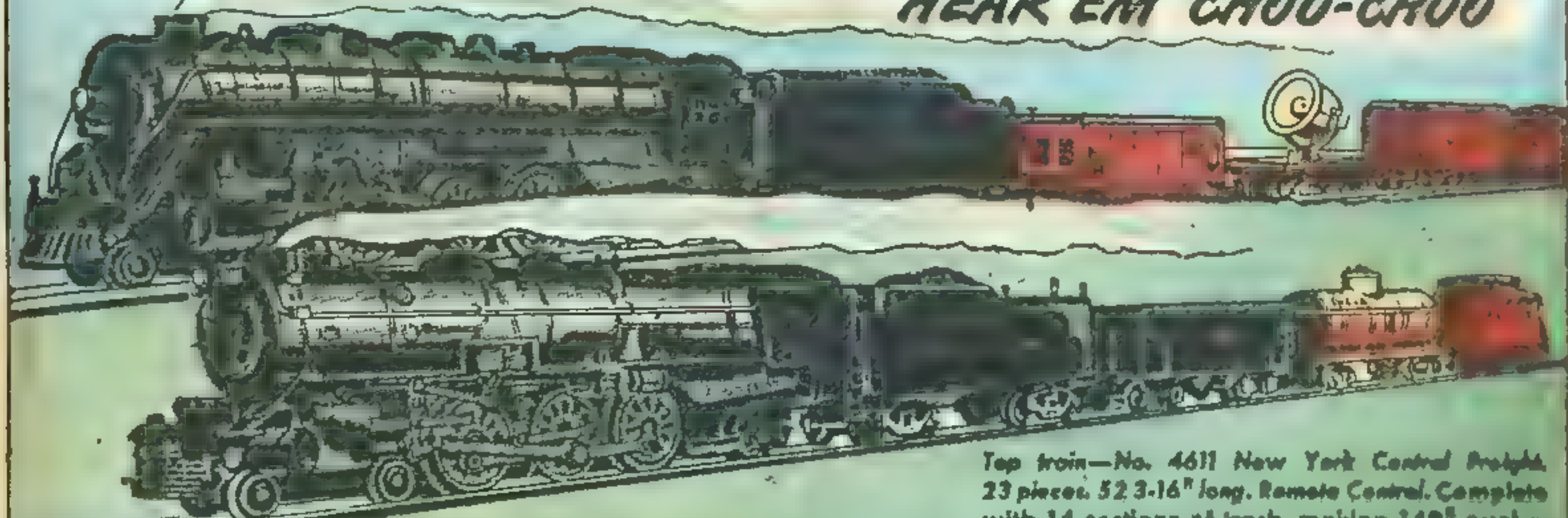
The TerrorTwins wage another thrill-packed battle in our next issue! Watch for it!



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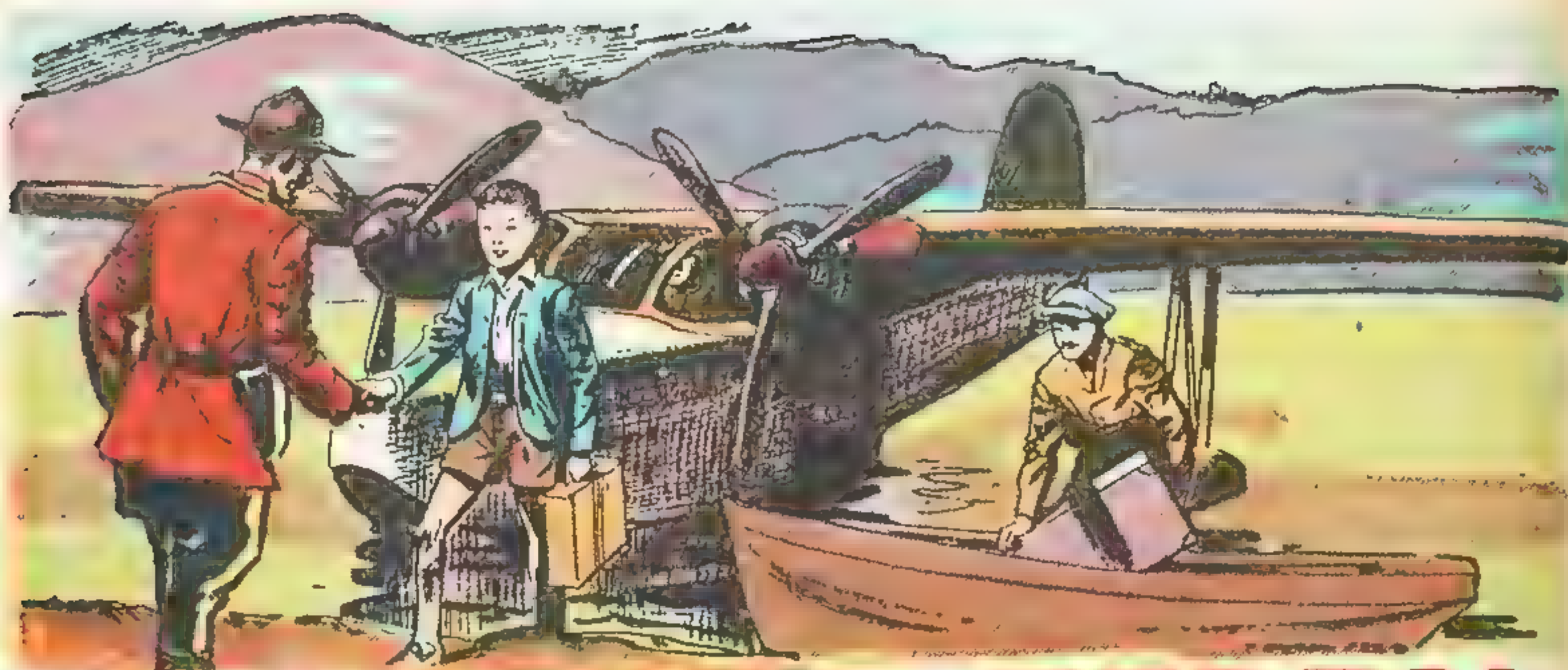
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TRAIL FOR TEDDY

By CHARLES STEWART

A Clever Lad Finds a Mountain of Trouble—How He Deals With It!

TEDDY PHILLIPS stepped ashore from the Canadian Pacific plane that landed on the Mackenzie River at Aklavik trading post far up toward the Arctic Ocean. He smiled pleasantly as he recognized his old friend Constable Bert Funston of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"Any news from Uncle Mac?" he asked, referring to his mother's elderly brother, who had spent almost sixty of his seventy-four years in the Northwest.

"Not a word lately," Constable Funston replied. "Glad you've come up to stay with him, though. He's been getting plenty absent-minded lately. I was going to recommend that he be sent out after this season. I don't want anything to happen to him."

"The old fellow promised to send a message out to me here at Aklavik, telling me just where to meet him. Seems to think he has a big strike this time, and he doesn't want anyone to take it away from him."

"Good for him," the Mountie replied. Then he took some of

the boy's baggage and led the way up to the detachment headquarters. A number of the townspeople followed along, as well as Chief Black Eagle of the Yellowknife Indians. Old Mac Phillips was a good friend of the Chief's and he liked Teddy, too.

While the trio was in the Mounted Police headquarters after a filling meal, there was a shout from out on the river. Teddy and his companions ran to the door and peered out over the tundra street toward the river.

Several men were pushing out into the water with a rowboat.

"There's a large boat helplessly drifting down the river," Teddy declared, spotting the center of activity almost immediately.

CONSTABLE FUNSTON started to run, then he turned to call back over his shoulder:

"It looks like your uncle's boat, Teddy boy. I can't be sure from here, but he had a high prow on his craft."

The boy and the Indian were beside the constable

when they reached the river's edge. Other people in the town were commenting on the drifting boat. Now the two men who had gone to retrieve it were pulling the craft toward shore. Teddy was clenching his fingers. Perhaps his uncle was in the bottom of the boat seriously injured. Otherwise, why wouldn't he be sitting up and rowing or at least steering the drifting craft.

Constable Funston shouted to the two townsmen.

"Uncle Mac there?"

"Not a sign of him," came the stern reply.

The boat was brought up on the beach, and Teddy and the Constable climbed into it. There were no oars in the boat, but in the back there was a spot of brown that looked rather suspicious.

"Looks like blood," Constable Funston said soberly. "Maybe the old man fell overboard."

Teddy Phillips felt a tear coming into his eye. He blinked it back, then moved forward, climbing over the seats of the boat, and finally coming to the bow seat where

the crude anchor was attached to the rope. There was a bit of white paper visible under the edge of the rock that served as an anchor.

Teddy grabbed it up with enthusiasm.

"Maybe this will tell us something," he said. Constable Funston stood close to him as he read the message on the paper:

"Dear Teddy: I'm hoping you'll get this all right. Things aren't going so good with me. A couple of claim jumpers have taken over my place. They've cached the oars so I can't get away in the boat, but I'm setting it adrift, hoping that someone will pick it up and notify you. I'd get in touch with the Mounties, but I'm not sure where the boys are just now. I've struck it rich, but now I'm being made to work the vein for a couple of other fellows. It's sure tough on an old man. MAC PHILLIPS."

Teddy passed the paper to the Constable. The Mountie read it over several times, then let some of the others in the group look at it. The boy was trying to visualize the trouble in which his uncle found himself. The blood spot on the seat indicated that he might be badly hurt.

Then a dismaying thought struck him.

"The old man is sure getting absent-minded, just like you said, Constable."

"How is that?" asked Funston. Teddy then pointed out:

"He tells us all about his troubles, but he doesn't tell

us just where he is. How are we going to find him?"

Constable Funston turned to Chief Black Eagle and said:

"Once you told me that an Indian trapper could trail a fish through water and a bird through the air. Can you find Uncle Mac?"

Chief Black Eagle shrugged his shoulders. Others in the group looked at the boy with real pity. It would be almost impossible to find a man in the vast expanse of the Canadian Northwest. He might be camped along any one of a hundred creeks or water courses.

SUDDENLY Teddy Phillips had an idea. He turned to the constable and asked:

"Will you commandeer the plane? I think I can find my uncle—and quick."

Constable Funston caught something of the boy's enthusiasm and immediately he hurried to the CP pilot and explained the situation. The flyer was agreeable. Then the boy was running to the detachment building and taking several rifles from the cabin. He gave these to the constable.

Minutes later they were in the plane and heading southward along the river. "Head for Copper Creek!" the boy ordered the pilot.

Constable Funston studied the youth as though unwilling to believe his ears. The pilot followed instructions and about half an hour after they had left Aklavik, he was heading up the small tributary into the foothills of the

Rocky Mountains. The boy looked out of one side of the plane while the Constable studied the terrain on the other.

Finally the lad shouted:

"There's a mine right down there. And two men running out to watch the plane. There's Uncle Mac chained to a shed over near the cabin."

Constable Funston saw the scene below him, and immediately grabbed for one of the rifles. He brought it to his shoulder, leveled it through the window and sprayed the area with lead. The two running men slid to a halt, then threw up their hands.

"Bring me in low," the Mountie ordered. The pilot obliged. The motor was throttled down, and finally the plane came to rest on the waters of the creek. The constable kept his men covered. Teddy climbed from the pontoon to the shore and relieved the claim-jumpers of their pistols. Then the Mountie came ashore and manacled them.

TEDDY rushed over to his uncle and freed him. There was a joyous reunion. Constable Funston congratulated the lad, then asked:

"But how did you do it?"

"The crude rock anchor in the boat," Teddy laughed happily. "It was almost solid copper. I knew there was only one place in this country where the ore was as rich as that—on Copper Creek. So I headed here as fast as I could."

Uncle Mac was more than pleased with his nephew.



MISS MASQUE



BLUE-BLOODED SOCIALITE DIANA ADAMS LOOKS FRAIL AND FEMININE...BUT DON'T LET HER FOOL YOU! SHE'S A FEMALE TORNADO AS SHE WAGES HER PERSONAL WAR AGAINST CRIME AND VICE... IN THE ROLE OF THE DARING **MISS MASQUE!**
"THE RING OF DEATH"

A GALA NIGHT FOR DIANA ADAMS AND RUSS BOWMAN...

THIS SHOW MEANS A LOT FOR THOSE POOR CITY KIDS!

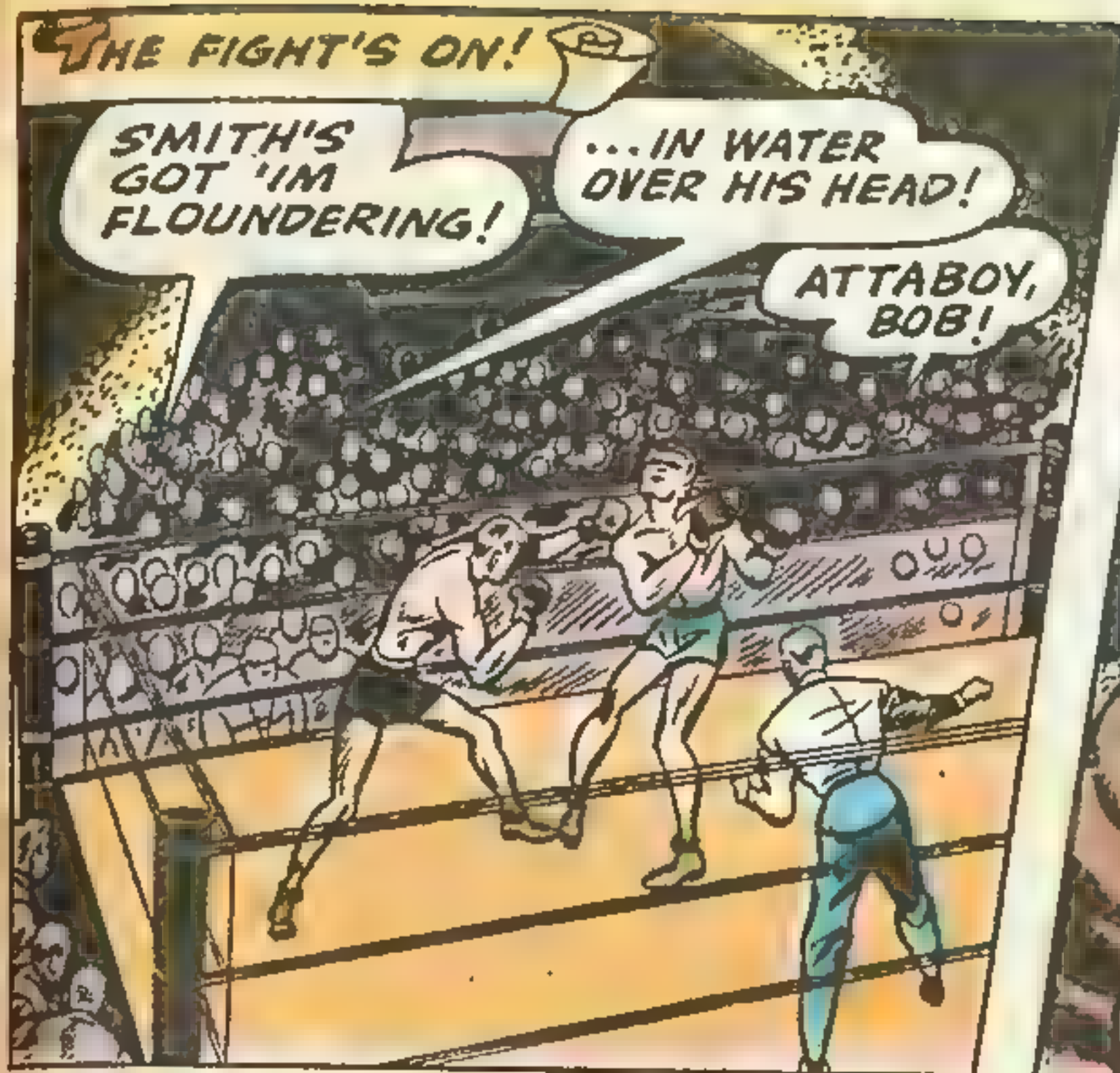
I SHOULD GET A GOOD STORY FOR THE **GAZETTE** OUT OF IT, TOO!

..AND...FIGHTING BOB SMITH...WEIGHT ONE FIFTY-EIGHT AND ONE-HALF....

YOU WATCH THAT BOY, DIANA! HE'S GOT A WONDERFUL STYLE!

YEA!

BENEFIT FIGHTS

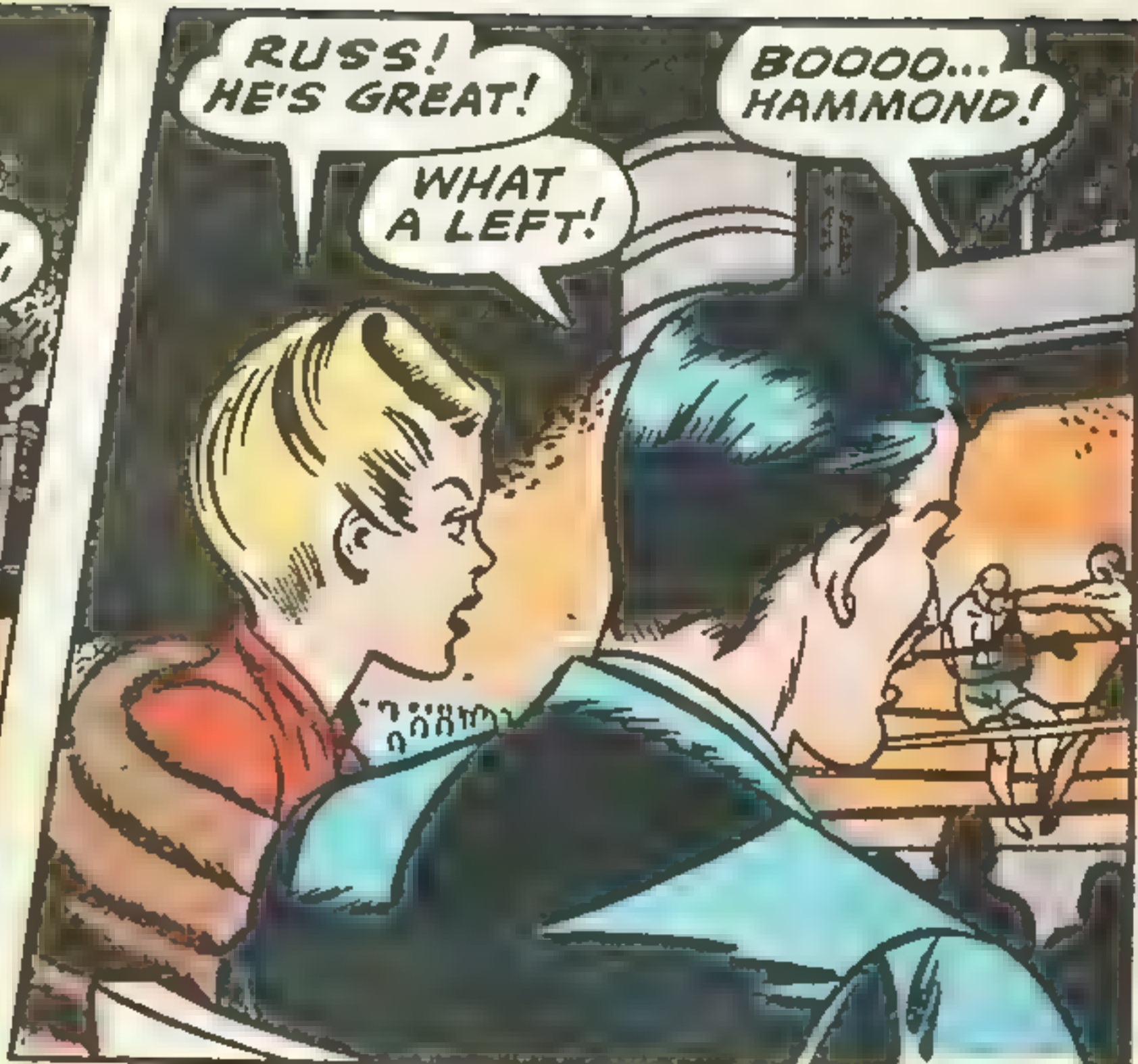


THE FIGHT'S ON!

SMITH'S GOT 'IM FLOUNDERING!

...IN WATER OVER HIS HEAD!

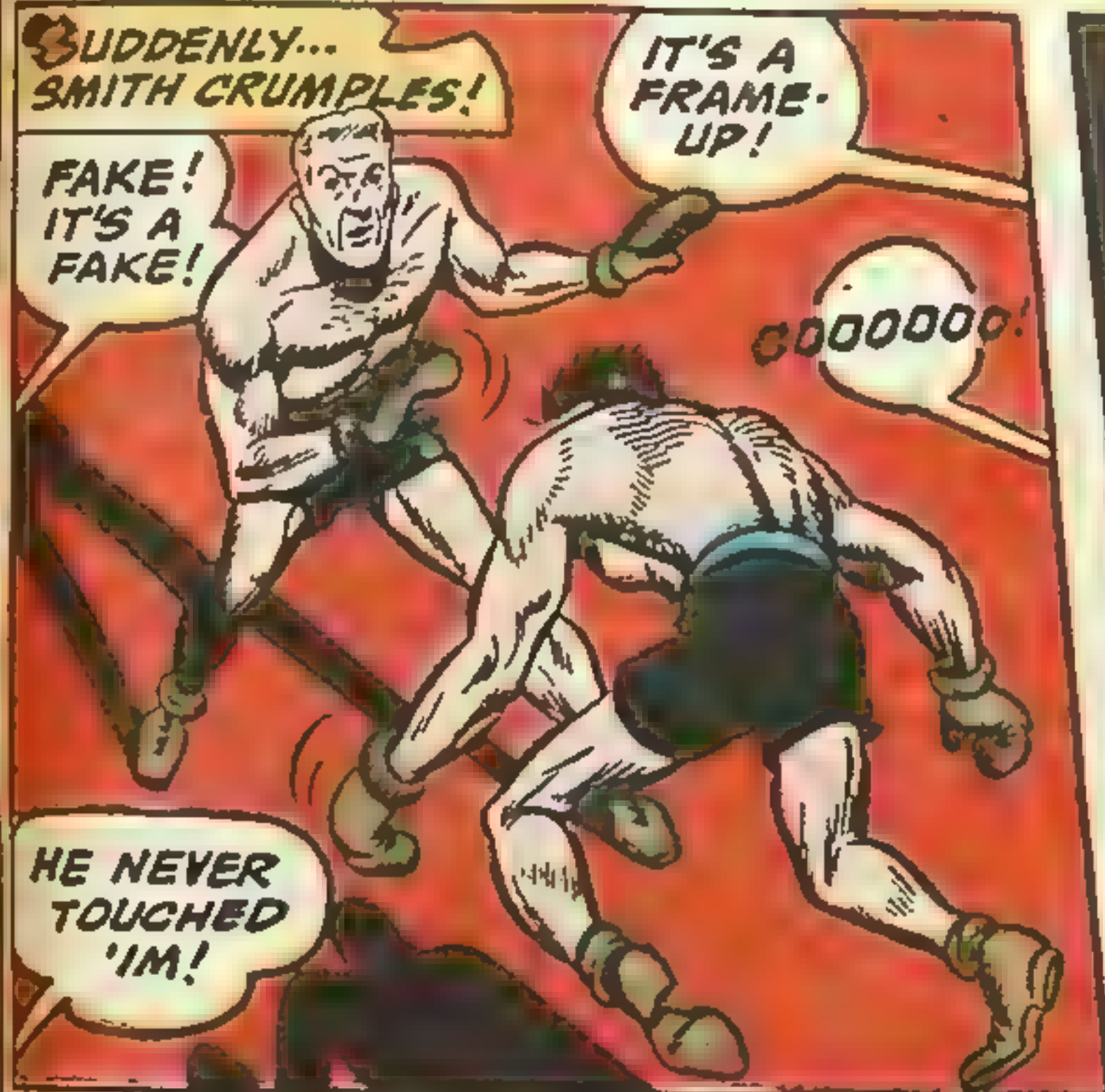
ATTABOY, BOB!



RUSS! HE'S GREAT!

BOOOO... HAMMOND!

WHAT A LEFT!



SUDDENLY... SMITH CRUMPLES!

IT'S A FRAME-UP!

FAKE! IT'S A FAKE!

BOOOOOOO!

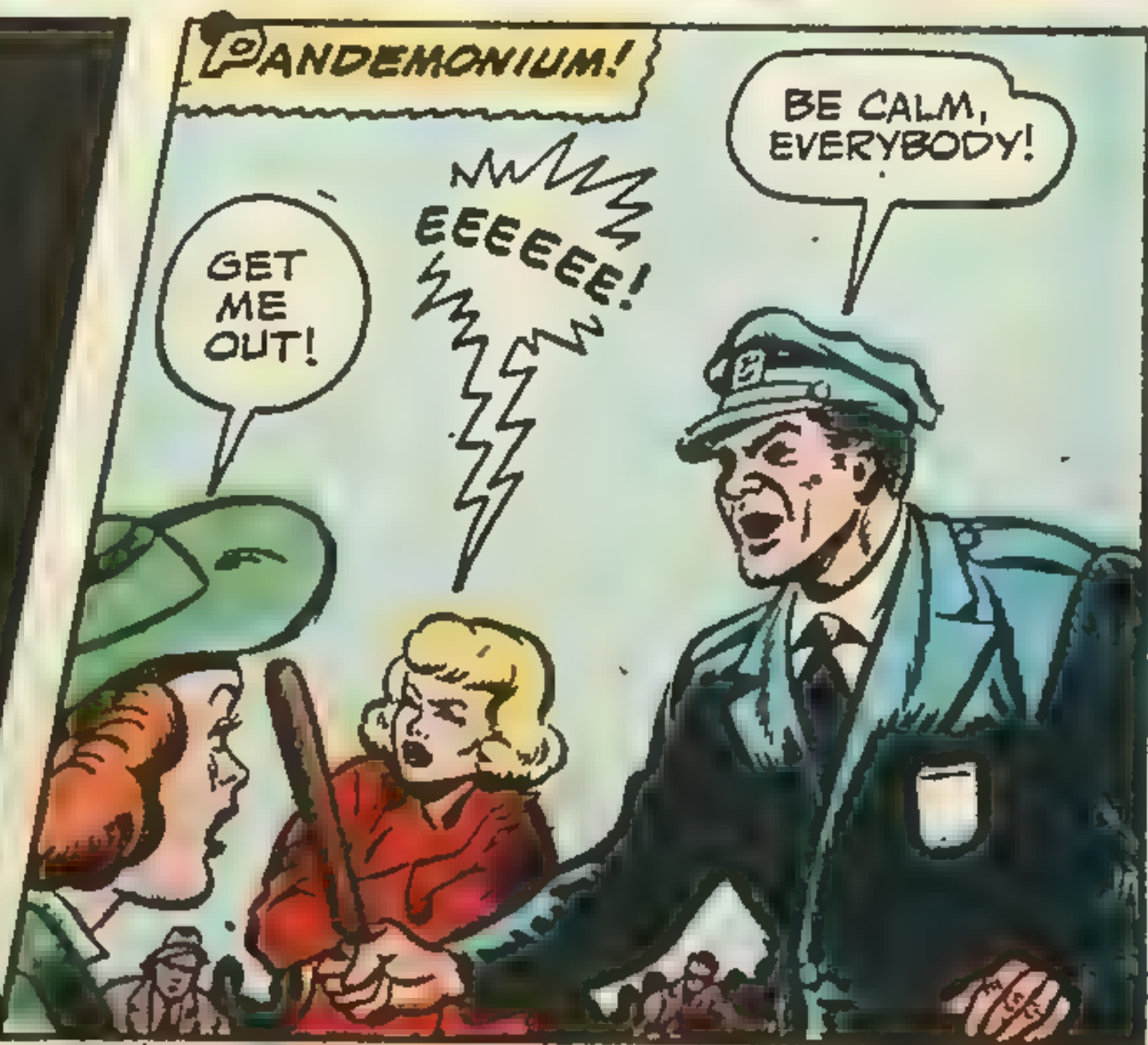
HE NEVER TOUCHED 'IM!



...FOUR... FIVE... SIX ...WAIT!



THIS MAN'S BEEN SHOT... HE'S DEAD!

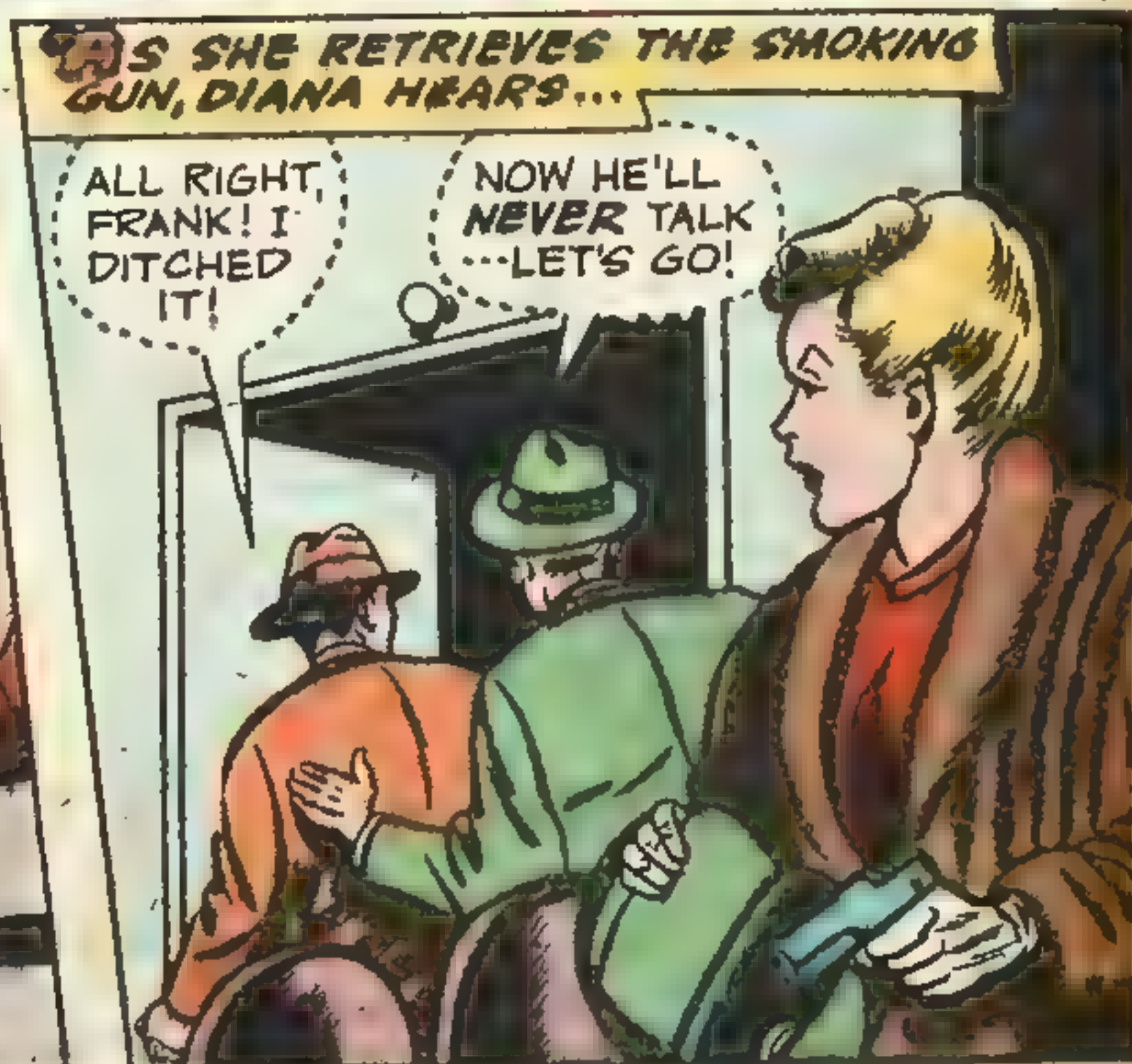


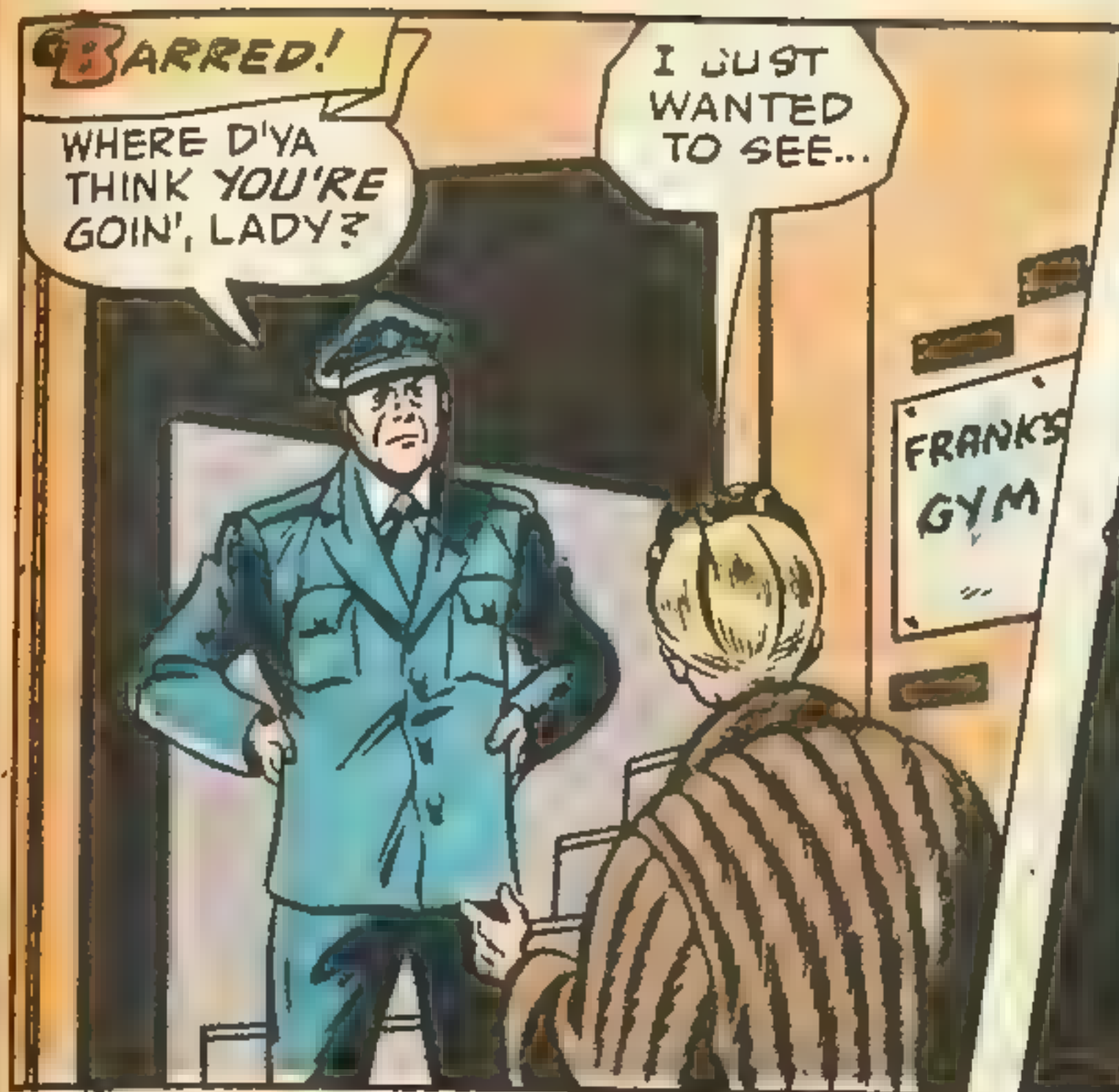
PANDEMONIUM!

BE CALM, EVERYBODY!

GET ME OUT!

EEEEEE!





BARRERED!

WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN', LADY?

I JUST WANTED TO SEE...



FORGET IT, MISS! YOU CAN'T GO IN!

STOP SHOVING ME, YOU...



UNEXPECTEDLY...A RESCUER!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THE LADY, MAC!

HEY... OUCH!



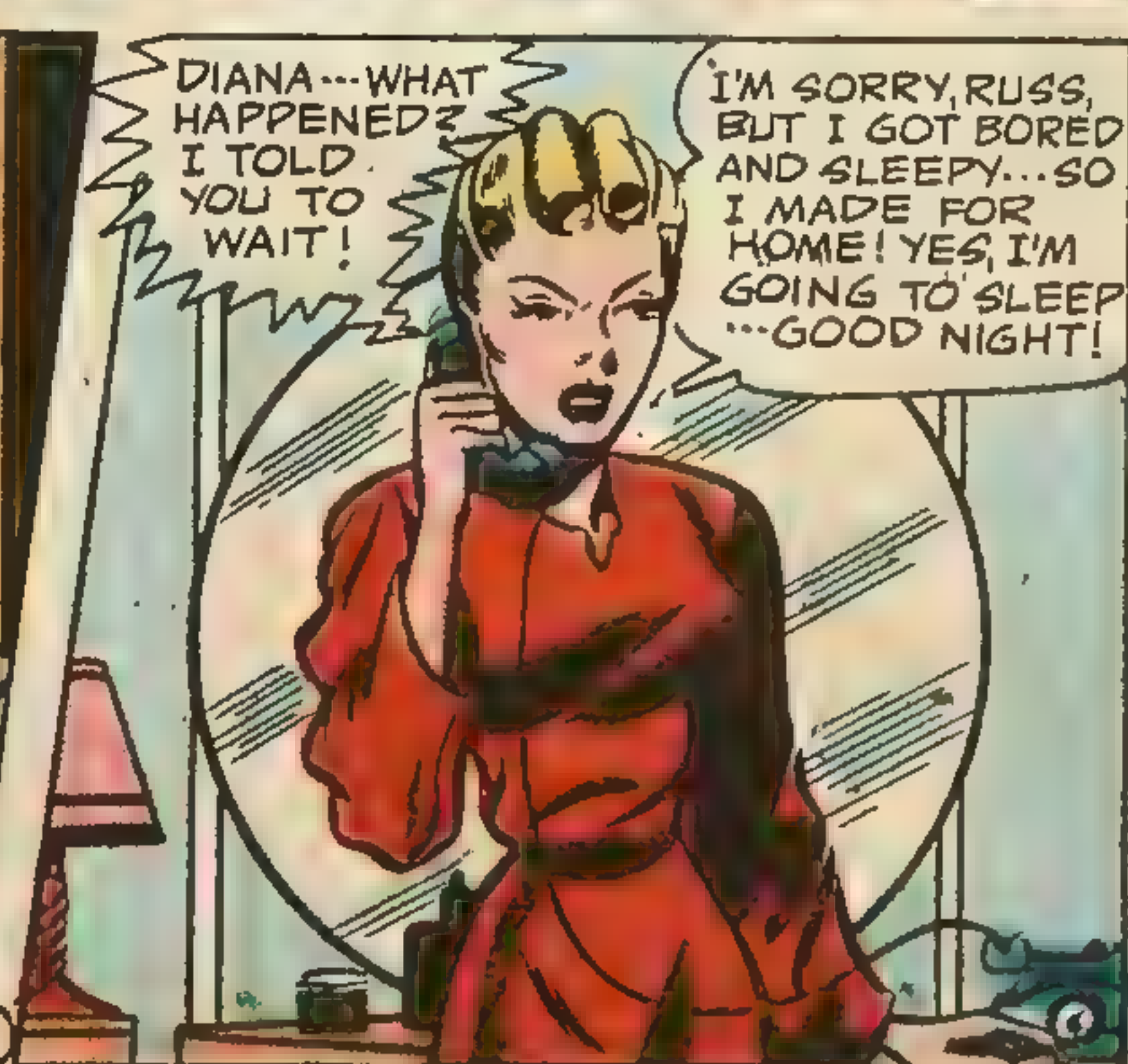
I'M HAL CHASE, THE FIGHTER! GLAD I COULD HELP YOU, MISS...

ADAMS! THANK YOU SO MUCH! AND TO THINK IT WAS THE WRONG ADDRESS ALL THE TIME!



AT THE DOOR TO HER PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

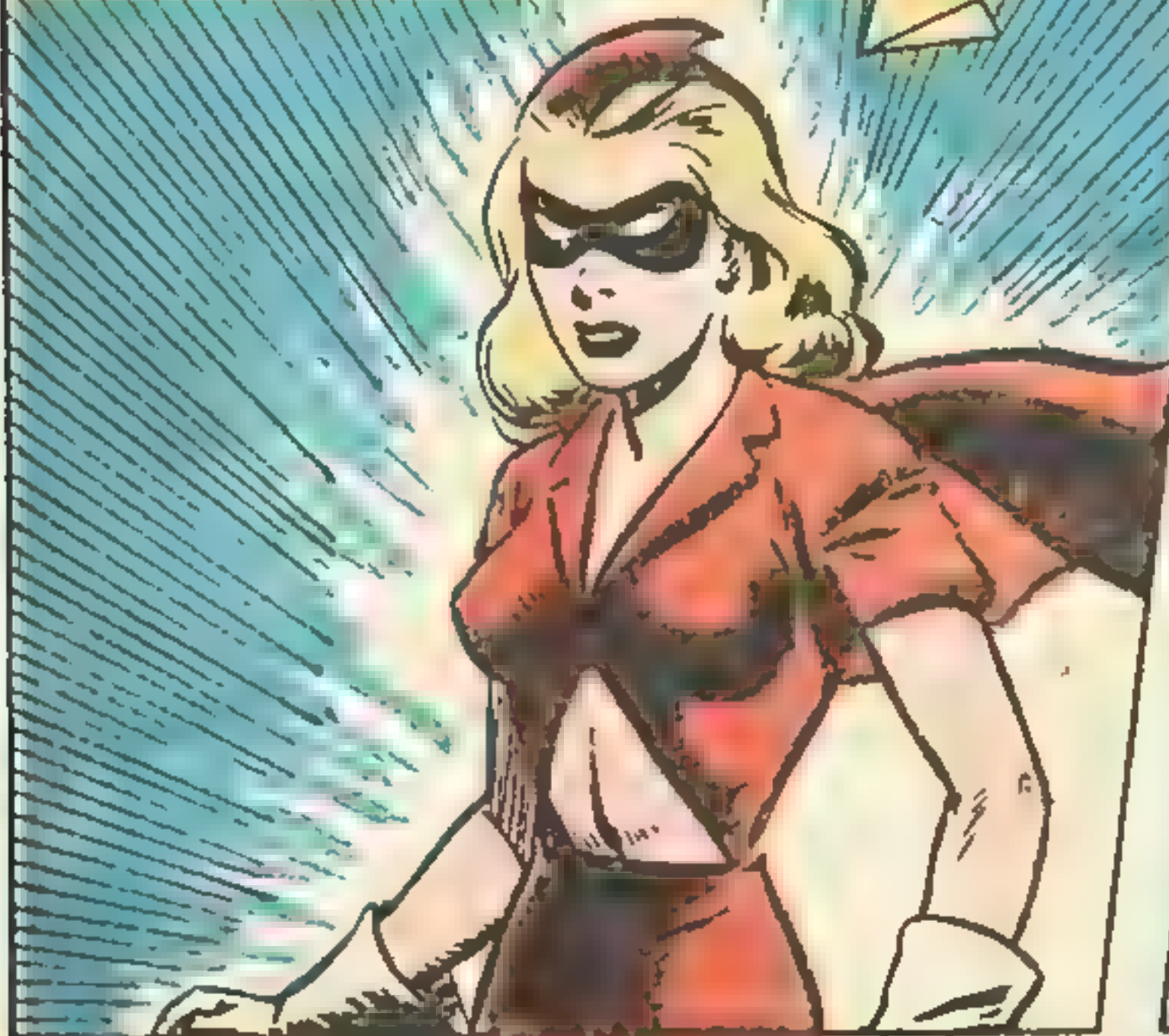
THE PHONE! THAT MUST BE RUSS!



DIANA...WHAT HAPPENED? I TOLD YOU TO WAIT!

I'M SORRY, RUSS, BUT I GOT BORED AND SLEEPY...SO I MADE FOR HOME! YES, I'M GOING TO SLEEP...GOOD NIGHT!

DIANA ADAMS MAY SLEEP
... BUT NOT MISS MASQUE!

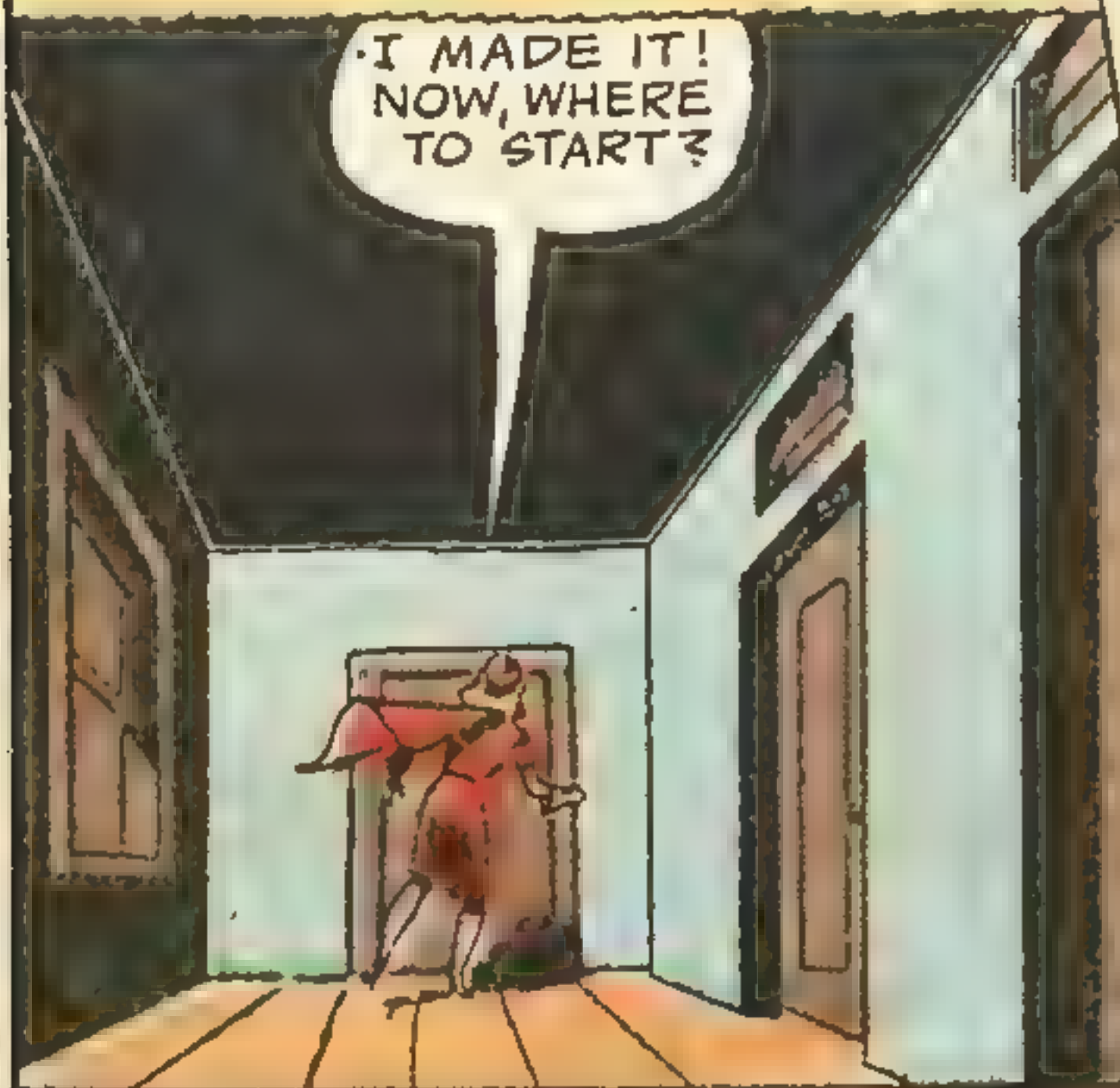


THEY STOPPED
DIANA ADAMS, BUT
THEY WON'T STOP
ME!



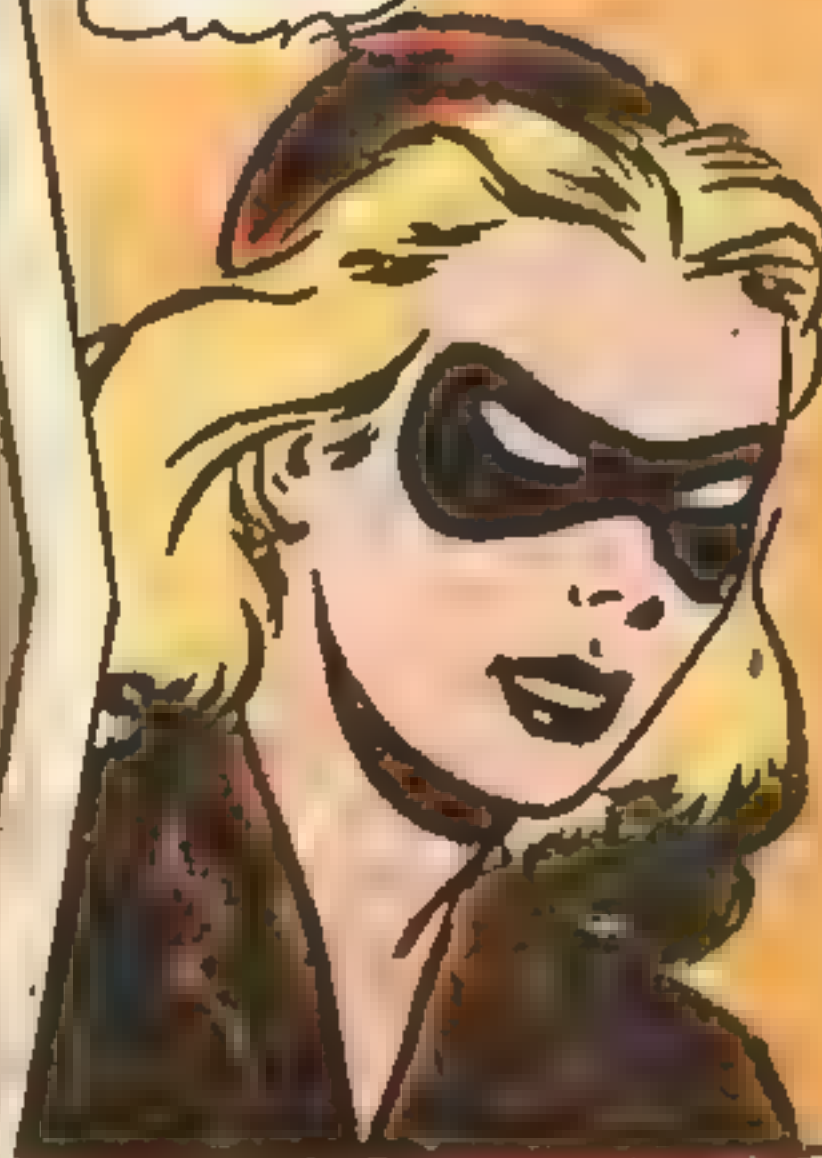
INSIDE THE ATHLETIC CLUB...

I MADE IT!
NOW, WHERE
TO START?



SUDDENLY...

VOICES...
FROM IN
HERE!



YOU'LL PLAY
BALL, CHASE
... AND LIKE
IT!

NOT WITH
YOU OR
ANYONE
ELSE, YOU
FOURFLUSHER!



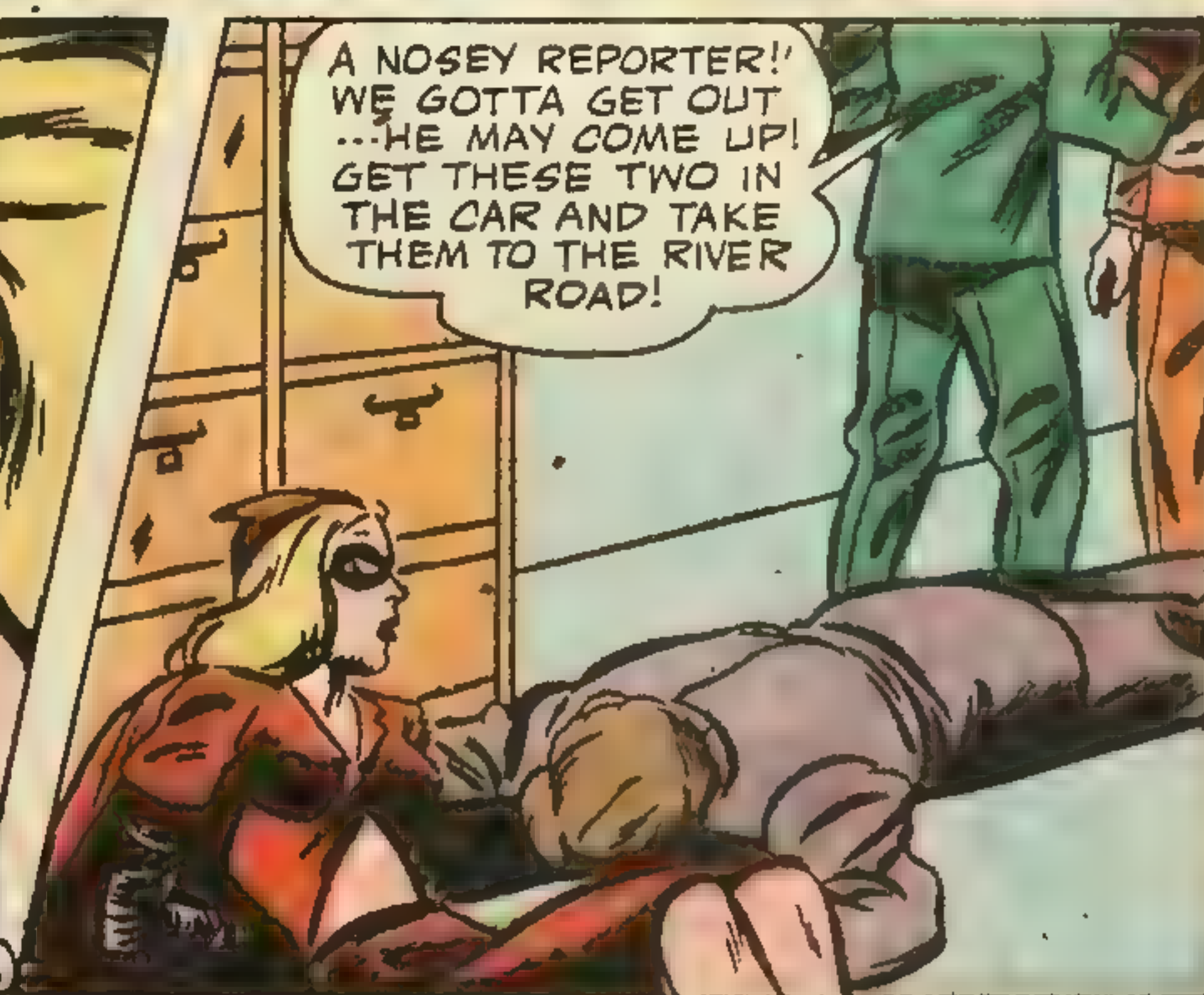
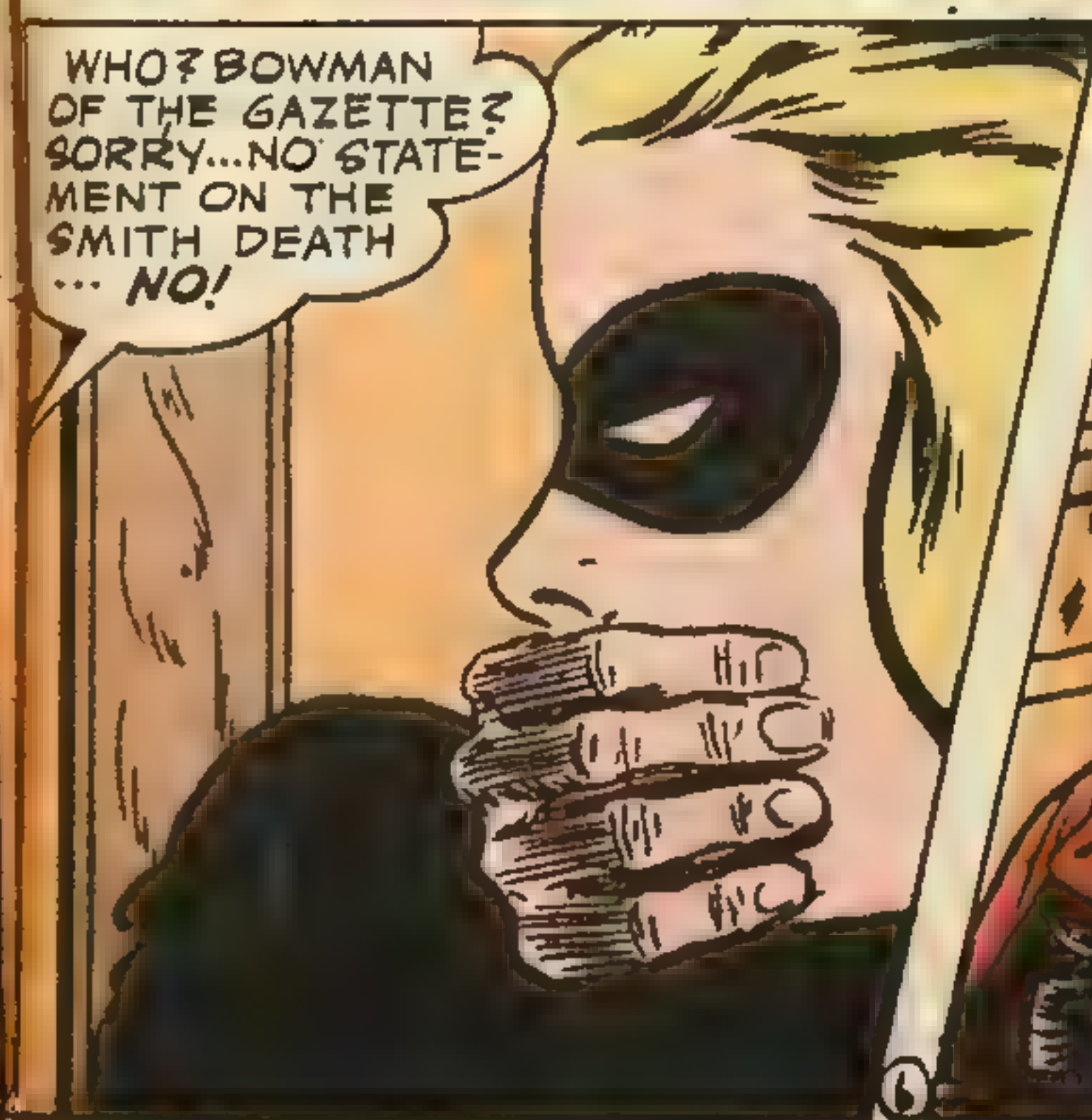
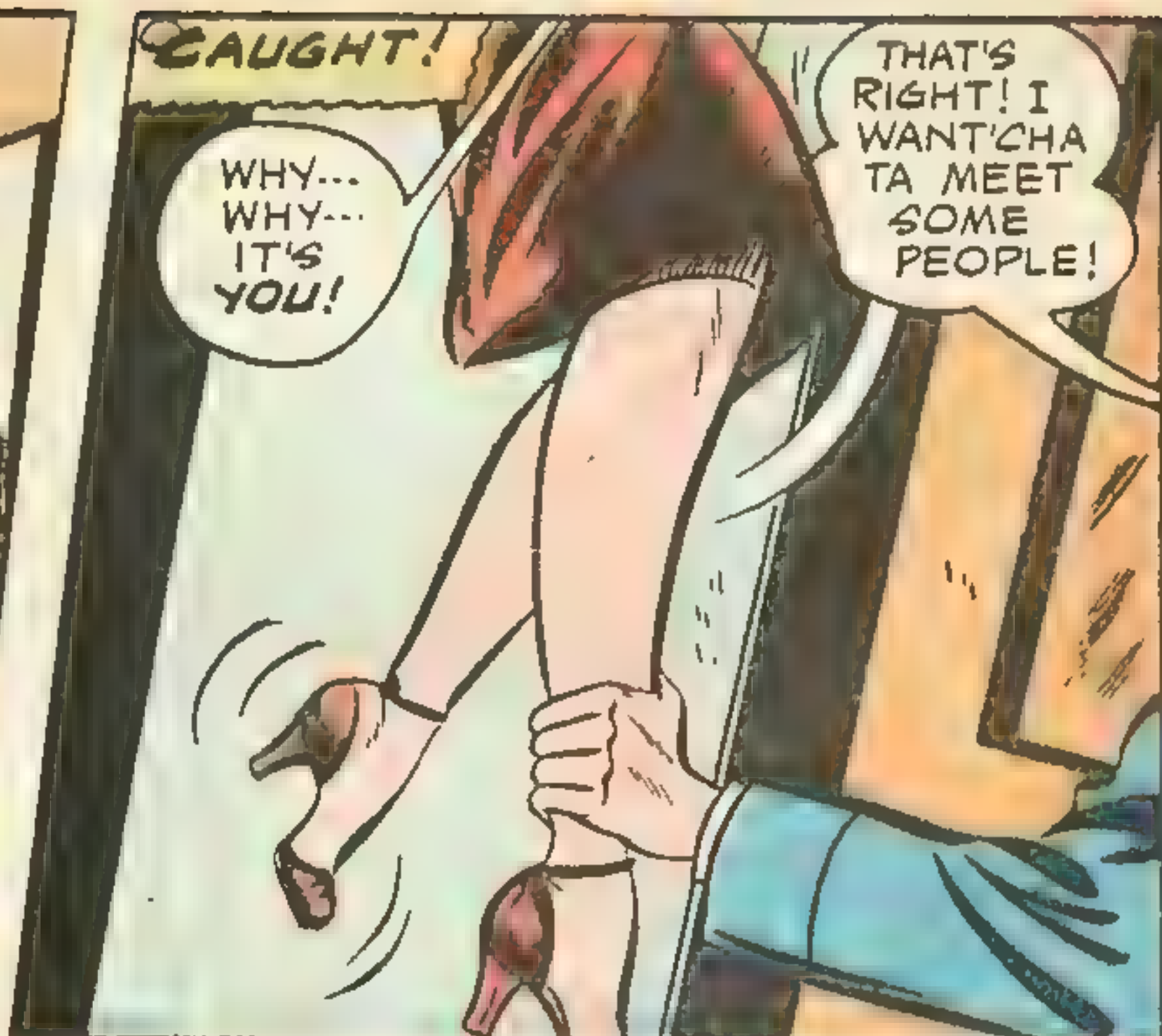
SOUNDS LIKE THE
START OF A FIGHT!
I'VE GOT TO SEE
THIS!

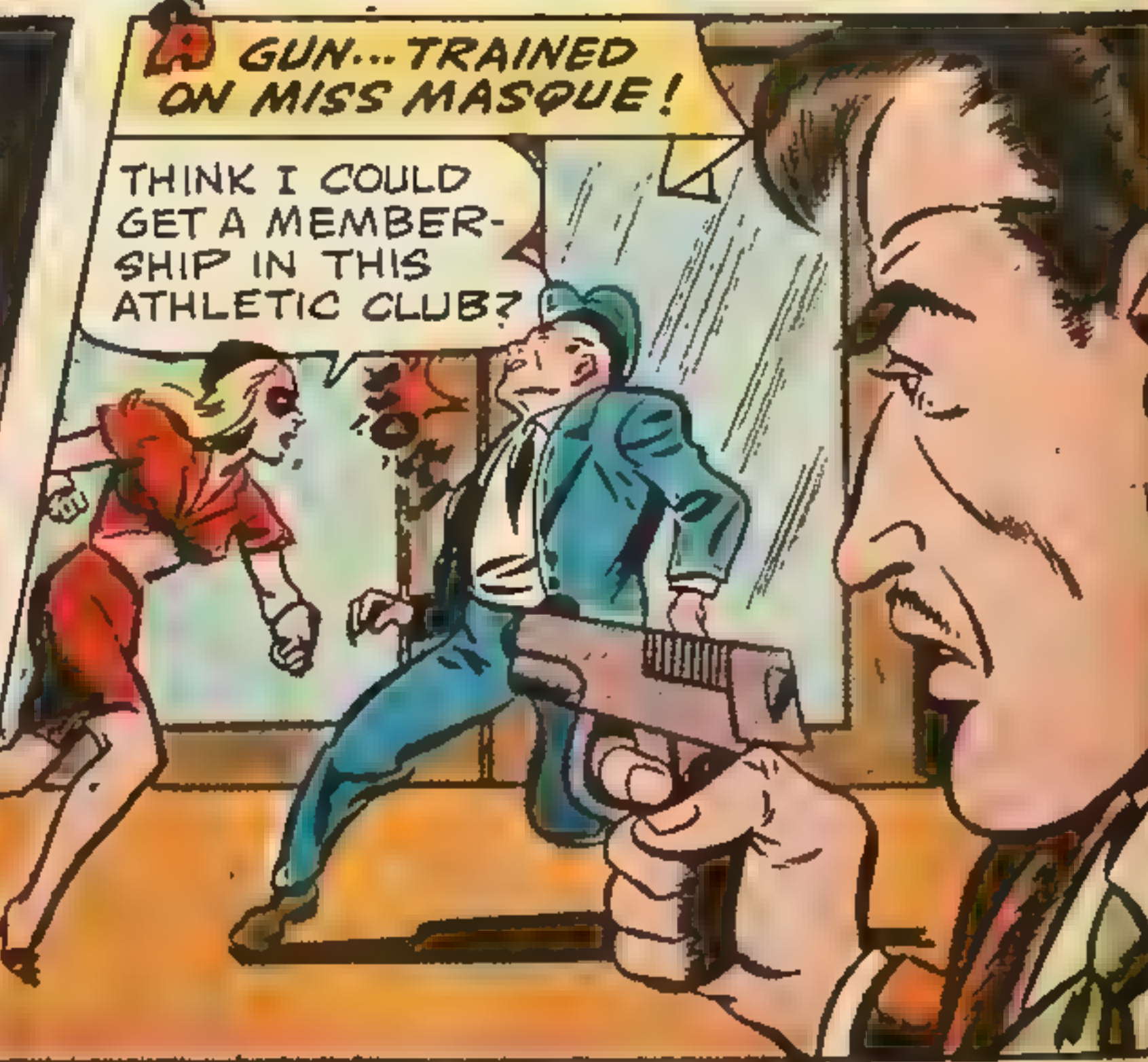
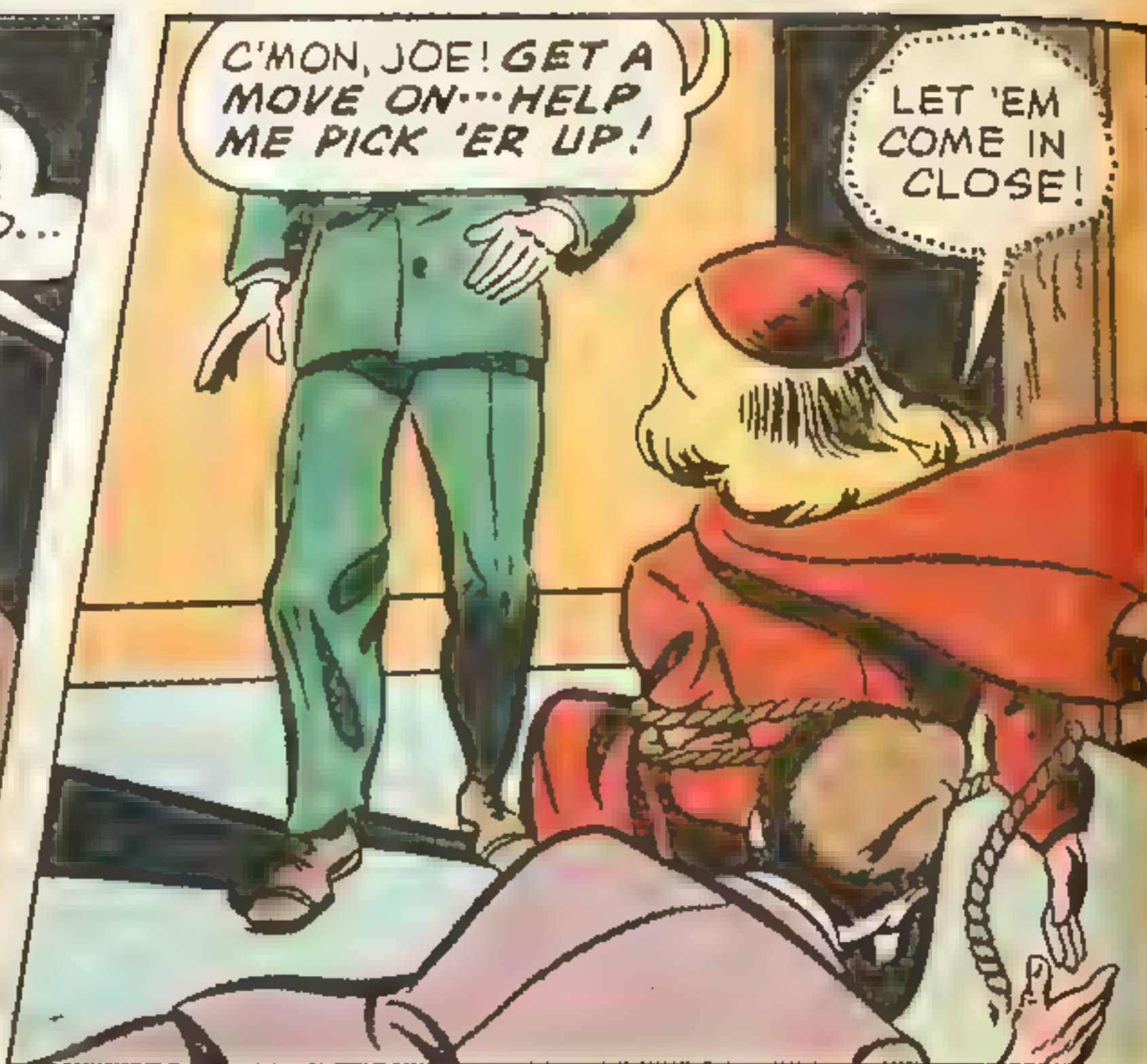
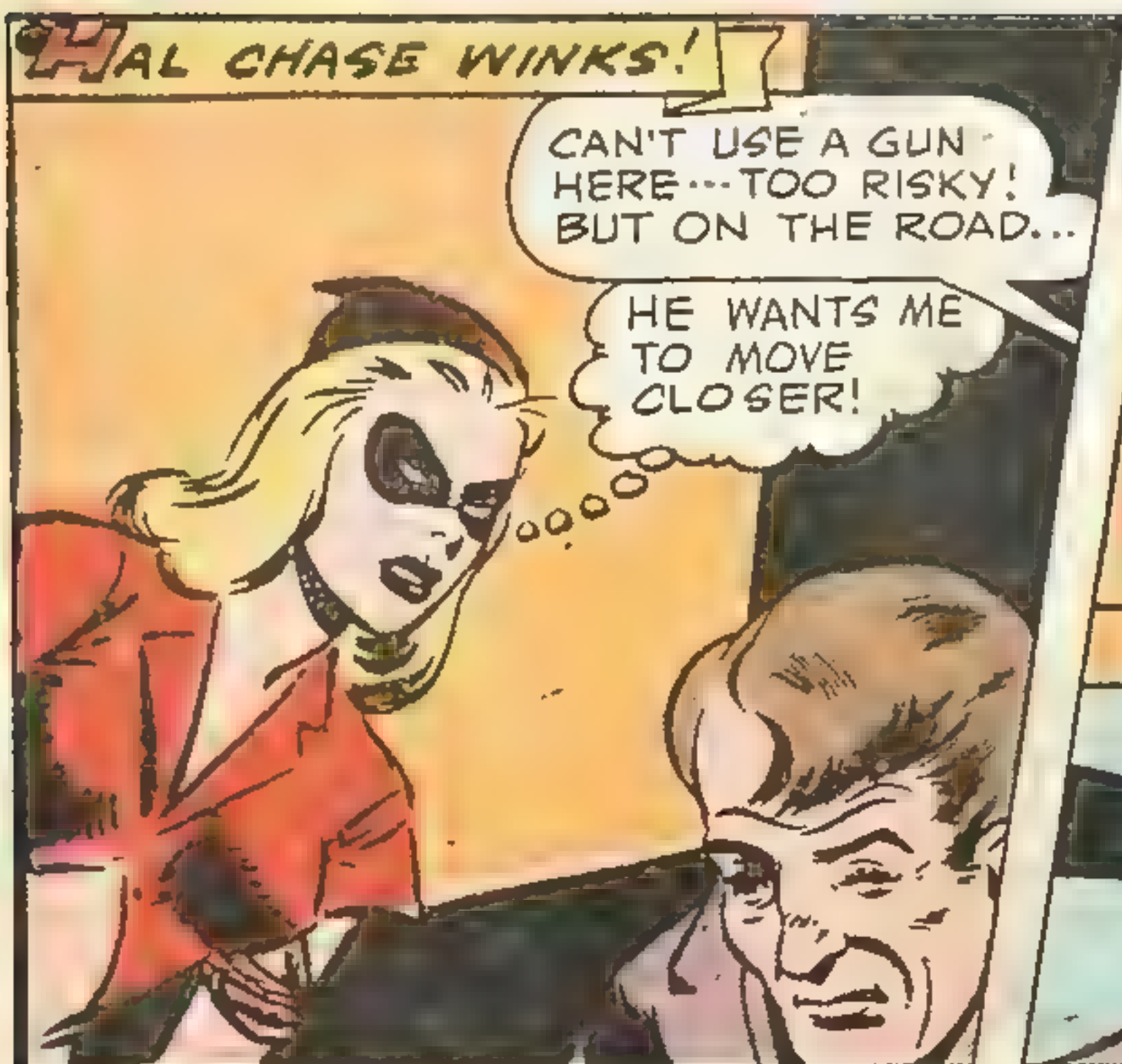


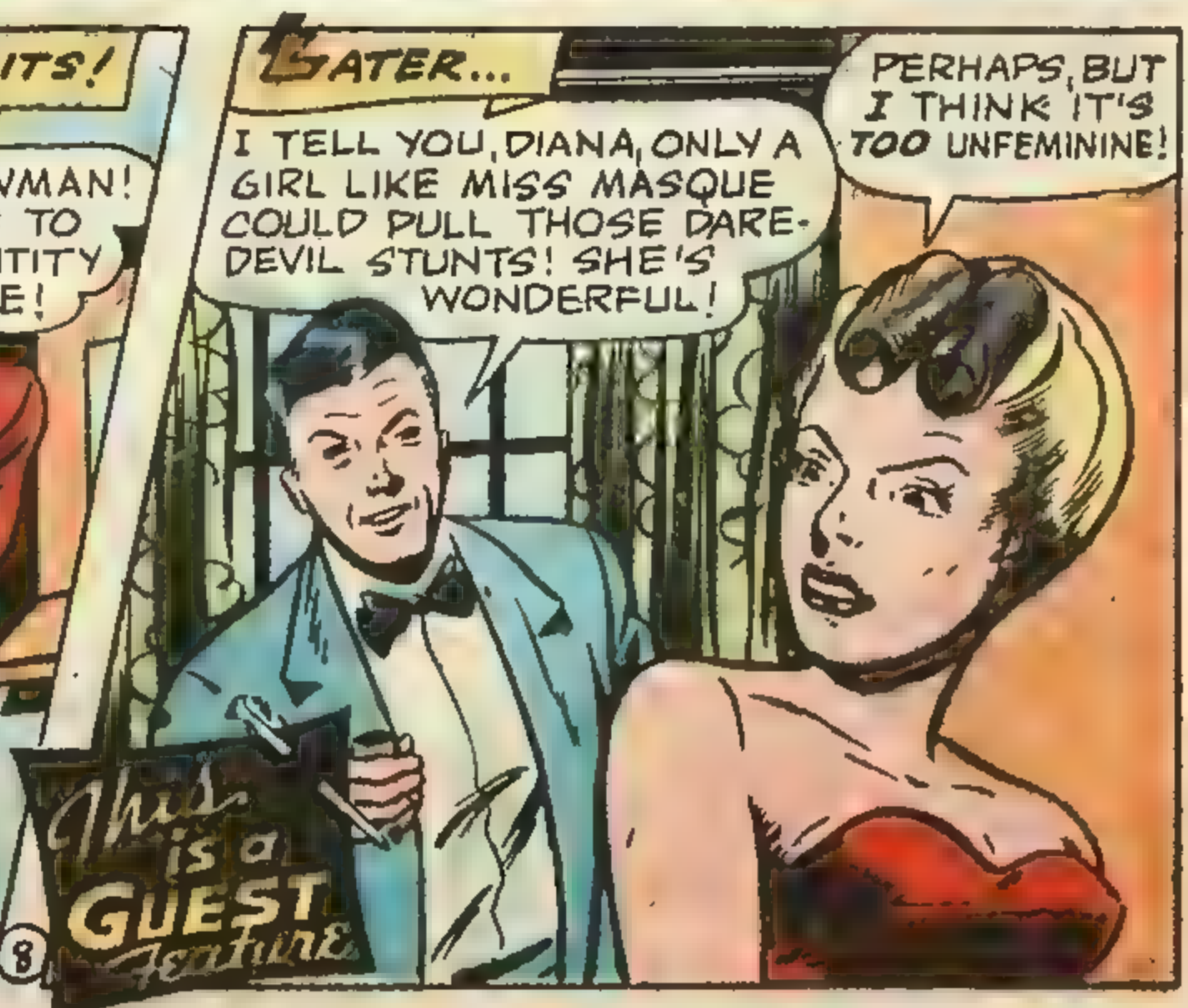
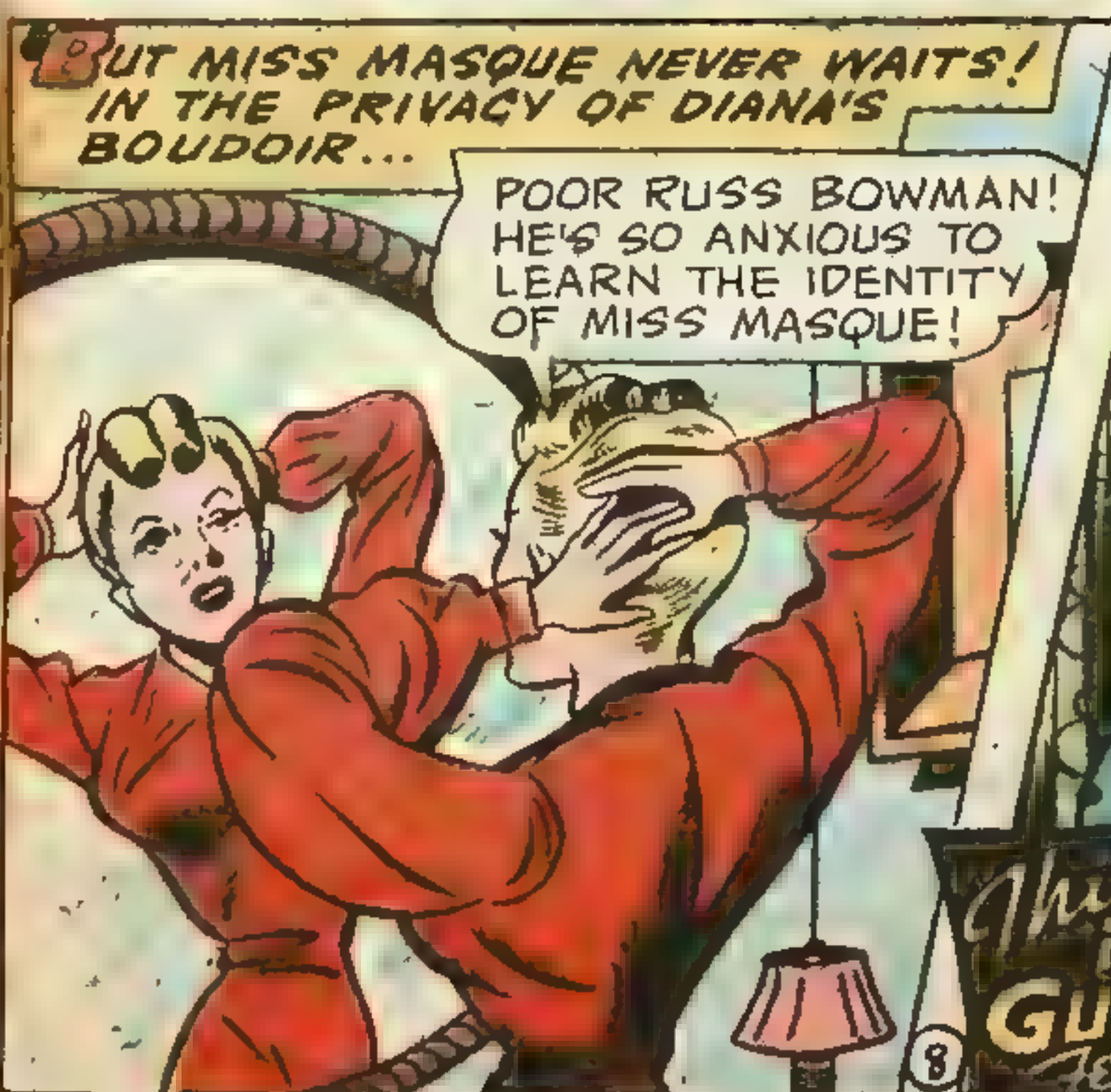
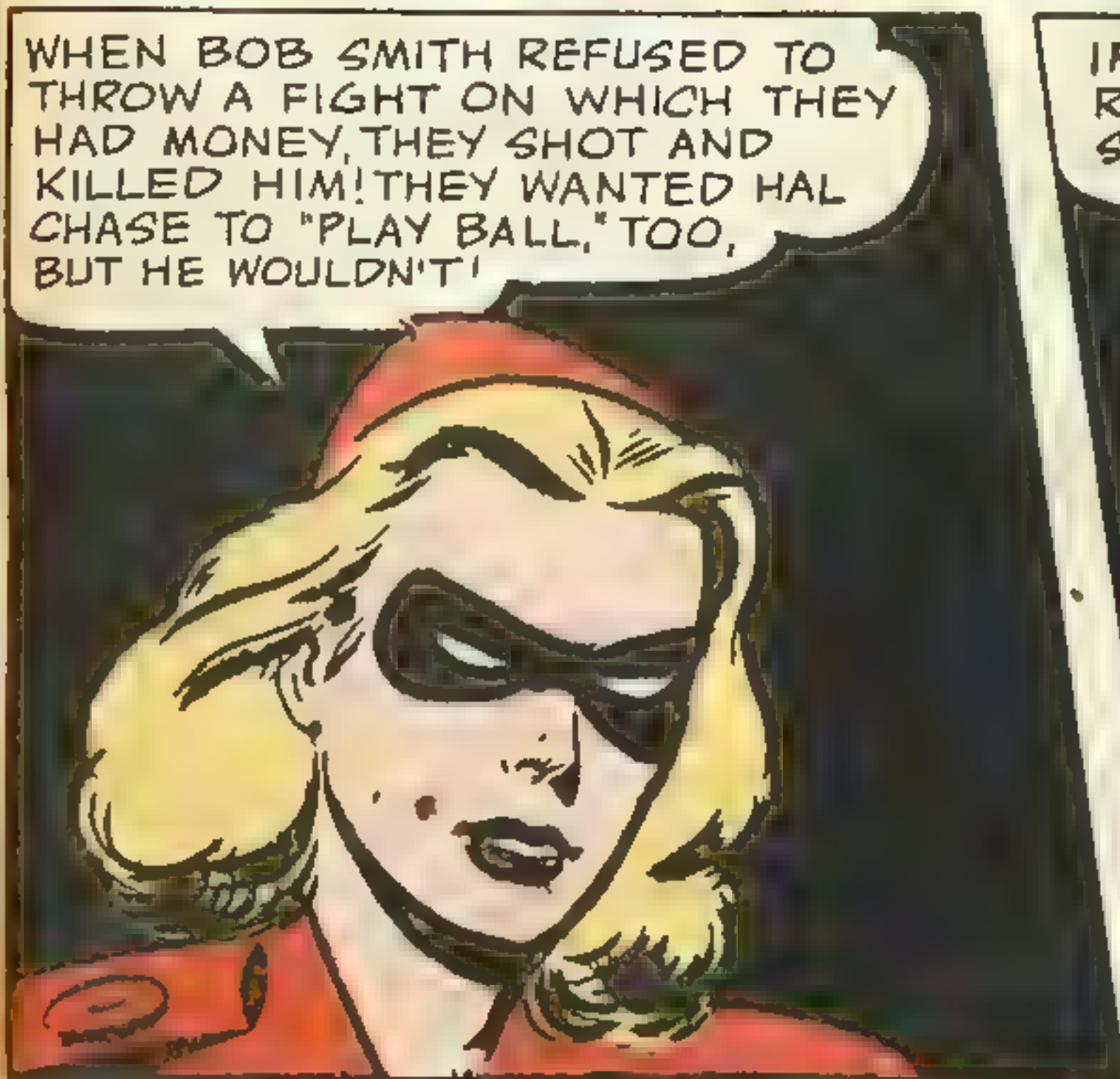
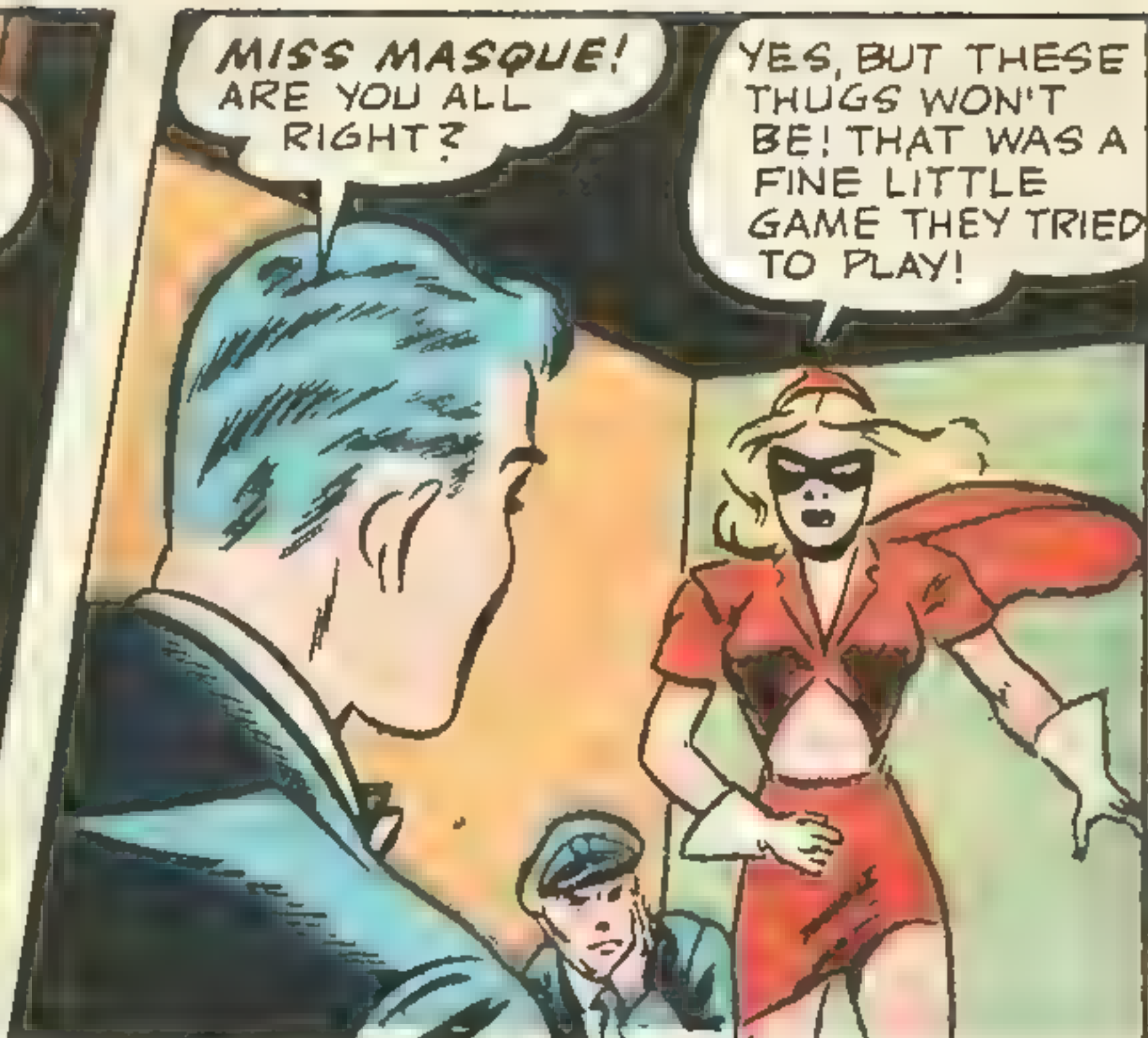
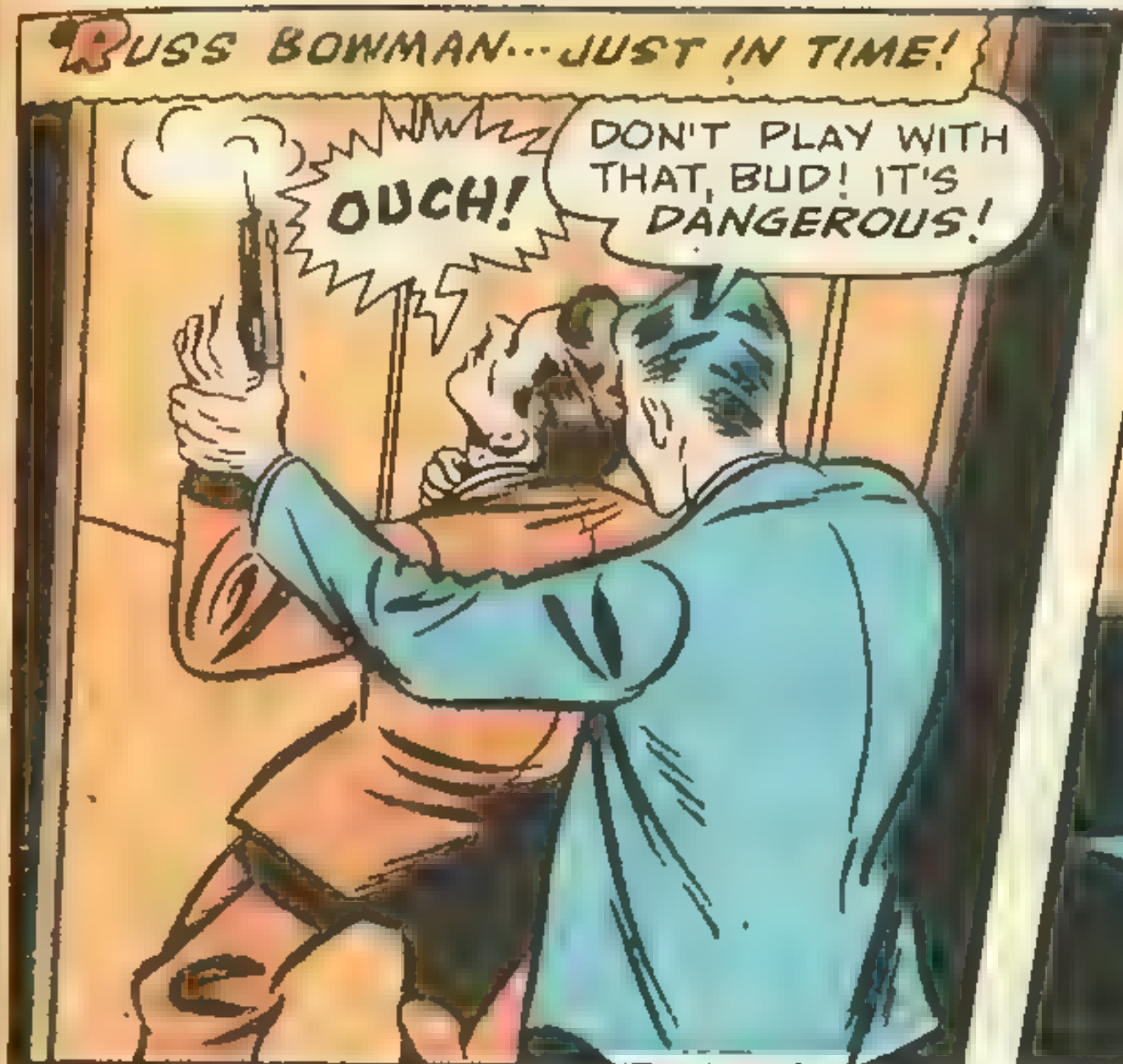
YOU'LL GET THE
SAME AS BOB
SMITH, CHASE!



WH
OF
SOR
MEN
SMI
...







DIVER'S SON

By WILLIAM McCLELLAN

FRANK PAYSON was home from college for his Christmas vacation and was spending the time in one of the most fascinating studies of all. His father was a famous marine-life authority for the American Museum of Natural History, and Frank liked to help him catalogue his latest discoveries from the bottom of the sea.

"What did you bring back this time?" the boy asked his father.

"Plenty of valuable stuff," Professor Payson replied. "I went down in one of Beebe's diving bells on the sea floor off Bermuda and got a lot of deep-sea flora. Took some splendid pictures, too. I've already collected quite a considerable sum of money from several museums up and down the coast."

Some time later, Professor Payson left to give a lecture at the Museum. He left Frank with the keys to the exhibit cases in his own private collection, because he knew just how enthusiastic the boy was about the study.

An hour passed and Frank was delving into the mysteries under a microscope when suddenly there was an interruption. He whirled around to see a burly, masked man in the doorway holding a gun.

"Take it easy, son," the intruder ordered, "and everything will be all right. I happen to know that your father is keeping several thousand dollars here and some valuable pearls. I'll take them."

Frank Payson's eyes roamed to the safe. He knew that the money and jewels were in there, but the safe was locked and he didn't know the

combination. This didn't bother the burglar, however. He motioned Frank into a corner, knelt before the safe and went to work. The boy was looking around the room and wondering just what he could do to turn the tables on this criminal. The loss of the money might spoil his father's next expedition. Pro-



fessor Payson was not a wealthy man.

Frank leaned back against a shelf, and his questing hand closed around a large jar containing a greenish, murky fluid. He brought this up as though to throw it at the safe-breaker. But the man saw the movement and straightened up, gun in hand. Frank dropped the container and it smashed on the floor, the green slime going all over the room.

"Clumsy brat?" said the crook. Then as the safe door opened, he turned most of his attention to it, gathered up the money and jewels and stowed them in his pocket. He next turned to Frank and tied him to a chair.

Then he hurried out of the house. Frank was able to wriggle to the window and saw the man climb into a Buick sedan. He knocked the

telephone off the hook and shouted his predicament to the operator. The wide-awake girl immediately connected him to the State Police.

Satisfied that he had started the law on the trail of the criminal, Frank next turned his attention to the job of forcing his bonds. He succeeded in this after a while, and was just in time to go out on the porch when several headlights swung into the driveway. Four State troopers came into the house with six men in their custody.

"We picked these men up at a road block," Corporal Fosdick of the State Police announced. "Can you identify any of them?"

Frank Payson examined the six men. There were two of them who were the right build and both wore dark clothing. Payson separated these from the others, then said:

"I'd like to look at the shoes of these men." The corporal ordered the men to lift up their shoes. One of them wore a pair of shoes that were smeared with a dry, green substance. He insisted this came from wet grass upon which he had walked.

"Sounds logical," the corporal admitted. Then Frank Payson laughed. He pointed to the broken glass and the greenish slime and said:

"That's algae from the ocean bottom off Bermuda. This is the only place around here where this fellow could have picked it up. I'm sure a laboratory test of the shoes will confirm that." The crook broke down and confessed. Professor Payson returned in time to congratulate his son on his quick thinking.

Frank Payson Pits Himself Against a Masked Jewel Thief!

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KIT 4 You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.

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AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?



'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES

IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS

AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE



AT JONES' SODA PARLOR



GOLLY... LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING... AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK

HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST.. BOBBY



IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY

IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE.

AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO



IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

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Studio 8201, Struthers 3, Ohio

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MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY
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ANOTHER RANGERHOUSE SCAN!

10¢

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no. 21

sept. 25, 2016



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